

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES
OF
TROOP B



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Surrender of Burgoyne

Colonel John Trumbull's Painting in Yale School of Fine Arts
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THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

1788

Governor's Independent Volunteer Troop
of
Horse Guards

1911

Troop B Cavalry
Connecticut National Guard

1917

Edited by
JAMES L. HOWARD

THE CASE, LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

1921

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To our
Forebears
of the
Revolution

PREFACE

One evening last winter several officers of the old Troop were discussing old times and the Produce of Scotland. One former captain produced a bound book containing typewritten copies of the several histories read at our annual gatherings — histories written by our wittiest members.

“Why not print them and let all the old bunch regale themselves?”

“Why not put in a lot of photographs to make the recollections more vivid?”

“Why not tell the story of the Horse Guard, since we hold the old charter?”

This chronicle is an attempt to answer those questions.

In the appendix will be found a list of authorities consulted — particularly with reference to the earlier period.

It would be ungracious not to take advantage of this opportunity gratefully to acknowledge the interested co-operation of Mr. Godard, State Librarian, Miss Prickett of the State Library, Mr. Bates of the Connecticut Historical Society, Mr. Dwyer of the office of the Secretary of State, and Adjutant General Cole; all of whom have most courteously placed original state records and manuscripts at the disposal of the Editor.

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I

THE REVOLUTIONARY PRELUDE

"America and Great Britain against the world!"

A strange toast to have heard in the year of our Lord 1777. The British Army of the North had just been defeated at Saratoga and the terms of surrender had been agreed upon and executed by Gates and Burgoyne. The utmost courtesy and good feeling prevailed. Gates even acquiesced in Burgoyne's suggestion that the bitter pill be softened by avoiding the term "surrender" and calling the agreement, "The Saratoga Convention."

The American officers invited General Burgoyne and his fellow officers to dine. General Burgoyne was called upon for a toast. Every voice was for the moment hushed into the deepest attention, as he rose and gave—"America and Great Britain against the world!"

In accordance with the terms of the surrender, the "Convention" troops were started across Massachusetts for Boston. Gen. Gates' confidence in a young cavalry officer Captain Thomas Y. Seymour of Hartford, led to the selection of the latter to escort General Burgoyne to Boston. The people of New England had become exasperated at the reports of British barbarities particularly the alleged offer of a reward to Indians for American scalps. In one town, en route, an old woman, gaining access to the famous prisoner, shook her finger in his face and exclaimed in a shrill voice: "Neow what'll ye give for Yankee scalps?"

Captain Seymour, however, guarded his prisoner so tactfully and pleasantly that upon reaching Boston General Burgoyne presented him with a pair of silver-mounted cavalry pistols and a fine leopard skin.*

Seymour had, at this time, just been promoted. On January 10, 1777, he had left his studies at Yale and accepted a commis-

* Hollister's Hist. of Conn., Vol. ii, p. 329.

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sion as Lieutenant of Cavalry in Colonel Elisha Sheldon's regiment of Light Dragoons, being attached to the troop commanded by Captain Jean Louis de Vernejout.

Captain de Vernejout's troop had been detached from Sheldon's regiment and had served with much activity and credit under Gates in the Burgoyne campaign. On October 20, 1777, according to Major Tallmadge, Captain de Vernejout "run away."† The reasons for this precipitate action are not a matter of record, but it is safe to say that his successor, Captain Seymour, immediately restored whatever confidence may have been shaken by this sudden defection.

In his noted painting of *The Surrender of Burgoyne* Trumbull depicts Captain Seymour mounted on a charger.

Though Seymour resigned his commission November 23, 1778, and took up the practice of law in Hartford, he did not lose his interest in things military but exerted himself to organize a mounted guard for the protection and escort of the Governor of Connecticut.

While at first this escort was quite informal, the continuing success of the project justified a petition to the General Assembly of 1788 to legalize its privileges and responsibilities.

Since its early history Hartford had maintained a mounted guard. In 1658, Major John Mason, the colony's military chief, had effected the organization in Hartford County of a troop of horse consisting of thirty-seven members with Captain Richard Lord in command. Captain Lord was one of the original proprietors, coming from Cambridge to Hartford in 1636. That he was distinguished in civil affairs as well as in the Indian Wars is evidenced by his epitaph:—*

"The bright Starre of our Cavallrie lyes here:
Unto the State, a Counselour full Deare
And to ye Truth a Friend of Sweet Content,
To Hartford Towne a silver Ornament.
Who can deny to Poore he was Reliefe,
And in composing Paroxysmes was Chiefe
To Marchantes as a Patterne he might stand,
Adventring dangers new by Sea and Land."

† Revolutionary Records.

* Memorial Hist. Hfd. Co., Vol. 1, p. 249.

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The third commander was Captain Samuel Talcott, later a Colonel commanding a regiment in the French and Indian Wars. It was during his captaincy — October 31, 1687 — that Sir Edmond Andros visited Hartford for the purpose of purloining the charter of Connecticut. "The troop of horse of that county conducted him honorably, from the ferry, through Wethersfield, up to Hartford,"† but history fails to produce any evidence that Captain Talcott and his comrades aided and abetted Sir Edmond in his unsuccessful attempt.

The members of this original troop were allowed to train in their respective towns of Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield, but were regarded as "one entire troop, consisting of several parts, who are to unite and attend the General Training as one entire body of horse."

From 1739 until the Revolution the troop was under the orders of the commanding officer of the local infantry regiment. In 1776 five regiments of "light horse" were constituted in the state and the independent troop disappeared from view — eventually to be revived by Captain Seymour following his return to Hartford.

March 2d, 1778, Congress passed a resolve recommending to the young men of property and spirit and of a cultivated understanding in several of the states to form themselves into volunteer troops of light cavalry, to serve at their own expense, except in the articles of provisions and forage, and to join the main army. Governor Trumbull forwarded the proposal to the several cavalry commanders in the state but nothing developed. In fact only one troop of this description was organized — by General Nelson in Virginia — but the retreat of the British from Philadelphia to New York rendered its services unnecessary. Congress thanked these volunteers for their "brave, generous, and patriotic efforts in the cause of their country;" and the whole plan was speedily abandoned.

But the idea of this élite, self-sustaining, volunteer troop of horse remained fixed in the minds of Captain Seymour, John Caldwell, the Bull brothers, and other prominent citizens of Hartford, many of whose names appear in the records of the General Assembly of 1771 as memorialists in the petition for

† Bulkeley's "Will & Doom," p. 69.

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the charter of the Governor's Guard — later, for the sake of distinction, known as the First Company, Governor's Foot Guard. These gentlemen conceived it to be a polite and agreeable task to ride out in company for the purpose of attending the Governor into the city and of escorting other visitors of military reputation.

The newspapers of that period contained scant local news. Obviously those few citizens who were so unfortunate as to be away from Main Street when anything happened could pick up the day's news by stepping around to a public house. The young bloods gathered at David Bull's "Bunch of Grapes" Tavern opposite the Court House, while the elderly men who belonged to the Seven Copper Club congregated at Moses Butler's place just across the Little River. Mr. Butler ran a very respectable tavern, charged seven coppers for half a mug of flip, and closed his doors to all except travelers at nine o'clock.

There was no object, therefore, in wasting valuable newspaper space on what everybody already knew. The first page was devoted to despatches recounting the activities of Parliament, the second and third to despatches from Boston, Providence, Stonington, New London, New Haven, Peekskill, Albany, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and to an occasional proclamation by Congress or by Governor Trumbull. The fourth page was reserved for advertisements — rewards for return of "Lost, strayed or stolen," be it slave, wife or horse. Caleb Bull's dry goods are displayed under the heading "Look for Love and buy for Money." John Caldwell has just received a consignment of West India Rum. William Lawrence, "Being under Necessity of raising a sum of Money immediately, would esteem it a Favour of those that are indebted to him by Note or Book, to make Payments without Delay." These were the prominent well-to-do citizens of the town, and it must have been due to a gentlemanly aversion to detail rather than to parsimony on their part that the editor was forced to make a weekly announcement "Ready Money is expected for inserting Advertisements in this Paper."

So, little space could be spared for local news. The event must be of a nature appealing to local pride if it is to squeeze its way into print.

The Connecticut Courant of Tuesday, November 18, 1777, appreciates the compliment to Hartford in the presence of a

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gentleman of nation-wide reputation and proudly grants space to announce that "On Friday last passed through this town, escorted by a party of Light Dragoons, the Hon. JOHN HANCOCK, Esq., President of the American Congress, with his Lady, on his way to Boston, after an absence, on public business, of more than two years and a half."

The repeated yearly re-election of the same state officials wore on the Editor's nerves — "Too much space wasted on old stuff," perhaps he said. The *Courant* of May 19, 1778, recounts the re-election of Governor Trumbull, his deputy and assistants, but the "Roll of Representatives cannot be inserted this week for want of room." Small wonder there is no room to name those who may have attended the inauguration.

Lafayette gets one agate line for passing through Hartford on December 6, 1778, and Sam Adams is similarly recognized in the following month.

But May 5, 1780, gives an opportunity to see the local gentlemen extending the hospitality of the town. "The Marquis de La Fayette arrived here last Friday evening, and left the town early on Saturday morning on his way to the army at Morris Town, escorted by a party of the 2d Regt. of Dragoons and attended by several officers of the Continental Army and a number of respectable Inhabitants of this and the neighboring Towns. The Artillery Company saluted with thirteen cannon and every mark of respect and esteem was expressed for the Marquis that the shortness of the time would permit."

A similar but more elaborate ceremony in September of the same year welcomed "their Excellencies Gov. Trumbull, Gen. Washington, Count Rochambeau and Admiral Ternay — with the Marquis de La Fayette, Gen. Knox and several other officers of distinction from the Allied Armies . . . The corps of Guards and Artillery were on duty, and saluted with thirteen Cannon on the arrival and departure of these Gentlemen."

A repetition of this enthusiastic sentiment found expression in honoring Washington and Rochambeau, before and after the famous conference held at the Webb House in Wethersfield in May, 1781.

In August of the same year Trumbull set out for Danbury to take a sum of hard money to the soldiers as well as to meet with his Council. His diary of this trip has given rise to the mis-

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conception that he was escorted by a Company of Governor's Guards — probably Horse Guards as "unless the unreasonable assumption be adopted that this journey of 184 miles was made at the pace of a *walk* the Guard which did escort duty was one of horse and not of foot."

In reality he followed his usual practice of accepting a volunteer escort and in this particular case a paid guard to protect the funds; to quote from his diary of Aug. 9, 1781 — "Capt. Norton, with Wild, two Olmsteads, and Goodwin, Guards." The Council of Safety usually prescribed the guard to escort the paymaster. The Council on August 8, resolved: "That the Committee of Pay Table be, and they are hereby directed to draw on the Treasurer, in favour of Capt. Selah Norton for the sum of Forty five pounds in Lawfull Silver money to enable him to pay the expence of Escorting his Excellency the Gov^r to Danbury and Convey the money sent on to pay to the Connecticut Line, he to be accountable." On another occasion Captain Norton, when carrying funds to pay the soldiers in the western part of the State, was directed to take with him "A Guard of five men properly Armed with Sword & Pistols for the Security of the Same and to assist in Carrying the money."

On arrival at Danbury Governor Trumbull directed Lt. Col. Eli Mygatt of the 16th Militia Regiment to furnish him a guard of twenty men. The Governor's diary reads, "Tuesday, 14th. Fair — cool — Guards set at night." These twenty men were detailed from the Danbury company of the 16th Militia Regiment, and the payroll is certified for duty Aug. 13 to Aug. 23, a total expense of £22 15s 2d.

The misconception as to the identity of this guard may have been strengthened by the entry of Friday, 17th, "Capt. Hillhouse came — P. M. Council — orders given, for Gov^a. Guards, etc. Capt. Cook came in.", from which it was deduced that the Governor's Guards were with him. That they had on the contrary remained at home, is evidenced by the next entry; "Saturday, 18th, A. M. Council. Col^o. Trumbull returned. Mr. Cook went with Orders to officers of Gov^o. Guards, Hartford." These orders directed Captain Jonathan Bull, commanding the Governor's Guards (First Company, Foot), to march his command on Danbury, but the Council of Safety, sitting at Danbury on Aug. 22, decided this move was unnecessary, and "Resolved that his

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Excellency be desired to Issue his orders to Capt. Jonathan Bull to Countermand the orders given for marching his Company to Danbury, and that he hold his s^d Company in Readiness to March upon the Shortest notice."

The Governor left Danbury on the 23rd, stopping with Colonel Mosely at Southbury, and with Capt. Cowles at Farmington. On the 25th he "set out at 8 o'clock. — came into Hartford at 10 o'clock from Farmington. Lt. Bull of Gov^s. Guards and Brown came with me. Capt. Jonth Bull met us on the way. — Capt. Norton Escorted me out and back."

The popularity of the mounted escort continued to increase. The Governor's diary of Monday, Oct. 8, 1781, contains the entry; "Came from home, accompanied by Mr. Jesse Brown — at Alvord's, Bolton, were met by Ezekial Williams, Esq^r Sheriff — with Mr. Dod, his deputy, Capt. Jonth Bull, Capt. Fred Bull, Capt. Caleb Bull, Jun^r, Mr. Ralph Pomeroy, Mr. Tyley — arrived at Hartford at sunset." Coming to his inauguration in 1783 he notes: "May 7th, set from Home 9 o'clock. A. M. in comp^y Col^o. W^{ms}, Col^o Jn. T-ll., waiter Nat Brown, Judge Huntington — Sheriffs of N. L. & Windham Counties dined at Alford's — ex 5/10 — Came to my lodgings before 6 o'clock. P. M. — large number of Gentlⁿ came out with the Sheriffs of Hartford & Litchfield Counties to meet us. 13 Cannon fired at coming in."

Early in May, 1783, the Proclamation for the Cessation of Hostilities was made the occasion for a glittering parade and general rejoicing, a patriotic oration being delivered by the Honorable Chauncey Goodrich. During the evening celebration the fireworks ignited the State House, "but by the favor of heaven, and the manly exertions of the inhabitants, aided by gentlemen from a distance, to whom many thanks are due, it was finally extinguished."

This event ushered in Jonathan Trumbull's last term as governor. The closing ceremonies of that term were impressive. The General Assembly in May, 1784, presented an address to the Governor and accepted a report of a special committee headed by Oliver Wolcott, Jr., to the effect that "Gen^l Douglass and Gen^l Sage be desired by this Assembly to accompany Gov^r Trumbull to his seat in Lebanon — That the sheriff of Hartford County be directed to wait on Gov. Trumbull & the Gentlemen that shall attend him to Lebanon, — That the Governor's Guard be ordered

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to escort Gov^r Trumbull to the River when he shall leave the Town."

Some one drew a line through the words "to the River" with the result that "A body of Guards and a number of private gentlemen accompanied him several miles from town as the last tribute of their respect and affection for his official character."

Three years later this escort of private gentlemen is beginning to take concrete form. The Courant of August 13, 1787, informs its readers that "A proposal has been made to establish a Volunteer Troop of Cavalry in the county of Hartford, to be called the Governor's Horse Guard. As it is expected to be composed of some of the officers of the late army and other patriotic citizens, it is presumed it may soon become as respectable in appearance and discipline as the corps of a similar consistency and establishment commanded by Col. Michael Wentworth in Portsmouth, Col. Swan in Boston, Col. Morris in New York, and Col. Miles in Philadelphia."

This proposal took the form of the following petition:

"To His Excellency, the Governor, and the Honorable the General Assembly, of the State of Connecticut, convened at Hartford, on the second Thursday of May, A.D. 1788:

"The Memorial of the Subscribers all Inhabitants of the Town of Hartford, in the County of Hartford, and living within the Limits of the City of Hartford, humbly sheweth: that they are for the most part legally exempted from constituting the Military Force of this State, having been commissioned or Staff officers during the late warr, or are now holding some Civil office which by Law gives an Exemption; that they have observed with regret that the ardor for military Discipline possessed by the militia during the warr hath since the peace very much decreased, that they feel an ambition to contribute as much as possible to its Revival. The memorialists have therefore associated together, to address your Honors on the occasion, to request that they may have a separate military Establishment, and be formed into a Troop of volunteer Horse, or Light Dragoons to be called by the Name of the Governor's Independent, volunteer Troop of Horse Guards, whose particular Duty shall be to attend upon and escort the Governor of the State in times of peace and warr, and in lieu thereof be exempted from every other kind of military responsibility and in Case your Honors

To his Excellency the Governor, and the Honorable the General Assembly of the State of Connecticut, Convened at Hartford on the second Thursday of May 1838.

The assumption of the Subscribers and Inhabitants of the Town of Hartford, in the County of Hartford, and living within the Limits of the City of Hartford humbly sheweth; that they are for the most part, legally exempted from constituting the military force of this State, having been commissioned as Staff Officers during the late war, or are now holding some Civil Office which has law given a

very much concerned with regret that the order for military Discipline proposed by the Militia during the war, hath since the peace very much decreased that they feel an ambition to contribute as much as possible to its revival. The memorialists have therefore associated together to address your Honors on the occasion, to request that they may have a separate military Establishment, and be formed into a Corps of volunteer Horse, or Light Dragoons to be called by the Name of the Governor's Order and to be under the direct command of the Governor whose particular duty should be to attend upon and escort the Governor of the State in times of peace.

from every other kind of military responsibility
and in case your Honor shall think proper to
establish said Troop as a part, that a Day may
be appointed for choosing the Officers of the same
and when chosen and commissioned according
to Law, that said Officers, may have power to
augment said Troop by enlistment so that it
may consist of Sixty men Rank and File
and that it may be entitled to the same
power and privileges that other Troops of Horse
in this State by Law have and enjoy, and
your memorialists as in Duty bound will
ever remain Deputed Attendants the 12th Day
of May 1817 33 —

of May 1870
John Cadeville, John Morgan, Charles Phelps, dinner
Woolf & Turk, Peter Cuthy, James Bull, King & Bull, H.D.
Bull, and Hopkins, William Mosely, Fred Cuthy, Cadeville
Bull, Turk, and Lawrence, Chauncy Goodrich, and Lawrence
King, Mosely, and Anna, Hattie, Walter, Ben: Deane, Ed: Heath
Wendell, Mrs. Goodrich, Sam: Bull, Dan: Goodrich, Sam: Washburn
and Ben, John Cheneau Jr., Ashbel Wells Jr., Fred: Seymour
and Mrs. and Childs, and Perry

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shall think proper to establish said Troop, as afores^d, that a Day may be appointed for choosing the officers of the same and when chozen and commissioned according to Law, that said officers may have power to augment said Troop by Enlistment so that it may consist of Sixty men, Rank and File and that it may be entitled to the same powers and privileges that other Troops of Horse in this State by Law have and enjoy, and your memorialists, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

“Dated at Hartford the 1st Day of May A D 1788.

“John Caldwell, John Morgan, Charles Phelps, Oliver Woolcot, Jun^r, Peter Colt, James Bull, Hez^h Bull, Thos. Bull, Asa Hopkins, William Mosely, Rod Olcott, Caleb Bull, Jun^r, W^m Lawrance, Chauncey Goodrich, Sam^l Lawrance, Hez. Merrell, Wm. Knox, Horatio Wales, Bar. Deane, Jos. Hart, Richd. Hart, Richd. Goodman, Tim. Burr, Dan^l Goodwin, Sam^l Marsh, Jr., Sam^l Burr, John Chenevard, Jr., Ashbel Welles, Jr., Thos. Y. Seymour, Ephraim Root, and Sam^l W. Pomeroy.”

The original signed petition does not appear in the archives. A copy was presented to the General Assembly for consideration, the petition was granted, and the copy duly endorsed. The filing page bears the inscription, “Capt. Seymour’s Copy,” with a line drawn through it, indicating, perhaps, that Capt. Seymour had retained the original as a souvenir of the consummation of his long cherished ambition.

II

THE CHARTER

“ State of Connecticut

At a General Assembly of the State of Connecticut in America, holden at Hartford in said State on the second Thursday of May being the eighth Day of said Month, and continued by Adjournments until the twenty-ninth Day of May aforesaid A. D. 1788

“ Upon the Memorial of John Caldwell, etc., shewing to this Assembly that they have associated together for the purpose of being formed into an Independent Volunteer Troop of Horse, or Light Dragoons to be under the immediate Command of his Excellency the Governor of the State, and requesting to be established accordingly as per Memorial on File.

Resolved that the Memorialists John Caldwell, John Morgan, Charles Phelps, Oliver Woolcot, Jun., Peter Colt, James Bull, Hezekiah Bull, Thos. Bull, Asa Hopkins, William Mosely, Rod. Olcott, Caleb Bull, Jun., William Lawrance, Chauncey Goodrich, Saml. Lawrance, Hezekiah Merrell, William Knox, Horatio Wales, Bar. Deane, Jos. Hart, Richard Hart, Richd. Goodman, Tim. Burr, Dan^l Goodwin, Saml. Marsh, Jun., Saml. Burr, John Chenevard, Jun., Ashbel Welles, Jun., Thos. Y. Seymour, Ephraim Root and Saml. W^m. Pomeroy, be and they are hereby constituted a Troop of Light Dragoons by the Name of the *Governor's Independent Volunteer Troop of Horse Guards*, to be subject to the orders of the Governor and to attend upon, and escort him in times of peace and warr, and at all times as occasion may require be furnished with sufficient Horses proper for said Service, with necessary Equipments, and be dressed in uniform all at their own Expense and in Lieu thereof be exempted from every other kind of military Duty, and said Troop shall consist of one Captain, two Lieutenants, one Cornet, one Quartermaster-Serjeant, three Drill Serjeants and four Corporals, and Sixty Privates, with power to the officers of said Troop, so soon as they shall be chosen and commissioned, by Enlistment, to augment the same to said number, provided always that in consequence of such

common account of the first Regiment of militia in
this State, and it shall be in the power of the officers
chosen in said Regt, when Commissioned to call
out said Troop as often as they shall think proper
to re-put the same in military discipline, and
the term ~~of~~ the officers that may, or shall be
chosen as aforesaid, shall be by P. Lieutenant Colonel
be returned to the present General Assembly, and
in case any of said Troop shall neglect to obey
the orders of their said Officers, they shall be subject
to the same penalties, that other Troops of those
in this State are by Law, liable to suffer for
neglect, or disobedience; and the Captain
of said Troop shall have the Rank of Major
and the Reserve shall continue in force during the
Session of the General Assembly & no longer

Enacted in the Lower House

James Townsend Clerk

Enacted in the upper House
John George Wyllie Clerk

THE CHARTER

Enlistment, the other Military Companies in the Town of Hartford out of which they may be enlisted, are not reduced below the number of Sixty four Rank and File, and said Troop shall have power to choose their said officers on Monday the 19th day of May instant, being led to a Choice by the Lieutenant Colonel Commandant of the First Regiment of Militia in this State, and it shall be in the power of the officers chosen on said Day, when Commissioned to call out said Troop as often as they shall think proper to perfect the same in military Discipline, and the Names of the officers that may or shall be chosen as afores'd, shall by s'd Lieutenant Colonel be returned to the present General Assembly, and in case any of said Troop shall neglect to obey the orders of their said officers, they shall be subject to the same penalties that other Troops of Horse in this State are by Law, liable to suffer for neglect, or Disobedience; and the Captain of said Troop shall have the Rank of Major and this Resolve shall continue in force during the pleasure of the General Assembly & no longer.

“ Passed in the Lower House
Test James Davenport, Clerk
Concur in the Upper House
Test George Wyllys, Secret'y.”

On the DARK DAY, when candles were lighted during the midday session of the General Assembly, the Infantry Commandant called a meeting as directed and reported:

“ To the Honorable General Assembly now convened at Hartford

“ In pursuance of an Act of Assembly passed the present Session instituting a Troop of Light Dragoons by the Name of the Governor's Independent Volunteer Troop of Horse Guard, I led said Troop to the Choice of Officers as in said Act directed, when they made choice of John Caldwell for their Captain, Thomas Y. Seymour for their first Lieutenant, Charles Phelps for their second Lieutenant and Timothy Burr for their Cornet by a Majority of the Votes of said Troop.

“ Dated at Hartford this 19th Day of May 1788

Hez^h Wyllys Lieut Col^o Comd 1st Regiment.”

The reverse side bears the endorsement:

“ In the Lower House May 1788

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"The within return of the choice of Military Officers is accepted & approved & his Excellency the Governor is desired to commissionate the Officers therein named accordingly

Test James Davenport Clerk

Concur in the Upper House

Test George Wylls Secret'y."

A call for the completion of the troop organization was issued in the Courant of July 14, 1788: "The Governor's Independent Volunteer Troop of Horse Guards are requested to meet at Fred Bull's tavern on Thursday next at 4 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of choosing the non-commissioned officers of said Troop — and to transact such other business as shall be found necessary."

The next issue — July 21, 1788 — is completely filled with a letter from Philadelphia recounting the Grand Federal Procession celebrating Independence Day, so that the result of that meeting has not become a matter of permanent record.

Tradition has it that the new organization took for its prototype the Royal Horse Guards of England. The Royal Regiment of Horse Guards was raised in 1661 in the reign of King Charles the Second, immediately following the Restoration. Upon the disbanding of the Army of the Commonwealth the Duke of York proposed to the Council "that they should write to His Majesty, and desire him to stop the disbanding of the Generall's Troop of Horse Guards, and the Regiment of Foott, which were to have been payd off that day, and that he would rather think of raising more men for the security of his Person and Government."

Accordingly the regiment was mustered on February 16, 1661, under the command of the XXth Earl of Oxford. Through the centuries the name of the first commander has clung to the organization which is still known as the "Oxford Blues."

The conception of a body guard to the King may have inspired in the minds of the colonists the idea of a body guard to the governor. Emulation may have been excited by the martial history of the Oxford Blues from Sedgemoor and the Battle of the Boyne to Fontenoy and Hombourg. Perhaps the fact that during the American Revolution the Royal Horse rusticated in England and enjoyed a lack of popularity with George III, made for its popularity with the Americans.

At all events separation from the mother country did not inculcate a feeling that all things English should be proscribed,

To the Honorable Governor & Assembly now convened at
Hartford

In pursuance of an Act of Assembly passed the previous
session establishing a Corps of Light Dragoons by the Name
of the Governor's Independent Volunteer Troop of Horse Guard,
& 2nd Troop to the Office of Officer as in and to be
devoted, when they are chosen of John Caldwell for their
Captain, Thomas H. Johnson for their first lieutenant,
Charles Phelps for their second lieutenant, and John H. Burr
for their Cornet, by a Majority of the Votes of said Troop

Dated at Hartford this 19th Day of May 1788

(Wm. Hylton Lewis, Capt. & C. R. Johnson)

In the presence of a large number of

the citizens in town of the Town of Hartford
Officers in uniform & of the 1st & 2nd Regiments
The Governor is desired to commission the Officers
then named accordingly

John James Davidson Esq.
(and in the upper Troop)
John George Hylton Lewis

John of the Council
of Officers in uniform
& of the 1st & 2nd Regiments

May 1788

1/2 11 20 a.m.



ROYAL REGT OF HORSE GUARDS, 1615.

THE CHARTER

and the new organization was effected along Royal lines as to uniform and personnel.

In his historical oration at the Centennial Celebration of the Horse Guard, May 8, 1888, Hon. William E. Simonds said: "Your flags have always proclaimed your origin in 1778. Ten years ago, that question being mooted, living past members of the Guard who had served under your second flag with older members who had served under the first, testified to the declarations of illustrious charter members, Governor Oliver Wolcott, Jr., among them, that your flags have told the truth in this regard."

He then quotes from Governor Trumbull's Danbury diary, which has been recited in the preceding chapter*, and concludes that, "There is other evidence of the Revolutionary origin of the Horse Guards, but this suffices."

The best testimony appears to be the statement as to the inscription on the original flag. It is an honorable tradition and it is to be regretted that there is insufficient tangible evidence to refute the conclusion that the organization based on the charter granted by the 1788 General Assembly was preceded by nothing more concrete than the Governor's "escort of private gentlemen."

If the Horse Guard had had an existence during the Revolution as a troop of horse in active service its record would have appeared in the official documents of the war.

If the Horse Guard had had an organization during the Revolution similar to that of the First Company, Governor's Foot Guard, its activities would have been noted in the newspapers of the day and in the minutes of the Council of Safety, a careful search of which fails to reveal any such reference.

If the Horse Guard had had an organization similar to that of the Foot Guard, authorizing exemption from certain classes of military duty, its name would have been included in a memorial to the General Assembly of 1780 signed by twenty-two inhabitants of Hartford, showing: "That your members are by law obliged to do military duty, perform actual service and lyable to all detachments as will be needed to fill up the continental army as for the state service and tours of duty in militia: when at the same time the company in said town commonly called his Excellency's Guards or the Cadet company do not hold them-

* Page 5

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

selves lyable to perform any kind of military duty (except waiting on the Governor and the Assembly at the general election, etc.) . . . and creates much uneasiness and discontent among the people as said company briefly consists of able-bodied, effective men, in the prime of life and of liberal fortunes. Whereupon your memorialists humbly pray your honors . . . to subject the aforesaid Cadet company to the same duties, services and detachments as the militia of this state are lyable to”

With an organization similar to the Foot Guard its name would have been included in an act of the General Assembly of May, 1781, directing the enrollment of additional troops for active service: “ . . . and that the said two regiments the two companies Governor’s Guards [Foot Guard of Hartford and New Haven] the independent Company of Norwich, the Matross Companies of Hartford, Middletown, Norwich and Pomfret, and as many of the sea-coast guards (except a suitable garrison for the forts) as will make up the number of twenty-one hundred men be ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march on the order of his Excellency the Governor . . . and said two Companies of Gov’s. Guards, Independent Co., and Matross Co.’s and all volunteers who shall engage in the service . . . shall be considered as having done a tour of duty”

But the men who petitioned for the Horse Guard charter had for the most part seen active service with the military forces under Washington, Putnam, Gates, Parsons, or Ledyard. Their names had appeared on the muster rolls from Bunker Hill and Long Island to Saratoga and Yorktown. These men were veterans before they invited the attention of the General Assembly to the observation that the ardor for military discipline had since the peace very much decreased. Not till then did they ask to be allowed — at their own expense — to support the prestige and dignity of the Governor and General Assembly of Connecticut!

A peculiar outburst of pride in an ancient and honorable institution induced, in more recent years, the preparation of a lithographed charter purporting to be a copy of the original. For the sake of curiosity this lithograph is reproduced. Although the orthography is modern, the body of the lithograph follows the original very closely with the exception that the year of the

THE CHARTER

General Assembly is given as 1778. This apocryphal charter bears the facsimile signature of Jonathan Trumbull whose photograph adorns the ornamental heading between the word "Charter" and the words, "Granted May 1778."

The brilliant, patriotic career of Governor Trumbull ended August 17, 1785, two years before the proposal to establish a Volunteer Troop of Cavalry had reached the eyes of the public through the medium of the weekly newspaper.

This production bears one mark of identification; "Lith. of Bingham & Dodd, 155 Main Str., Hartford, Conn." The city directories for the years 1863 to 1866 show Bingham & Dodd at that address, thus suggesting the approximate date of the engraving. The following extract from the minutes of a meeting of the company held January 21, 1862, is of interest in this connection — "Maj. Boardman presented 100 One Hundred Beautifully printed Charters. Cost of the same being \$40. Dollars. A Vote was taken on how they should be distributed. Voted that each Member should pay into the Clerk forty cts. (the first Cost) for each copy taken."

The first mention of the charter date is found in the 1855 city directory, and may have been inserted to distinguish between this troop and another cavalry company, recently formed, which claimed ownership of the original charter by right of adoption.* The legend therein exploited, "Chartered May 8, 1778," was not without precedent, and no one to the present day has corrected the error.

Repetition creates authority and a show of truth. The older State Registers credit the First Company, Horse, with being "chartered 1788," but the compiler succumbed in 1900 and allowed the change to 1778.

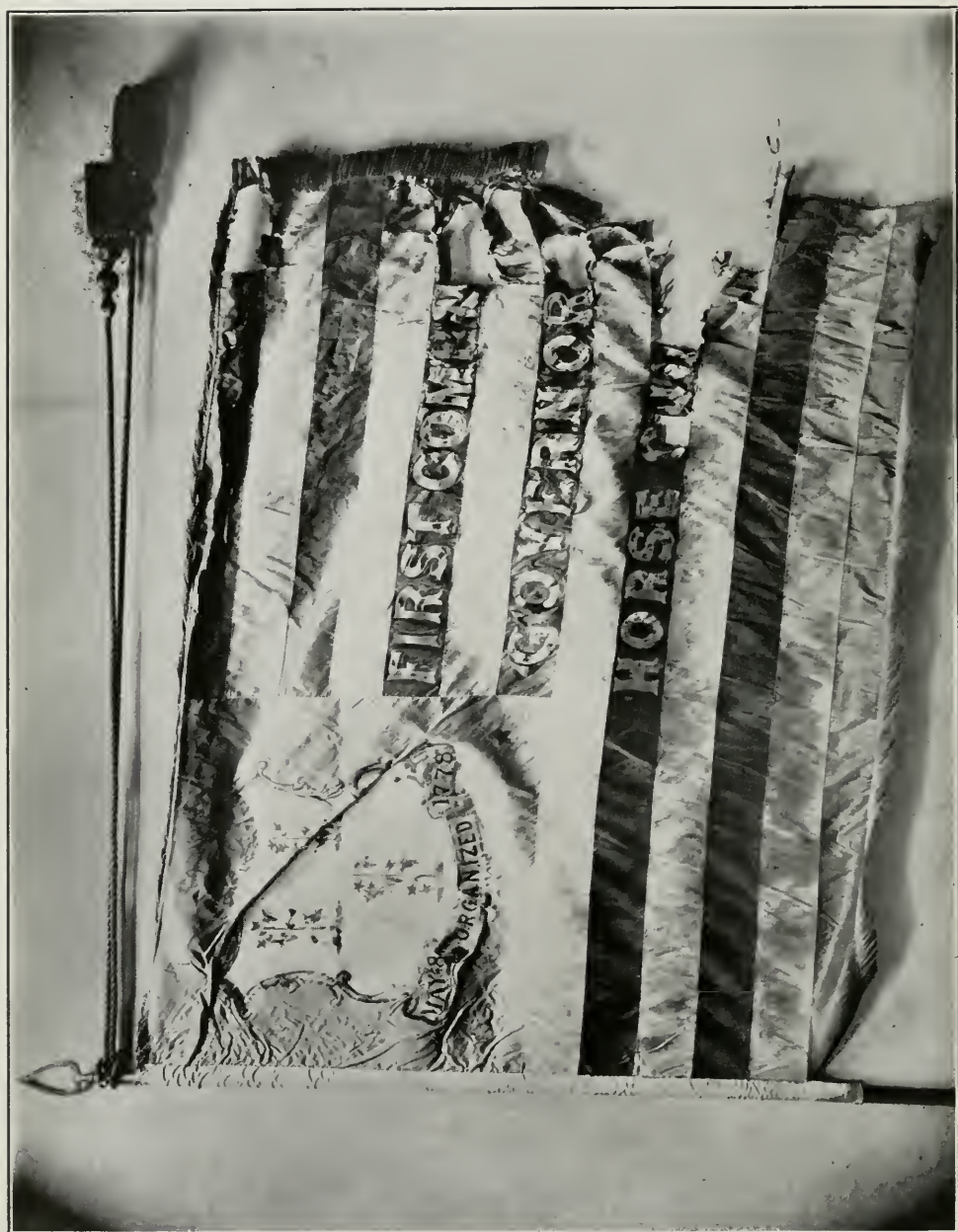
The earliest known printed copy of the constitution and by-laws of the Horse Guard was published in 1874 when the Troop was under the command of Major C. B. Boardman. This copy contains no reference to date of incorporation but a revision made by Captain F. M. Warren, Lieut. W. W. Whitehead and Sergeant G. P. Hurd, and adopted January 25, 1894, refers to the charter as granted May, 1778. A further revision by Adjutant George E. Smart, Lieut. Wm. H. Shannon, Sergt. Major C. M. D. Broadwell, Q. M. Sgt. Harry A. Treadwell and Corporal F.

* See Chapter VI.

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L. Purinton, adopted January 23, 1900, makes Article I of the Constitution read, "This troop, chartered May 17, 1778, shall be known as Troop 'A,' Governor's Guards." The Second Company, Governor's Horse Guards of New Haven, had been transferred to the Connecticut National Guard as Troop "A," and objected to the confusion of title, so an amendment of April 7, 1908, restored the previous designation, but continued the myth of 1778.

A close observer will note that Jonathan Trumbull has lifted a warning finger exclaiming, "*Veritatem dies aperit!*"



The Second Flag

III

THE CHARTER MEMBERS

The prominent positions in civil affairs held by the memorialists are well illustrated by the personnel of the Hartford Common Council elected March 31, 1788. Of its membership of twelve, seven were charter members of the Horse Guard:—Messrs. Deane, Colt, Caldwell, Goodrich, Morgan, Wolcott and Seymour.

Three members, Caleb Bull, Jr., Peter Colt, and Thomas Y. Seymour, were enrolled in the Connecticut State Society of the Cincinnati—composed of officers who had served in the American Army during the War of the Revolution.

Seven were graduates of Yale College at a time when an opportunity for higher education was looked upon as a rare privilege; Colt, Goodrich, Morgan, Moseley, Root, Seymour, and Wolcott.

Fifteen were direct descendants of the “original proprietors” of Hartford and the two neighboring towns.

John Caldwell was born in Hartford, December 21, 1755, his father and grandfather having emigrated from Beith, in North Britain, and settled in Hartford about 1725. He was probably the youngest charter member of the Governor's Foot Guard, organized and incorporated in 1771. He may have been one of those of whom an historian of the Foot Guard remarked; “Seventeen years later a number of the same men, having gained in age and flesh and being tired of marching on foot, became incorporators of the First Company of Horse Guards.” He was the first Major of the Governor's Horse Guard, resigning his commission in 1791.

Caldwell was a liberal, public spirited citizen of comfortable fortune and served his community well during the Revolutionary period and for half a century thereafter. In 1792 the incorporators of the Hartford Bank elected him president, a position of trust and responsibility which he ably filled until his resigna-

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

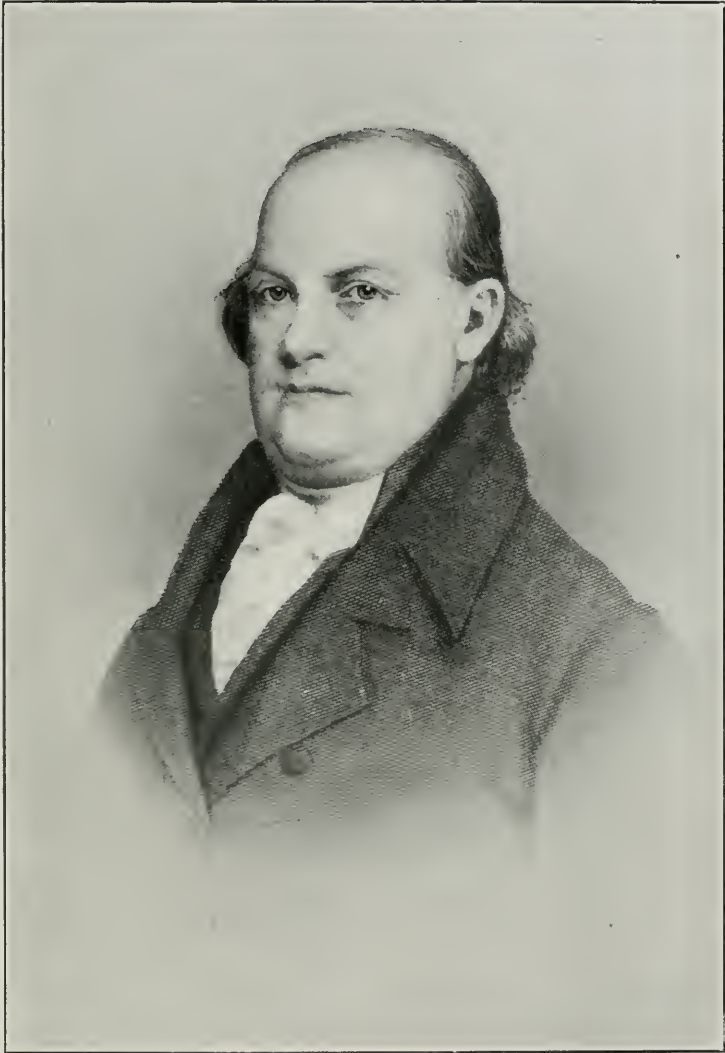
tion in 1819. In this work he was supported by the Horse Guard, fourteen of the sixty-eight original stockholders and six of the nine members of the first directorate being charter members. Another charter member was appointed cashier. His ability made him much sought after and his name appears in connection with many public enterprises including the building of the State House in 1794; the supervision of the construction of the bridge and causeway to East Hartford; the incorporation in 1816 of "The Connecticut Asylum for the Education and Instruction of Deaf and Dumb Persons." In addition to these activities, Caldwell had been elected twenty times to the General Assembly.

Before the general advent of marine insurance, his large interests in the West Indian and European trade, as well as the ownership of several vessels, led Major Caldwell to become an underwriter. The pernicious activities of French privateers in 1797 and 1798 caused the Major serious losses and only the War of 1812 was needed to complete the havoc. Thereafter he lived in a retired fashion at his home on Main Street. May 26, 1838, witnessed the end of a useful, patriotic life.

Thomas Y. Seymour's brilliant record during the earlier years of the Revolution has already been mentioned. He was born June 19, 1757, the son of Thomas Seymour, a descendant of one of Hartford's "original proprietors." Colonel Thomas Seymour had served in the cavalry during the Revolution and when Hartford was incorporated as a city in 1784 he was elected its first Mayor. His subsequent twenty-eight years of service in the same capacity represents a period more than three times as long as that of any of his many successors.

After the lapse of three months of his senior year at college, Thomas Y. Seymour accepted a commission in the cavalry, remaining in service until the end of 1778. The following year he studied law in Philadelphia, returning to Hartford and being admitted to the bar in 1780. In 1781 he married his first cousin, Mary Ann, eldest child of Colonel William Ledyard, of Groton fame. She died within a year. In 1784 he married Miss Susan Bull who presented him with five sons and three daughters.

Major Seymour succeeded Major Caldwell in command of the Horse Guard and resigned in 1795 because of the other pressing



Major John Caldwell
From a painting in Hartford-Etna National Bank



Colonel John Trumbull's Painting in Yale School of Fine Arts

THE CHARTER MEMBERS

duties of public life. He represented Hartford in the General Assembly from 1795 to 1806, and was State's Attorney from 1796 to 1807. Failing health compelled him to retire from active life, and he finally succumbed May 16, 1811.

His widow's efforts to secure a pension were delayed because of the fact that Seymour did not remain in the army until the end of the war. Among many letters written in her support by prominent men, the following* is of peculiar interest:—

“ New Haven, 11 Aug. 1836

“ Mr. Jesse Charlton

“ Sir:

“ Your letter of the 9th is received, and in reply I have to say that I left the service in February, 1777, about the time that Col. Sheldon's Regiment of Light Horse (in which Mr. T. Y. Seymour commanded a company of troop), was raised. I therefore had personally no knowledge of his military service. But his reputation for gallantry and faithful conduct was such and so unquestioned that I felt myself perfectly justified in introducing his portrait in the picture of the surrender of Burgoyne, and I have not the smallest doubt that his widow has a just title to whatever compensation the Government of the United States are accustomed to bestow upon the widows of their meritorious deceased officers of the Revolutionary War. With hearty wishes that Mrs. Seymour's application may be successful, I am, sir

“ Your obedient servant,

“ Jno. Trumbull.”

Lieutenant Charles Phelps seems not to have left any very definite record behind him. The only Charles Phelps who appears from this state as having served in the Revolution is one by that name resident of Hartland who was in Colonel Hinman's Regiment in 1775 and served at the siege of Boston. He was in Colonel Huntington's Regiment in 1776, taking part in the Battle of Long Island August 27th of that year, being taken prisoner. He was released in the succeeding year and remained in service until May 26, 1780.

* Seymour Family in the Revolution.

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It is probable that he moved to Hartford after the war and that his prominent military service during the revolution justified his election to commissioned office in the Horse Guard. Phelps resigned his commission in March 1791 and moved away from Hartford.

Cornet Timothy Burr had seen service in the Revolution. In May 1775, he was in Capt. Dimon's company of Col. Beebe's regiment in Fairfield. In 1777 he was a member of Captain Hill's Company of Colonel Samuel Whiting's regiment of militia "for a short campaign at the Fishkills." From 1779 to 1781 he was "Conductor of Transportation Express from the Continental Army."

Samuel Burr was with his cousin Timothy in 1775, and in 1777 was a sergeant in Captain Bartram's Company. He was on duty in September 1781 at West Point as a member of Colonel Canfield's militia regiment.

Samuel was born Jan. 14, 1745, the son of Thomas. Timothy was baptized Nov. 12, 1749, the son of Moses. Their grandfather, Thomas, was a grandson of Benjamin Burr, one of the "original proprietors."

Samuel had a son Samuel born in 1778. Timothy had a son Timothy born in 1772. An earlier historian has selected the second Samuel and the second Timothy as the Burrs who signed the Horse Guard petition, and has inferred that they were brothers. The second Samuel at that time was ten years old. If the apocryphal charter of 1778 is admitted in evidence, Samuel, Jr., had not yet seen the light of day. In 1788 Timothy, Jr., was approaching the age of sixteen. It is quite possible that he might have enlisted in the Horse Guard at that early age but it is hardly probable that he would have been elected to a commissioned office in preference to several men who had seen service in the war.

Due to this identity of names the first Timothy, the charter member, has been credited with the brilliant military career of his son commencing in the Connecticut Militia and culminating in the War of 1812 as Commissary General of the Western Army. In the centennial history of the Hartford Bank, 1792-1892, the chapter devoted to the original directorate contains a biographical sketch of General Timothy Burr. It is not unreasonable to assume that the financial geniuses of early Hartford

THE CHARTER MEMBERS

preferred the mature advice of the elder Timothy to that of the boy of twenty.

Timothy, senior, was a prosperous merchant of Hartford. A statement that he remained actively connected with the Horse Guard for about fifteen years is not borne out by the records. In the nominations made for promotion in May 1791, his name was inadvertently omitted, but his commission as Second Lieutenant as of May, 1791 was confirmed by the General Assembly of May, 1792, in the latter part of which year he resigned. He died August 19, 1799. His older cousin Samuel kept the largest store in Hartford on Burr Street, now North Main Street. He died in 1792.

Timothy Burr, Jr. (the descriptive "Jr." was always attached to his name until his father's death), was never a member of the Horse Guard. In Green's Register for the State of Connecticut for the year 1797 Timothy Burr, Jr., appears as a Captain in the First Regiment of Militia; in 1800 and 1801 — having dropped the "Jr." — as Captain of the Matross Company of the First Regiment; in 1802 and 1803 as second Major, in 1804 as first Major, in 1805-6-7 as Lieutenant Colonel commanding the First Regiment. He was Brigadier General Timothy Burr, commanding First Brigade from 1807 to 1810, after which year his name disappears from the state rolls.

Thomas Bull, born in 1605, accompanied the Reverend Thomas Hooker to Hartford in 1636. His many descendants bore their share of the civil and military burdens of the Colony. His great grandson Caleb was the father of nine sons; six were among the petitioners for the Foot Guard Charter in 1771, and four signed the Horse Guard memorial in 1788.

Caleb Bull, Jr., the eldest son, born January 16, 1746, is frequently mentioned in Governor Trumbull's diary as one of his "escort of private gentlemen." He accepted a captain's commission in Colonel Webb's regiment January 1, 1777, and the records show that he resigned March 23, 1778. His service for the state did not however cease with this formal resignation. The records of the Council of Safety July 13, 1779, show that a letter was received from Caleb Bull by express dated Stratford, July 12, 1779, informing the Governor that the enemy had landed at Norwalk and had burnt the whole town excepting a few

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scattering houses. Captain Bull continued for some time in observation of the enemy and organized a daily dispatch service with a chain of expresses fourteen or fifteen miles apart to ride stages and deliver over their letters from one to another so as to send them forward with the greatest possible celerity. He was, therefore, instrumental in keeping Governor Trumbull and the Council of Safety promptly informed as to the enemy's movements along the coast. After the war he served the city in many ways until his death February 14, 1797.

James Bull, born October 13, 1751, was a commissary in the Northern Army in 1777. He died September 3, 1820.

Hezekiah Bull was born May 24, 1758. His name does not appear in the Revolutionary records of the Army or the Navy but it is certain that he saw service on the seas during the war. He died May 26, 1821.

Thomas Bull, born June 5, 1765, was too young to see service during the Revolution. He appears to have been active in the civic life of Hartford from the close of the war to his death, March 4, 1830.

John Chenevard, Jr., was associated with his father, Captain John Chenevard as a merchant in the West India trade. He was born in 1770, and was the youngest charter member of the Horse Guard. He died April 19, 1808.

Peter Colt was born March 28, 1744, and was a member of the class of 1764 Yale College. To those who believe that the food at Commons is a modern cause for grievance it may be of interest to note that Peter was taken acutely ill under circumstances best told by a contemporary. Monday, April 16, 1764, Colonel Hubbard addressed a letter to Ezra Stiles:

"Last Saturday being at Court, about noon we were surprised with a very melancholly Story from College. 82 of the Students were seized with violent vomitings, great Thirst, Weakness in the Extremeties and some with Spasms, and other Symptoms of Poison. By the Use of Emetics, Oleaginous and mucilaginous Draughts they are recovered, saving that some are yet weak in their joynts and affected in their Eyes. The Physicians conjecture it to be Arsenic, mixed with the Cake, on which they all breakfasted . . . There has been as yet no Enquiry by the Civil Authority, hoping Something may transpire that may be taken hold of."

THE CHARTER MEMBERS

President Clap's investigation indicated that the cause was "either some accident or some strong Physic put into the Victuals with a Design to bring a Slur upon the Provisions made in the Hall . . . Specially since it appears under oath that some of the Scholars manifested a pleasure in what befell Commons as hoping that it might be a means of getting Rid of them, and one of them went to one of the Cooks on the Lords day and offered her a Dollar if she would poison or Physic the Commons again, provided she would let him know the time, and added that if it was done once more there would be an end of Commons."*

At the outbreak of the war Colt served as military secretary to Major General David Wooster and later as assistant to Commissaries, Colonel Jonathan Fitch and Colonel Joseph Trumbull. August 9, 1777, he was made Deputy Commissary of Purchases for the Eastern Department for the Army of the United States, and was thereafter associated with Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth, supplying the French troops under Rochambeau from 1780 until the end of the war.

From 1789 to 1793 Colt was State Treasurer. In the latter year he moved to New Jersey where, except for a short residence in New York State, he engaged in manufacture until his death March 16, 1824.

Most students of the Revolution recall the names of its battle leaders. Few histories recount the prodigious work of the service of supply. Peter Colt was a powerful factor in keeping the Continental soldier alive. That his contemporaries recognized his merit was evidenced by his election to the Society of the Cincinnati.

Barnabas Deane is less well known than his brother Silas who was one of the American Commissioners to France during the Revolution and was instrumental in getting Lafayette and other French officers to give so much to the American Cause.

Barnabas was born in Groton in 1742. At an early age he moved to Wethersfield but lived most of his life in Hartford. In 1775 he was ensign and lieutenant in Captain Chester's company, and his name is found in the list of men who marched from the Connecticut towns in April of that year "for the Relief of

* Yale Biographies, third series, p. 57.

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Boston in the Lexington Alarm." His name next appears among those who effected the capture of Fort Ticonderoga in April and May of the same year: "Twenty days' service in going to Crown Point & Ty to assist in supporting & Reinforcing the Garrison there & in Raising men & Sending up Provisions &c in company with Col. Webb & Porter." Moneys were advanced out of the Public Treasury of the Colony of Connecticut, but Barnabas did not seem to be as well supplied with worldly goods as Silas. Barnabas had an account with the Colony of £4-5-4½ while big brother Silas had £380.

In 1776 he owned the privateer sloop "Revenge," carrying eight guns and a crew of sixty-four men, but this venture met with indifferent success, the sloop being destroyed by the British in the Penobscot in 1779. Barnabas Deane & Co., developed a large general merchandise business, with General Nathaniel Greene and Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth as silent partners. These partners supplied the greater part of the capital and their identity was carefully concealed because of their military prominence. No breath of scandal attached itself to the enterprise, but General Greene withdrew in 1781. Colonel Wadsworth, on the other hand, maintained the partnership until the death of Deane Dec. 6, 1794.

Richard Goodman and Ashbel Welles, Jr., both served in Lt. Charles Seymour's company in General Wolcott's brigade near Peekskill in the spring of 1777. In August each of these men received one pound, according to the muster roll, for participating in an excursion on the Sound. Lt. Seymour's brief entries indicate that little has changed in a century and a half, excepting that Seymour and his company were not obliged to wait for the boat train:— "Aug. 14, Rec'd. £67. Aug. 15, Marcht with 58 men including officers towards New York. Aug. 16, Set sail from New Haven . . . Arrived att New York late 7 o'clock." Goodman died in 1845 at the age of 84, the last surviving charter member. Ashbel Welles, Jr., was born January 15, 1758. After the war he kept a tavern on Main Street north of the State House. He died August 5, 1819.

Chauncey Goodrich was born in Durham October 20, 1759, and was graduated from Yale in the class of 1776, his brilliant

THE CHARTER MEMBERS

qualities justifying his subsequent employment there as a Tutor. He was admitted to the bar at Hartford in 1781, and immediately sprang into prominence, delivering the patriotic oration on the occasion of the celebration of peace in 1783. Ten years later he went from the state legislature to the national house of representatives resigning in 1801. After several terms in the state senate he was elected to the Senate of the United States, taking an active part in the discussion of the various events which culminated in the War of 1812.

While holding the office of Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut, he was chosen to head the state's delegation to the famous Hartford convention of 1814.

Commenting on his death which occurred August 18, 1815, one of Hartford's leading journals said: "His judgment was so guided by rectitude, that of all men living he was, perhaps, the only one to whom his worst enemy (if enemy he had) would have confided the decision of a controversy, sooner than to his best friend."

Daniel Goodwin was also a charter member of the Foot Guard, and kept a general store opposite William Burr's in the north part of the city. He was born in 1745 and died in 1790.

Joseph Hart was born in Saybrook, January 13, 1755. In May 1776 his name appears as adjutant of the First Regiment of Light Horse and in the following year as Lt. Colonel of the 8th Regiment, Connecticut Line. He came to Hartford in 1785 and opened a store at the River ("Dry Goods at wholesale, New York fine and superfine flour,") being connected through marriage and business with the most noted families of Hartford. He succeeded to the command of the Horse Guard in 1794 and held that position for four years. He was lost overboard at sea in 1810.

Richard Hart was the son of Joseph Hart's brother, William Hart, who served as a Major during the Revolution and was several times candidate for Governor. Major William Hart was associated for many years in business with Major Joseph Hart. Richard Hart was born in Hartford, January 15, 1768, and died at Saybrook, January 13, 1837.

Asa Hopkins was born in Waterbury, Sept. 1, 1757. He married and settled in Hartford, employing himself as a book-

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seller and druggist on the east side of Main Street north of the bridge. He sold "Drugs, Medicine, wine, sugar, all kinds of teas, groceries, dye stuff, painters colors, gold leaf &c."

William Knox, baptized September 16, 1764, was a manufacturer of saddles and harnesses. He died in 1803.

Samuel and William Lawrence were sons of John Lawrence, for twenty years Treasurer of Connecticut. Samuel was baptized March 27, 1763. He was engaged in the hardware trade and his name frequently appears as an underwriter of marine risks in company with Thomas Bull, John Morgan, James Caldwell and others.

William's baptismal record bears the date December 29, 1751. He was a very prosperous dry goods merchant and engaged in the social as well as business activities of the town. In 1801, he was taxed \$3.00 for "A two-wheeled carriage, having a top; on wood springs." He owned an "Umbrella from India" — the first one in town. It was a clumsy affair carried by a servant who walked behind the ladies. William Lawrence lived to the age of seventy.

Samuel Marsh, Jr., was born May 18, 1766, too late to see Revolutionary service. He was a successful business man in Hartford until his death in 1830.

Hezekiah Merrill appears to have been dilatory in reaching the age of discretion. It is recorded of him that: "In the evening next after the 16th Day of July instant being the Evening next following the Lord's Day one William Clark, Hezekiah Merrel and John Indicott all of Hartford convened together in Company with others in the street or highway in the Town of Hartford in a Rude and Turbulent manner; against the Peace of our Lord the King, etc." "Guilty £4-2-0." *

This happened in 1769 but his sterling worth was later recognized by his election to the office of City Treasurer when Hartford was incorporated, and by his appointment as first Cashier of the Hartford Bank in 1792, receiving the munificent annual salary of \$500. Notwithstanding a raise of \$300 he gave up

* Boardman Manuscript Collection, Item 1031.

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his bank duties in 1799. Earlier in life he had sold drugs, books and stationery "at the sign of the Unicorn and Mortar, a few rods south of the court house," but now he decided to try the grocery business "particularly rum, brandy, wine and raisins." He did not survive long enough to give this a thorough trial, dying in 1801.

John Morgan was born in Killingworth June 27, 1753. He completed his undergraduate course at Yale in 1772 and was given the degree of Master of Arts in 1778. Coming to Hartford in 1781 he immediately took a prominent part in its early commercial enterprises. Ten Horse Guard members assisted him with their subscriptions to the new State House. Morgan Street was named after him and the first bridge across the Connecticut recognized him as its principal proprietor. As warden of Christ Church he was its most liberal contributor.

Following his death, September 19, 1842, it was said of him: "He is remembered as a gentleman of the old school, an aristocrat in feeling and bearing, original and direct in conversation, and vigorous and straight-forward in action."

William Moseley was born in Hampton June 20, 1755, and was graduated from Yale in 1777. He became prominent in the practice of law in Hartford. He was a brother-in-law of Chauncey Goodrich, both these gentlemen having married daughters of the elder Governor Wolcott. That he handled some of Goodrich's important financial transactions is apparent from the following:—

"C. Goodrich

To copying Gen^l Washington's Address

£1-0-0 Errors Excepted

Hfd., June 12, 1784. Receipt

In behalf of C. Goodrich, William Moseley."

Moseley died in June 1824.

A William Moseley served in Captain George Markham's Company on duty in New London and Groton in September 1781. The identity of this record with the charter member is not, however, definitely established.

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

Roderic Olcott, the son of Samuel Olcott and cousin of John Chenevard, Jr., was born in Hartford, May 3, 1766, and died August 3, 1801. He was a half-brother of Michael Olcott who subsequently became commandant of the Horse Guard.

Samuel Wyllys Pomeroy was the son of a wealthy merchant of Hartford and was born in Hebron in 1765. He became interested in the western reserve and in 1832 founded the town of Pomeroy, Ohio, reaching prominence as a coal baron. He died in Cincinnati in 1841.

Ephraim Root was born in Coventry October 6, 1762, was graduated from Yale twenty years later and took up the practice of law in Hartford, being returned to seven sessions of the General Assembly. He died in Hartford, March 24, 1825.

Horatio Wales was born in Windham February 21, 1763, and was only seventeen years old when he served in Captain Barnard's Company of the Third Regiment, Connecticut Line at "Connecticut Village above the Robinson House, Hudson River."

In September 1781 he was with Colonel Ledyard in the defense of Groton and was captured by the British. His wearing apparel and such articles as he had with him were stripped from him by the enemy, the cost of which he subsequently recovered from the State:

"Hartford, Feb'y. 6th, 1782.

This may certify that Horatio Wales went into Fort Griswold as a volunteer on the 6th day of Sept. 1781, and was in the fort when it was taken by the Enemy.

W^m Latham, Capt. Artil^y."

Hartford, February 20th, 1782.

Rec^d an order on Treasurer for six pounds, three shillings on the 2/6. Tax in full of the above acco^t.

Horatio Wales.

The above acco^t sworn to.

Certified

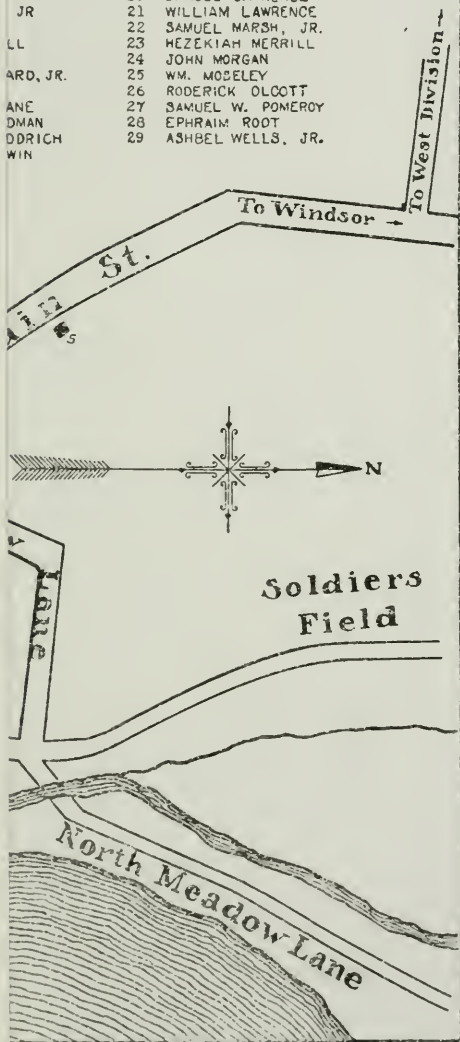
Finn Wadsworth, Com^{pt}."

Oliver Wolcott, Jr., is too well known to warrant more than a brief comment. He was born January 4, 1760 and entered Yale in the class of 1778.

MAP OF HARTFORD-1788

ENCE OR BUSINESS LOCATION
MEMBERS. (WALES & WOLCOTT
IDENTS OF HARTFORD.)

LL	16	JOSEPH HART
EYMGUR	17	RICHARD HART
LPS	18	ASA HOPKINS
R	19	WILLIAM KNOX
	20	SAMUEL LAWRENCE
JR	21	WILLIAM LAWRENCE
	22	SAMUEL MARSH, JR.
LL	23	HEZEKIAH MERRILL
	24	JOHN MORGAN
ARD, JR.	25	WM. MOSELEY
	26	RODERICK OLCOTT
ANE	27	SAMUEL W. POMEROY
DMAN	28	EPHRAIM ROOT
DDRICH	29	ASHBEL WELLS, JR.
WIN		



MAP OF HARTFORD-1788

SHOWING RESIDENCE OR BUSINESS LOCATION
OF CHARTER MEMBERS. (WALES & WOLCOTT
WERE NOT RESIDENTS OF HARTFORD.)

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1 JOHN CALDWELL | 16 JOSEPH HART |
| 2 THOMAS Y. JEFFMOUR | 17 RICHARD HART |
| 3 CHARLES PHELPS | 18 ASA HOPKINS |
| 4 TIMOTHY BURR | 19 WILLIAM HUCK |
| 5 SAMUEL BURR | 20 SAMUEL LAWRENCE |
| 6 CALS BULL, JR | 21 WILLIAM LAWRENCE |
| 7 JAMES BULL | 22 SAMUEL MASON, JR |
| 8 HEZEKIAH BULL | 23 HEZEKIAH MERRILL |
| 9 THOMAS BULL | 24 JOHN MORGAN |
| 10 JOHN CHEMVARO, JR | 25 WM. MOSELEY |
| 11 PETER COLT | 26 RICHARD DLOOTT |
| 12 BARNABAS DEANE | 27 SAMUEL W. POMEROY |
| 13 RICHARD GOODMAN | 28 EPHRAIM ROOT |
| 14 CHAUNCEY GOODRICH | 29 ASHUEL WELLS, JR. |
| 15 DANIEL GOODWIN | |



THE CHARTER MEMBERS

In April 1777 his studies were broken in upon, by a call to a less peaceful scene than the groves of Yale. He had gone to Litchfield on a visit to his mother, his father being absent attending Congress, when the news arrived that a large body of the British under Tryon, had landed and marched to Danbury to destroy the Continental stores. Awakened at midnight by the summons to repair to the rendezvous of the militia, he armed himself; and his mother furnishing his knapsack with provisions and a blanket, hastened his departure and dismissed him with the charge "to conduct like a good soldier."

The party to which he was attached reached the enemy at Wilton where a skirmish took place, in which as well as in the subsequent attacks during the retreat of the British, Wolcott participated.*

Returning to college he completed his course and went again into the field as a volunteer aid to his father Brigadier General Oliver Wolcott. In 1779 he accepted a quartermaster's commission. On becoming of age in January, 1781, he was admitted to the bar at Hartford, and during the same year received the degree of Master of Arts from Yale. Thereafter during the war he served as clerk and member of the Committee of Pay Table. In May 1788 he was appointed State Comptroller of Public Accounts, in the following year Auditor of the U. S. Treasury Department, serving under Alexander Hamilton, two years later Comptroller of the Treasury.

In 1791 Wolcott was offered the presidency of the United States Bank but declined, "preferring the public service and believing that such a station would be deemed unsuitable for a young man without property."

Upon the resignation of Alexander Hamilton in 1795 Wolcott entered Washington's cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, and continued in the same position in the Adams administration, resigning in December, 1800, as he and the President were not entirely in accord. President Adams, however, in recognition of his ability appointed him a circuit judge, under the provisions of the new judiciary act, in which capacity he served for a year.

For the next fifteen years he held no public office but, while in business in New York as a merchant, maintained an

* Gibbs Memoirs of the Federal Administrations, Vol. 1, p. 13.

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

intelligent interest in public affairs. In the conduct of the second war with Great Britain he separated himself from most of his former party associates by actively supporting the government.

As a consequence his first candidacy for the office of Governor of Connecticut in 1816 met defeat, but in the succeeding election he was successful and continued in office for ten years. During his incumbency the new constitution of Connecticut was framed and approved. As president of the Constitutional Convention he is credited with having prepared the original draft of the constitution—the adoption of which is considered the most important act of his administration. He retired from public life in 1827 and died at his New York home June 1, 1833.

These were the citizens who founded the Governor's Independent Volunteer Troop of Horse Guards.

IV

THE FIRST QUARTER CENTURY

George Washington took the oath of office as first president of the United States at New York, April 30, 1789. In October he decided to take advantage of a recess of Congress to visit the New England States, "with a view to observe the situation of the country, and in a hope of perfectly reestablishing my health, which a series of indispositions has much impaired." * He traveled in his own carriage, his retinue consisting of Major Jackson, Mr. Lear, and six servants.

His diary contains the first authentic record of the appearance of the Horse Guard for escort duty. On October 19, 1789, it conveys the information that the President left New Haven and passed through Wallingford and Durham on the way to Middletown where he was the recipient of a noon day entertainment.

"Having dined, we set out with the same Escort (who conducted us into town) about 3 o'clock for Hartford, and passing through a Parish of Middletown and Weathersfield, we arrived at Harfd. about sundown. At Weathersfield we were met by a party of the Hartford light horse, and a number of Gentlemen from the same place with Col^o Wadsworth at their head, and escorted to Bull's Tavern, where we lodged."

The American Mercury of October 26, 1789, relates: "The illustrious President of the U. S. with his suite arrived in this city Monday last escorted by the Governor's troop of Horse Guards dressed in an elegant uniform, and by a large number of Gentlemen on horseback."

On his return trip the President spent the night of November ninth in Hartford, but there appears to have been no formality connected with his entry or departure.

The "elegant uniform" mentioned in the newspaper has been described elsewhere as consisting of "A bear skin dragoon hat, white broadcloth coat brilliant with lace and braid of gold, red belt above tight pants, and boots with yellow tops."

* Letter to Thos. Jefferson, N. Y., 13 Oct. 1789, Sparks Vol. X, p. 41.

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

That this definition does not tally in all respects with a description reminiscent of two years later may be due to a change in uniform or to an inaccurate recollection.

"Armsmear," a memorial to Colonel Samuel Colt, quotes a letter addressed to the President of the Connecticut Historical Society by Mrs. Anstes Lee in 1855, then living at Wickford, R. I.

In May 1791 Mrs. Lee made the journey to Hartford on horseback in company with her brother, Daniel Updike, carriages at that time being rarely used as the roads were so bad that it was impracticable to travel on them with comfort or safety. They reached Hartford the day before election day, resting at David Bull's "Bunch of Grapes" Tavern —

"This being the day previous to the general election, the city became quite thronged with people from all parts of the State. In the afternoon, Governor Wolcott* was expected to arrive. This event seemed to awaken great interest and appearance of parade. . . .

"A troop of horse and a great number of citizens on horseback constituted the cavalcade to escort his Excellency into the city. The company of horse made an imposing appearance. The riders were dressed in caps, with a brass plate, and feathers in them, short jackets, or coats, short-clothes and high gaiters. I think the color was deep blue faced with red. The horses were very fine, and Mr. Pomeroy said they were of two hundred dollars value each, which was a great price at that time. After tea, say an hour before sunset, it was announced that the Governor and procession were entering the city; all thronged the windows to view it. The Governor came in at the head of the military on a single horse, dressed in a full suit of black, and then followed the cavalry and the citizens on horseback, two and two abreast. When he arrived in front of the State House he alighted, ascended, and stood on the spacious front step. The military passed and saluted the Governor by a discharge of their pistols over his head. After the salute, the Governor walked to a public house near.

* Samuel Huntington was governor at this time and Oliver Wolcott, lieutenant governor. General Wolcott became governor on the death of Governor Huntington, January 5, 1796.

State of Connecticut
By the Captain General

To John Caldwell Captain of the
Troop of Horse-guards

Greeting

Upon your application for a dispensation from
your present military command, considering the
reasons by you assigned, I have judged them suf-
ficient to grant your request

You are therefore hereby directed to cause
legal warning to be given to the Troop of Horse-
guards under your command, to parade at
such times & places as you shall appoint, & when
so paraded you are to lead them to the choice of a
Captain in your room & place, and also in like
manner to fill any vacancy that may be made
in consequence of such choice, & make return
of your doings to the General Assembly, and
the Officer who shall be chosen in your room
being duly commissioned, you will thereafter
be dispensed from further service

Given at Hartford this 20th day
of May 1698

Sam^l Huntington Governor

Tractford 31st May 1795
His Excellency Sam^l Huntington Esq
Captain General
Sir

In Obedience to
Your Excellency's Orders of 20th Inst^o to had the Company
under my Com^d name to the choice of a Captain and to file
up such vacancies as might be necessary agreeable to
Warning the Company to on 30th Inst^o and made choice
Lieut^t Thomas G. Seymour for their Captain, Com^d
Joseph Hart for 1st Lieut^t and E^d Williams
for their Com^d Yours with great Respect

J. G. Seymour
John G. Seymour

THE FIRST QUARTER CENTURY

"The next day (Thursday) was the general election. The General Assembly organized and proceeded to the meeting-house to hear the election sermon. It was the longest procession I had ever seen. It was headed by the military; then followed the sheriff with his sword, the governor, Senate, and members of the House of Representatives, two and two; and then singly walked President Stiles, dressed in a full black gown, cocked hat, and full-bottomed white wig. Then came the clergy, two and two. I should think there were two hundred ministers, dressed in black, and after them walked the citizens. Such an imposing procession I had never seen."

This troop of horse had now definitely superseded the "Escort of private gentlemen." Major Caldwell had marched his troop to Wethersfield and had escorted Governor Huntington back to the capitol.

The Courant of May 14, 1792, evidences the results of training and discipline: "On Thursday last the annual election for this state was held in this city. On Wednesday afternoon the Governor was escorted from Wethersfield by the company of horse under command of Major Seymour. . . . The military appearance of the guards with a number of new evolutions exhibited by the horse-guards, who were unusually well mounted, produced a fine effect and commanded the unanimous applause of a vast concourse of spectators. . . ."

Succeeding years witnessed similar demonstrations. Commenting on the last inauguration of the elder Oliver Wolcott in 1797, the newspaper relates: "The procession was preceded by a Band of Music, a Company of Cadets commanded by Major Day; and escorted by a Company of Horse commanded by Major Hart; both of which companies exhibited proofs of a strict attention to discipline and reflected honour on their officers."

The inauguration of Jonathan Trumbull, 2nd, in 1798 was conducted with much pomp and splendor. He had been Lieutenant Governor under Oliver Wolcott and had succeeded to the gubernatorial office upon the death of the latter December 1, 1797. According to the Courant of May 14, 1798: "Last Thursday the annual election of the officers of the State Government was held in this city. On the day preceding, Lieut. Gov. Trumbull escorted by the usual suite of the Sheriffs and Constables and a number of Gentlemen, reached the eastern bank

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

of Connecticut river about four o'clock in the afternoon, when he was met by the Officers of the Governor's Horse Guards and a Band of Music. The Governor was rowed across the river in a Barge, by four Captains of Vessels, preceded by a boat containing the Band of Music, and his suite, and followed by a Barge with the Officers of the Guards.

" . . . The procession then formed in the usual manner, and the Governor was escorted to Maj. Ripley's Tavern by the company of Horse Guards commanded by Maj. Hart. On election day the procession formed at the State House and preceded by the Governor's Company of Foot Guards, commanded by Capt. Day, and the Band of Music, and escorted by the Horse Guards, moved to the North Meeting House. . . ."

The following Independence Day was the occasion of a great celebration. The Horse Guard, commanded by Major Daniel Jones, the Foot Guard by Captain Root, the Light Company by Captain Clark, the Artillery Company by Captain Timothy Burr, Jr., "under arms and in compleat uniform paraded on the Court House Square" and escorted the members of the Cincinnati to their favorite tavern. The military companies had a spread at South Green. "After dinner they performed a great variety of evolutions and firings in a manner truly honorable to themselves and highly gratifying to a numerous collection of spectators."

Again, on August second of the same year, the unheralded approach of President Adams caused a hurry call to be sent out. Major Jones assembled the Horse Guard and galloped to Wethersfield, meeting the President and escorting him back. The Foot Guard joined in at South Green, and the escort advanced on David Bull's Tavern.

The official records of the Horse Guard were some years ago destroyed by fire or otherwise dissipated so that it has been impossible to discover the complete membership from year to year. However, the Connecticut Historical Society has a roster of 1798 which reveals the names of several who subsequently held higher offices in the troop: —

"Return of the Governor's Independent Volunteer
Troop of Horse Guards — Dec. 1798

THE FIRST QUARTER CENTURY

Capt. Daniel Jones	Compleat
1st Lt. William Knox	"
2d Lt. Henry Seymour	"
Cornet John McNeight	"
Q ^r M ^r Serjeant George Pratt	"
Serjeant William D. Bull	"
" Tho ^s Sanford, Jn ^r	"
" David Greenleaf	"
Corporal Elisha Lewis	"
" William W. Bull	Pistols Want'g
" Samuel Ledlie	Compleat
" Selden Chapman	Absent
Lemuel Adams	Compleat
Isaac Bliss	"
John Barnard, Jn ^r	"
Josiah Buck, Jn ^r	Pistols wanting
George Benton	Deficient
Nath ^l Blake	Compleat
Joshua P. Burnham	"
Dan ^l Buck, Jn ^r	"
John Chenevard, Jn ^r	"
Josiah Capin	Pistols wanting
James Fortune	Compleat
Aron Gaylord	Compleat
William Howe	"
Norman Knox	"
Daniel Kilbourn	Absent
Samuel Marsh, Jn ^r	Compleat
Eben ^r Moore	"
Rod ^k Olcott	"
George J. Patten	Deficient
Benjamin Pratt	Compleat
Joseph Pratt, Jn ^r	"
Robert Ramsdell	"
Norman Smith	"
William Talcott	"
William Wetmore	"
Thomas Wells	Deficient
Gustavus Upson	Compleat
John Dodd, Jn ^r	} Lately joined
Michael Olcott	
Henry Keyes	
William Church	Musician
Gurdon Olcott	"

The three lately joined are equipping themselves.

Hartford, Dec^r 24th, 1798

Dan Jones Capt.
Horse Guards."

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

Daniel Jones served in the Revolution commencing May 23, 1775. In 1777 he is listed as a conductor transporting commissary supplies to the Continental Army. There is no traceable record of his career after he left the Horse Guards. The newspaper advertisements of the period indicate that he was a prosperous merchant selling everything from rum and gunpowder to school books and paper hangings.

The Boardman collection of manuscripts in the State Library contains a scrap of paper (item 5308) which affords an opportunity to note the change which the lapse of five years produces in the personnel.

“Non Commissioned officers, privates & Musick of
the Governor’s Horse Guards 1803.

Michael Olcott, Q.M.C. Nat’l Blake Aaron Gaylord } Sergts.	Benj^a Pratt Joseph Pratt, Jr. Henry Peterson Robert Ramsdell Normand Smith George Steel Freeman Sheperd Moses Tryon, Jr. James Thomas Henry Wyles Thomas Wells Freeman Webster
James Fortune J. P. Burnham Josiah Capin George D. Patten } Corp^{ls}.	
Asa Allen J^{no} Barnard, Jn^r Josiah Buck, Jn^r George Benton Barz^a D. Buck James Babcock Winthrop Buck John Chenevard, Jn^r Sam^l Caldwell Normand Dexter John Dodd, Jr. Elihu Faxon William Greenleaf W^m Jones Henry Keyes Norman Knox Sam^l Marsh John Mather	W^m Church Caleb Church } Musick Joseph Atwell } Sgt. N. Blake

You will warn the Non
Comiss officers, privates &
Musick of the H. Guards to
appear at the City Hall in this
city on Tuesday the 16th inst at
2 o’clock p m to agree upon a
substitute for the present Uni-
form & other business of conse-
quence to the . . .”

The reverse side of this sheet of paper bears the notation:
“Henry Seymour requests Capt. Stewart to call on Mr. Jno
Hulett in Cedar Street N. York & ask the favour of Mr. Hulett

THE FIRST QUARTER CENTURY

to recommend him to the man who blows the Horn for the Band who is acquainted with French Horns & useing of them, to go with you & choose a pair, that are perfect in their *chords* when blown together, strong neat & well finished, suitable for the Company of Horse Guards; to cost from 25 to 30 dollars the pair — Concert Horns or Bugle Horns are not wanted — 'though those who blow the concert Horns may be good Judges in chooseing F. Horns for the Cavalry — they should be free from bruises & of a size if possible."

The uniform selected at the meeting mentioned in this paper was probably patterned after that of the French Hussar; grenadier bear skin hat, blue cloth coat trimmed with gold lace and reaching to the saddle and bright blue pants. This is corroborated to some extent by Edward Augustus Kendall in his much quoted "Travels through the Northern Parts of the United States in the Year 1807 and 1808." The first chapter of this book presents such an attractive picture of Election Day that a partial repetition needs no apology.

"An object of immediate attraction was the great festival of Connecticut, called the Day of General Election, and popularly the Election-day, held annually in the city of Hartford, on the second Thursday in May. Having remained in New York till the tenth of the same month, I proceeded, on commencing my journey, direct to Hartford. The distance, by land, is a little more than a hundred and twenty miles.

"The election-day is at present that on which, at the meeting of the general assembly, the written votes of the freemen, for a governor, lieutenant-governor, and other officers appointed to be chosen, are counted, the result declared and the persons elected sworn to perform the duties of their respective offices.

"I reached Hartford at noon, on Wednesday the nineteenth† of May. The city is on the west bank of the Connecticut, forty-five miles above its mouth. The governor, whose family residence is on the east side of the river, at some distance from Hartford, was expected to arrive in the evening. This gentleman, whose name is Jonathan Trumbull, is the son of the late Governor Jonathan Trumbull; and though the election is annual,

† Mr. Kendall must have reached Hartford on the thirteenth day of May if he witnessed this inauguration.

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he has himself been three or four years in office, and will almost certainly so continue during the remainder of his life.* It was known that the votes were at this time in his favour.

"The governor has volunteer companies of guards, both horse and foot. In the afternoon, the horse were drawn up on the banks of the river, to receive him, and escort him to his lodgings. He came before sunset; and the fineness of the evening, the beauty of the river, the respectable appearance of the governor and of the troop, the dignity of the occasion, and the decorum observed, united to gratify the spectator. The colour of the clothes of the troop was blue. The governor, though on horseback, was dressed in black; but he wore a cockade, in a hat which I did not like the less, because it was in its form rather of the old school than of the new.

"In the morning, the foot-guards were paraded in front of the state-house, where they afterward remained under arms, while the troop of horse occupied the street which is on the south side of the building. The clothing of the foot was scarlet, with white waistcoats and pantaloons; and their appearance and demeanor were military.

"At about eleven o'clock his excellency entered the state-house, and shortly after took his place at the head of a procession, which was made to a meeting-house or church, at something less than half a mile distance. The procession was on foot; and was composed of the person of the governor, together with the lieutenant-governor, assistants, high-sheriffs, members of the lower house of assembly, and, unless with accidental exceptions, all the clergy of the state. It was preceded by the foot-guards and followed by the horse; and attended by gazers, that considering the size and population of the city, may be said to have been numerous."

After describing the church service the narrative continues: "Arrived in front of the state-house, the military formed on each side of the street; and, as the governor passed them, presented arms. The several parts of the procession now separated; each retiring to a dinner prepared for itself, at an adjoining inn. . . . Soon after six o'clock, the military fired three feux de joies, and were then dismissed. . . .

* Gov. Trumbull was first elected in 1798. He served eleven consecutive years and died Aug. 7, 1809.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL, ESQUIRE,
Captain-General and Commander in Chief in and over the STATE of CONNECTICUT, in
AMERICA.

To
Samuel Ledlie,

Gent. GREENING.

You being by the General Assembly of this State accepted to be Captain of the Governors
Troop of Horse Guards, to take rank from September 29th A.D. 1806.

reposing special Trust and Confidence in your Fidelity, Courage and good Conduct, I DO
by virtue of the Laws of this State, me therunto enabling, appoint and empower you to
take the said Troop — into your Care and Charge as their Captain — carefully
and diligently to discharge that Office and Trust, exercising your inferior Officers and
Soldiers in the use of their Arms, according to the Rules and Discipline of War ordained
and established by the Laws of this State, keeping them in good Order and Government,
and commanding them to obey you as their Captain — and you are to observe all
such Orders and Directions as from Time to Time you shall receive, either from me, or
from other your superior Officer, you want to the Trust hereby reposed in you.

Given under my Hand, and the Public Seal of this State, at New Haven
the 17th Day of October — A. D. 1806

By His Excellency's Command,
Samuel Whittys Secretary.

For Trumbull

THE FIRST QUARTER CENTURY

“ The whole day, like the morning, and like the evening which preceded it, was fine. In Hartford, the degree of bustle was sufficient to give an air of importance to the scene; a scene, that taken altogether, was not unfitted to leave on the mind a pleasing and respectful impression.”

The Horse Guard on this occasion was commanded by Lieutenant Michael Olcott, Major Henry Seymour having resigned, and the new major, Samuel Ledlie, not being in active command. Major Ledlie's efforts to maintain and even improve the efficiency of the troop were rewarded by the *Courant* in its account of the 1808 inauguration: “ It would be doing an injustice not to observe that the military exhibitions, although the weather was unpleasant, exceeded any thing of the kind which we have witnessed on any similar occasion.”

V

GALA DAYS

To those who have believed in the recent origin of the contest between companies of the Governor's Guards for the right to lead the Election Day parade, certain early nineteenth century records will prove illuminating.

The Foot Guard had long chafed under the subordinate rank given its commandant—that of captain—the Horse Guard having since its incorporation a captain “with the rank of Major.” The General Assembly of May, 1809, had therefore been persuaded to enact “that the captains of the Companies of the Governor's Foot Guards shall have the rank of Major, in the same manner as is provided for the Horse Guards.”

Now the fight was on in earnest. The Horse Guard Commandant could no longer look down with scorn on his subordinate of the Foot. To quote a Foot Guard historian of fifty years ago:

“They were all elegant gentlemen, and possessing one qualification for the episcopate,—‘they were given to hospitality;’—with legs under their mahogany, what imperial times we should have had in gossiping, until the cock crew, about the old Guard! When Major Goodwin commanded the Foot Guard, Major Hart commanded the Horse, and, when Major Goodwin and Major Hart met, Greek met Greek, Bonaparte met Wellington: they were both martinets; both knew all military tactics and etiquette from alpha to omega; both were self-willed men; both were too opinionated to accept an umpire; and a high old controversy arose between them as to which of their two commands was entitled to the right, on election parade. They fought it out in the streets, by maneuvers and counter-maneuvers, by marches and counter-marches, worthy of a Marlborough or Frederick the Great.”

The War of 1812 failed to arouse much enthusiasm in New England, and left the Horse Guard virtually unscathed. Very few members found their way into active service, and those only for a few months.

GALA DAYS

The question of Federal control over the state militia was a very serious one. Prior to the declaration of war the President was authorized by Congress to require of the executives of the several states and territories appropriate measures to prepare for active service their respective proportions of one hundred thousand militia, Connecticut's quota being fixed at three thousand. This was agreeable to Governor Griswold, but when Major General Dearborn requisitioned for a certain number of companies to be placed under the command of officers of the regular establishment the Governor was loath to agree to the propriety of transferring units of Connecticut Militia to Federal control unless the appropriate higher militia officers were accepted with them.

His position was based upon that provision of the constitution which gave Congress power "To provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia, and for governing such parts of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, *reserving to the States respectively the appointment of officers*, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress."

Furthermore the proposed invasion of Canada did not appeal to the New Englanders who foresaw their defenseless coast towns the prey of the ravaging invader as they had been during the Revolution. Congress had power to call forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrection and repel invasions, but General Dearborn's further call for troops to join in the proposed attack upon Canada did not seem to accord with any of these exigencies. It had not yet been established that the President should be the sole judge of the imminence of invasion, nor was it admitted that an attack upon Canada was the best means of repelling or forestalling invasion.

This attitude might be classed as a strict interpretation of the Constitution. The Federalists, predominant in Connecticut and Massachusetts, were opposed to the war, but their behavior hardly justified President Madison's expression, "The seditious opposition in Mass. & Con^t."* A fairer statement appears in his fourth annual message, November 4, 1812: "It is obvious that if the authority of the United States to call into service and

* Madison to Jefferson, Aug. 17, 1812.

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command the militia for the public defense can be thus frustrated, even in a state of declared war and of course under apprehensions of invasion preceding war, they are not one nation for the purpose most of all requiring it, and that the public safety may have no other resource than in those large and permanent military establishments which are forbidden by the principles of our free government, and against the necessity of which the militia were meant to be a constitutional bulwark."

Notwithstanding this early reluctance, Connecticut furnished 694 officers and 9236 enlisted men of the militia to Federal service during the war, besides 156 officers and 1600 enlisted men in the regular army.

For home defense the General Assembly at its October, 1812, session had passed an act for the voluntary enlistment from exempts and from the militia of a military corps to suppress insurrection, repel invasion, and compel obedience to the laws of the state and of the United States. This was designated the Corps of Volunteer Exempts and consisted of two regiments of infantry, four companies of artillery and four troops of horse.

Many Horse Guard veterans found their way into this corps: prominent among them were John Caldwell, Colonel of the 3rd Regiment; Michael Olcott and Normand Smith, Captain and Cornet, respectively, of the 1st Company of Cavalry, attached to the Brigade; Normand Knox, Theodore Dwight, James Bull, Isaac Bliss, Ephraim Root, and others.

The era of good feeling, ushered in with the inauguration of James Monroe in 1817, is well illustrated by his reception in Hartford in June of that year. The story is told by S. Putnam Waldo in 'The Tour of James Monroe, President of the United States, through the Northern and Eastern States, in 1817; etc.'

"The President proceeded toward the city of Hartford; and at about a mile south of the city, he and his suite left their carriage, and, elegantly mounted on horseback, approached it.

"His reception in this place, did credit to the taste and patriotism of the citizens.

"On Monday, the 23rd, from previous arrangement, the first Company of the Governor's Horse Guards, under the command of Maj. Buck, repaired to Wethersfield, about four miles from this city, to receive the President. A large concourse of citizens from this and the neighbouring towns, also assembled there, and

GALA DAYS

escorted the President to the south green in this city, where the Hartford Artillery, commanded by Capt. Ripley; the East Hartford Artillery, commanded by Capt. Olmsted; the Simsbury Artillery, commanded by Capt. Humphrey; the whole commanded by Col. Johnson, fired a national salute. He was then received by the first Company of the Governor's Foot Guards, commanded by Major Goodwin; Capt. Johnson's, Capt. Wadsworth's, Capt. Rockwell's, Capt. Ellsworth's, and Capt. Brown's Infantry Companies, under the command of Col. Loomis, and a detachment of Cavalry, under command of Col. Gleason; and the whole of the immense assemblage of soldiers and citizens, escorted the President over the city bridge, which was elegantly ornamented with three lofty arches, thrown over it, composed of evergreen and laurel, in imitation of the triumphal arches of Rome, under which the benefactors of the Commonwealth passed.

"From the centre arch was suspended a label, 'March 4th, 1817.' As the President passed the bridge, he was in the most animated manner, cheered by the citizens. An elegant flag waved over the arches, with the letter M; it being the same letter reversed, which on election day meant WOLCOTT.

"He was escorted by this numerous assemblage to Morgan's Coffee House, where he received the congratulations and the address of the citizens delivered by John Morgan, Esq., senior Alderman; to which he gave an elegant, appropriate, and impressive answer. He then, with General Swift, and his private Secretary, Mr. Mason, reviewed the elegant line of troops drawn up in Main Street. He soon after visited the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, expressed his admiration of the astonishing progress of the pupils, and retired to his lodgings amidst the most numerous collection of soldiers and citizens ever witnessed in Hartford. The whole was an unequivocal expression of public sentiment. It shews that James Monroe is the man whom 'the people delight to honour.'"

For sixty years following the adoption of the State Constitution in 1818, New Haven shared with Hartford the honors of the annual election, the ceremonies in the even years being held in the former city. Biennial elections commenced in 1877 with the elimination of New Haven as a joint capital, so that ever since the adoption of the Constitution Hartford has seen the inaugural ceremonies in the odd years.

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

The year 1818 was the last even year for Hartford. Luckily the Governor elect was coming from the western part of the state, for the spring freshet and ice had carried away the bridge over the Connecticut. The parade was held with snow on the ground a foot deep.

The similarity of the election day parades throughout the century forbids repetitious accounts. The Horse Guard seldom failed to ride out to welcome the Governor elect. If he approached from Lebanon or Hebron the Guard lined up on the river bank or ventured across the bridge through East Hartford; if from Norwich or Lyme, the candidate was saluted at the Wethersfield ferry; if New Haven was his starting point, Wethersfield green found him no longer without a military escort; if from Litchfield way the Guard was awaiting his arrival at Mills's tavern five miles out in West Hartford, or as a special compliment to a charter member, at Elm Tree Inn in Farmington.

The Pocket Register for 1825, the first published directory of Hartford, devotes considerable space to the relation of the visit of General the Marquis de La Fayette to Hartford, September 24, 1824. The General was expected in town Friday night and the city was well illuminated, especially Morgan and Main Streets and State House Square. But he was behind his schedule and spent Friday night in Stafford, proceeding the next morning under the escort of a local troop of horse as far as King's Tavern in Vernon. There he was received by the First Company, Governor's Horse Guard, Major John E. Hart commanding, and was escorted to Hartford.

To quote from the Courant of September 7, 1824: "A superb arch stood erected on the west side of the State House adorned with ever-greens; upon a transparent ground was inscribed 'Welcome LaFayette'—within the scroll, at one end of the arch, was the inscription 'York Town'—upon the other, 'Monmouth'

"About 10 o'clock A. M. a discharge of artillery, and the ringing of bells, put it beyond a doubt that the General had indeed arrived. A carriage was furnished by Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., who, with Henry L. Ellsworth, Esq. one of the city committee had attended him from Stafford. He passed the bridge across Connecticut river, attended by his son George Washington

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Fayette, Mr. Vasseur, his secretary, and Mr. Colders, under the escort of the First Company of Horse Guards. At the entrance of Morgan-street was erected an elegant arch, extending across the road, composed of ever-greens, with an inscription 'Our Illustrious Citizen, La Fayette,' upon canvass — this again surmounted with the American colours.

"The procession moved up Morgan-street to its intersection with Main-street; here the crowded assemblage of citizens commenced the acclamations of 'Welcome LaFayette' He alighted at Bennett's Hotel where he was received by the Mayor of the City and His Excellency Governor Wolcott. An address by the former was presented in behalf of the corporation of the city, and by his Excellency in the name of the state. . . .

"The General's answers were expressed with much sensibility. . . . They proceeded to review the troops. As the carriage commenced its movement up Main-street, we were struck with a reflection upon the interesting coincidence that on this very spot where stood his carriage, Gen. Washington first met Gen. Rochambeau, at the head of the French Army, after their arrival from France to aid in the cause of the revolution. Here Washington and Hamilton, and several other American officers first shook hands in the presence of LaFayette with the officers of the French army."

The military under the command of Gen. Johnson exceeded a thousand in number and with difficulty made its way through the immense crowd. A reception was held in the Senate Chamber where "Hundreds of Ladies were introduced to the General, and were taken by the hand in the most affectionate manner."

LaFayette's reply to the address of welcome is reported as follows: "Sir,—I feel very happy in viewing such resource of strength in New-England, which resources should be cherished with union, as there is such a powerful opposition abroad to your free principles. I am delighted with the manifestation of feeling shown towards me;—pleased with the moral habits and character of the people of the State, exhibiting in action a pure Republic. I am also highly gratified with the fine appearance of your military."

After reviewing the troops Lafayette held another reception at the mansion of Daniel Wadsworth and departed by steam boat OLIVER ELLSWORTH for New York "amidst the salute of

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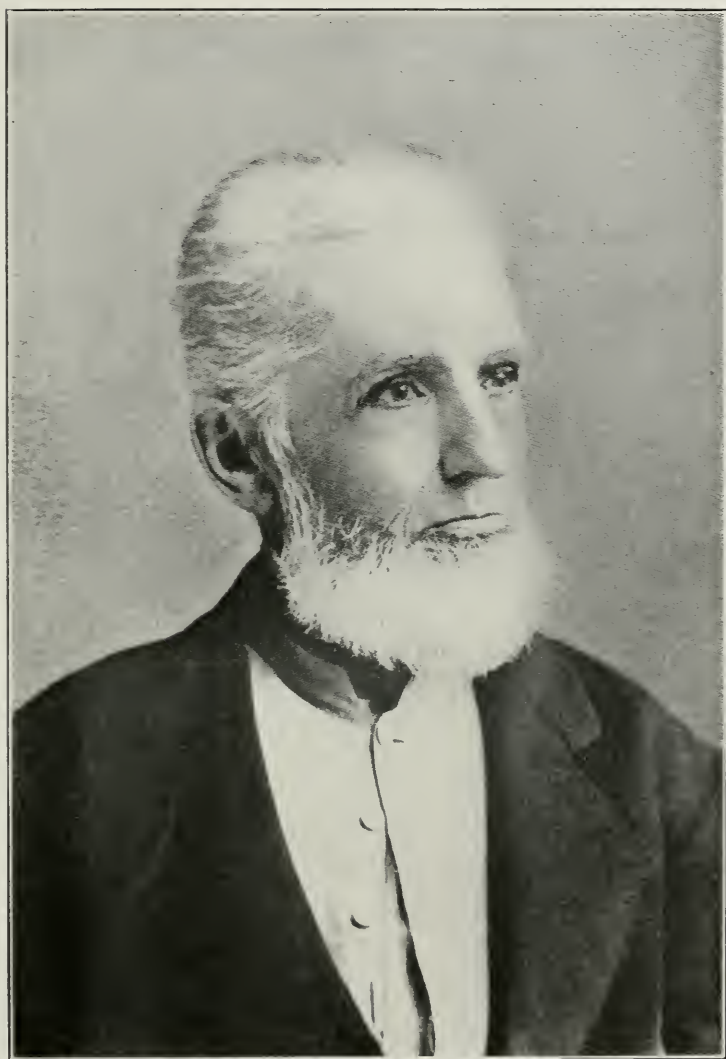
cannon, and the shouts of thousands of gratified and grateful spectators."

The Horse Guard was much chagrined that the Foot Guard should have been singled out for special commendation as to its discipline and appearance, and set about to rectify this condition. Drills were held Tuesday and Friday evenings at Allyn's Hall, and when Major Pratt turned out to escort Governor elect Tomlinson in 1827, the subsequent account was a source of lively interest and gratification. "The appearance of the military was highly creditable, and particularly the improvement in the dress, equipment, and performances of the Horse Guards was such as to attract general attention."

In June, 1833, President Jackson, accompanied by several members of his cabinet and other prominent gentlemen, was greeted in Hartford by a tremendous assemblage. The President entered the city from the direction of Berlin where he was received by the military, his arrival being announced by a national salute from the artillery and the ringing of bells. The parade formed in the following order:

Horse Guard, Major Denslow
Squadron of Cavalry, Colonel Phelps
Revolutionary officers and soldiers
Light Artillery Regiment, Colonel Mather
Light Infantry Regiment, Colonel Pitkin
Rifle Regiment, Colonel Roberts
Foot Guard, Major Day
President and party

The line of march was north on Main to Morgan, to Front, to State, to Asylum, to Trumbull, to Pearl, to Prospect, to School — dismissed.



Major James T. Pratt

VI COMA

There is a statue on Bushnell Park which bears the inscription —

HORACE WELLS THE DISCOVERER OF ANÆSTHESIA DECEMBER 1844

This discovery marked the beginning of a somnolent period which did not fail to impress its mark on the Horse Guard. The organization disappeared from public view. It is not even recorded among those present to do honor to President Polk on the occasion of his visit to Hartford in June, 1847; nor did it participate in the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence; nor in the inauguration of Governor Joseph Trumbull in 1849; nor in that of Governor Seymour in 1851 and in 1853.

The preparations for this last inauguration indicate a complete absence of interest on the part of the Horse Guard. A stray sheet of paper was recently given to the Connecticut Historical Society bearing the following report:—

“At a second meeting of the Committee of Arrangements held at their room on Wednesday evening, April 27, 1853, the following officers presided.

“Jos. Pratt, Chairman & Ezra Dow, Secty. when Colo. S. A. Cooley was nominated as a candidate for the office of Chief Marshall on the day of election and without a dissenting voice he was declared elected—A form of programme was then made out and approved.

“A Committee was appointed to confer with the Major & officers of the 1st Co. Governors Foot Guards to ascertain if the course pursued by the Committee of Arrangements rec^d their approval—said Committee performed the duty assigned them & the arrangements with some slight modifications were approved & it was unanimously agreed that the said Committee of Arrangements & Gov. Foot Guards would act in concert & perform their various duties in a manner honorable both to ourselves & to the City which we represent.

“Attest

“Ezra Dow, Sect.”

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

In fact, for some years prior to this period there had been noticeable a decline in that activity which was so much in evidence in the earlier days. The Bicentennial of the founding of Hartford, celebrated November 9, 1835, was deprived of the pleasure of witnessing their picturesque appearance; General Winfield Scott, in February, 1838, managed to get through Hartford without their assistance; and Vice President R. M. Johnson was escorted by every local military unit excepting the Horse Guard when he paid a visit to the city in October, 1843.

Their absence was deplored. Citizens interested in military affairs and horsemanship sought to revive this splendid feature of the activities of the city and state. In August, 1853, Joseph Pratt and others organized a cavalry company consisting of over one hundred members, embracing some of the city's most active and enterprising young men, many of whom still retained a nominal membership in the Horse Guard. On the last day of that month they voted to adopt the charter of the Governor's Independent Volunteer Troop of Horse Guards, which was considered not to have become extinct although it had laid dormant for several years.

To secure recognition they approached the Governor through his Aide, Colonel Colt, with the result that the following directions were issued:

" Captain General's Office
Hartford, Sept. 1, 1853.

" Sir:

On receipt of this order you are hereby commanded to give legal warning to all the members of the 1st Co. Governor's Horse Guards, to meet at the City of Hartford on the 5th day of September, at such hour and place as you may appoint, and when so assembled lead them to a nomination by ballot of a Major Commandant of said Company, and in like manner to fill all vacancies: and due return make of your doings to this office.

" Thomas H. Seymour,
Capt. Gen^l.

" Col. Samuel Colt
Aid de Camp." *

The meeting was held at Gilman's Saloon on the evening of September fifth, and those present elected their officers and non-commissioned personnel:

* Executive Journal.

COMA

Major Commandant	Samuel Colt
Captain & 1st Lieutenant	Henry B. Beach
2d Lieutenant	Horace Ensworth
Cornet	Joseph Pratt
Sergeants	Samuel F. Jones, Horace Johnson, D. K. Reade and W. M. Carter
Corporals	James M. Sparrell, Seth King, E. J. Main and D. J. Brace

The Governor duly issued commissions as of September 1, 1853, to the four gentlemen first named as officers of the First Company, Governor's Horse Guards, these appointments being subsequently confirmed by the General Assembly. The ensuing winter was devoted to military exercise and the obtaining of equipment. An early public appearance in the following spring is thus recited in the Hartford Daily Times of May 3, 1854:

"THE HORSE GUARDS

"The first Company Governor's Horse Guards, Col. Colt commander were on duty yesterday in drill dress. It is a very fine company, and makes a good appearance on duty. It has been organized at considerable expense, and our citizens generally are gratified at the result of the efforts that have been made to establish it. Such a company was wanted here, and we hope it will be sustained.

"Another company, commanded by Major Boardman, claiming to be the first Company Governor's Horse Guards, was also on duty yesterday in full uniform. It appears that this Company had died out. For eight years it had not appeared on duty. Early last year, however, the new Company was organized—the Governor disbanded the old one, and the charter of the 1st Co. Governor's Horse Guards was accepted by the more recent organization. If we understand the matter correctly, Major Boardman, who had never surrendered his commission, or been superseded, thought the new movements were too fast for him, or not quite courteous enough, and he claimed that his company was still in existence—that the charter could not be taken by another—that he had ever been ready to parade with a company, when necessary—and that he would not 'surrender.' As an evidence of his views of the matter, he appeared on the streets yesterday with a fine mounted company in full uniform."

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

This new organization practiced daily. On May 5, with Major Colt in command, it was on parade and made a fine appearance. On the following day Lt. Col. Colt was busy with his position as aid to the retiring governor, and Captain Ensworth led the troop with forty-six men in the saddle, besides the band. Considering the short time that this company had had to drill, they acquitted themselves with great credit. Captain Ensworth proved to be an excellent tactical officer with thorough knowledge of his duties.

The newly elected governor had two troops on his hands each claiming the privilege of serving him as the First Company, Governor's Horse Guard. Being somewhat in a quandary he exercised his discretion by leaving the solution to the General Assembly. The journal of that body shows that the following message from His Excellency the Governor, relating to the First Company, Governor's Horse Guards in the city of Hartford, was received by the hand of Henry B. Graves, His Excellency's private secretary:—

“Executive Office

New Haven, June 23, 1854.

“To the Senate and House of Representatives

“I deem it my duty to call the attention of the Legislature to the situation of the Governor's Horse Guards in the City of Hartford.

“In the year 1778 [sic] the General Assembly granted a charter to John Caldwell and others, under which the first company of Governor's Horse Guards was organized.

“In 1845, Henry Boardman was commissioned Major Commandant of the company. Other officers were commissioned at the same time.

“From such information as I have been able to obtain, I am satisfied that the company was rarely, if at any time, called out for exercise or review, from the year 1845, until the proceedings were had to which I invite the attention of the General Assembly. In July, 1853, an application was made to Governor Seymour, by Joseph Pratt and others, to be organized into a company of Cavalry, to be annexed to the first regiment of Connecticut Militia.

“This was accompanied with a recommendation from Brigadier General Geer, and is on file in the Secretary's office.

COMA

I am not able to find that any action was had upon this application.

"I find, upon the records of this office, an order, dated Sept. 1, 1853, by the Captain General, to his aid, Col. Samuel Colt, to lead the first Company of Governor's Horse Guards to a choice of officers, specifying the office of Major Commandant, and to fill vacancies.

"In pursuance of this order, I have reason to believe that Col. S. Colt called out a body of men, a part of whom had belonged to the first company of Horse Guards and a part were those who had signed the application to be organized into a Company, to which reference has been made, and all of whom claimed to belong to said first Company of Horse Guards. Col. Colt proceeded to the choice of a Major Commandant, Captain, 2d Lieutenant and Cornet, and made a return of the same to the Captain General, and on the twentieth of April, 1854, Governor Pond ordered commissions to be issued to the officers thus chosen.

"I understand that Major Colt has in this way, under his command a large company, in complete uniform, and well equipped.

"There is no record evidence that Major Boardman and the other officers who were commissioned in 1845, have ever been discharged.

"It is said there is in existence a paper purporting to be a copy from the record of this office, certified by the late Executive Secretary, of an order of the Captain General, discharging Major Boardman.

"Nothing of the kind, however, is to be found upon the records. Major Boardman claims he has never been discharged, and that the first Company of Horse Guards under his command has recently been enlarged by regular enlistment, constituting a large company, in full uniform and well equipped.

"He has made a return to me of the choice of two officers to fill vacancies.

"It is claimed in behalf of the other Company, that the order for a choice of a Major Commandant, of itself, operated as a discharge of Major Boardman. It is claimed on the other side that a Company could not be organized as that commanded by Major Colt was organized.

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

"The Legislature will readily see that a question of great importance is involved in these proceedings, and one which cannot be divisionably settled, except by the action of your Hon. body. Possibly, in the course of the ensuing year, there may be occasion to call out the first Company of Governor's Horse Guards to preserve the peace, or to enforce the law of the land. A mistake, either in the Magistrate, in the order calling out the Company, or in those who should act under it, might be attended with the most serious consequences.

"It is very important, particularly at the present time, that the services of both these fine Companies should be retained. I therefore recommend a careful examination of the subject, a confirmation, by the General Assembly, of the proceedings of one of these Companies, whichever shall be entitled to it, under the original charter, to which reference has been made, and an organization of the other Company, either as an additional Company of Governor's Horse Guards or as a Company of Cavalry, to be annexed to the first regiment of Connecticut Militia.

"HENRY DUTTON."

The responsive action taken by the General Assembly in 1854 is entitled, "An act authorizing the Governor to designate what company shall be 'First Company Governor's Horse Guards'."

"Whereas the first company of governor's horse guards is organized under a special charter as a military corps, subject only to the orders of the governor, and for the special purpose of performing escort duty for him, in time of peace and war, therefore,

"Resolved by this Assembly, that such company as his excellency the governor shall recognize as the first company of governor's horse guards be and the same is hereby declared entitled to all the privileges and immunities conferred by the charter of said Company, and that such further action as may be necessary in the premises belongs of right to the executive."

This act was passed June 28, 1854. In the Fourth of July parade the week following, the procession was headed by the FIRST COMPANY, GOVERNOR'S HORSE GUARD, MAJOR SAMUEL COLT, COMMANDING.

That inventive genius, the founder of Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company, was the grandson of Major Caldwell, the Troop's first commander.

COMA

In August Governor Dutton decided definitely to settle the question in accordance with the authority given him by the General Assembly, and summoned Colonel Colt and Major Boardman for a conference.

"Major Boardman," queried the Governor, "you have commanded the First Company, Governor's Horse Guard, since 1845?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Is it true that you have not paraded your command since 1847?"

"That is true, sir, but during that period I have received no orders from the governor directing me to parade my command."

"Were you in readiness to turn out if ordered?"

"I beg to be excused," replied the Major, "from answering that question."

"But it is a very pertinent question," the Governor persisted. "Of what use is a governor's guard if he cannot rely on it?"

"Well, sir, I think we could have turned out a few men at any time."

"How many?"

"I am not sure."

"Wouldn't the records show just how many?"

"I am afraid the records were not quite up to date," the Major stammered.

"The records were kept very imperfectly?" suggested the Governor.

"Yes, sir, it has been difficult to keep up interest in the organization."

"That state of affairs," the Governor retorted, "is generally caused by lack of interest on the part of the commanding officer. I am told that an order was issued last year giving you your discharge. Did that not give you some clew as to the turn affairs were taking?"

"I have never received such an order, Governor, and there is no record of it in the Adjutant General's office."

"Colonel Colt, did you ever see this order?"

"No, Governor, but I was given to understand that such an order had been issued when I was instructed to lead the company to the election of a new commandant."

"Did you yourself assemble the company for that purpose?"

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

"No, sir, the warning was served by Samuel A. Butler."

"Were the names of those present and voting checked with the muster roll of the troop?"

"No, sir, I don't believe there was any list of members."

"Then you do not know whether those who voted for you were duly qualified to vote under the instructions issued to you?"

"I was not seeking votes," the Colonel replied somewhat testily, "my election as commandant was quite unsolicited. I felt, however, that Hartford should have something better than a comatose troop of cavalry and I was willing to do my share in putting some life into it."

Major Boardman jumped to his feet, but the Governor with a smile waved him back to his chair.

"Be calm, gentlemen, I think this question can be settled amicably. I am far from satisfied that the original company is extinct although I must confess that its pulse has become very weak. But I believe the crisis is past and recovery probable. Even if it had expired I don't see how a new company could appropriate the charter without some action by the legislature. The election of Colonel Colt seems to be a trifle irregular. I say this with all due respect, Colonel, for I do not for a moment question your sincerity and integrity in this matter, and I am fully cognizant of your many benefactions to the citizens of Hartford as well as the enviable reputation you have brought to the city and state.

"I wish to think this matter over, gentlemen," the Governor concluded. "I will send each of you a résumé of this discussion and add to it my decision."

This promise was duly fulfilled. On August 8, the Governor instructed his aid, Colonel Henry C. Robinson, to deliver attested copies of his decision to Messrs. Boardman and Colt. The decision which followed a report of the hearing read as follows:

"I do therefore hereby recognize the company of which Henry Boardman was commissioned to be the Major Commandant to be the First Company of Governor's Horse Guards and the said Henry Boardman to be the Major Commandant thereof & I do hereby discharge all other Companies and all persons claiming to be officers thereof from all right & authority to act as the

COMA

First Company of Governor's Horse Guards or officers thereof, with liberty however to said body of men claiming to be organized under Samuel Colt as Major Commandant to form a Company of Cavalry to be attached to the first Regiment of the First Brigade of the Militia as originally requested.

"Henry Dutton."

Shortly afterward Colonel Colt left for Russia on a business mission, and the members of the new cavalry company spent the winter discussing its future and calling themselves the Seymour Horse Guards, since they could not be the Governor's Horse Guards. In April, 1855, it decided to join the militia and the troop was re-organized as Cavalry Company A attached to the First Regiment, First Brigade. Horace Ensworth was elected and commissioned captain, Joseph Pratt, Horace Johnson and Daniel K. Reade, lieutenants.

A fire in Sisson's Block, January 30, 1855, damaged the uniforms and equipment of the original company which had its quarters on the third floor, but the losses were quickly replaced, and the organization was rapidly recruited to full strength. The rude awakening of the preceding year seemed to put new life into the troop. In the inaugural parade of May 3, 1855, they were out in full numbers and attracted general attention with their new uniforms, handsome horses and martial music. This year at the head of the column was the
FIRST COMPANY, GOVERNOR'S HORSE GUARD,
MAJOR HENRY BOARDMAN, COMMANDING.

VII

CONVALESCENCE

The outbreak of the Civil War naturally turned the eyes of the people to more serious military duties than those exemplified by the Governor's Guards. The Horse Guard did not vote to offer its services for active duty but several members joined the volunteer companies which were being formed over night. Some served for the first short three months period only, others stayed in service through to 1865.

With peace came a renewal of interest in the more ostentatious forms of military display. The Hartford Times of May 2, 1867, records the inaugural parade with the comments: "Major James Waters is one of the best cavalry commanders we have ever seen in our streets, and the condition of his company shows that it is well commanded."

During the next twenty years, aside from the inaugural parades, the Horse Guards formed a part of the escort for President Johnson in June, 1867; for General Sheridan in October of the same year; and in August, 1874, for ex-Governor Marshall Jewell on the occasion of his return from a diplomatic mission in Russia. Major Boardman had just secured new uniforms: bear-skin cap ornamented with a rosette and gilt eagle, dark blue single breasted coat with brass buttons, and trousers of sky blue doeskin with straps under the instep; all trimmed with orange colored piping. The officers substituted the more comfortable chapeaux for the bear skins, and buff colored doeskin breeches "worn inside of top boots," for the less elegant trousers. The members liked the new get-up and paraded eighty strong.

Among the enlisted personnel at that time were:—

CONVALESCENCE

A. H. Adams	L. A. Ladd
H. C. Alderman	E. Lawrence
J. H. Alvord	F. A. Leane
A. E. Bayington	F. G. Loomis
B. F. Bidwell	F. D. McLean
C. Boice	W. H. McLean
F. S. Bragg	C. E. Main
A. F. Brewer	H. H. Main
L. D. Buck	J. O. Merrill
E. L. Burnham	D. D. Monroe
Seymour Case	H. D. Nearing
Fred Chester	C. L. Noble
Geo. Clark	Henry Palmer
Frank Cowles	G. B. Phelps
W. T. Curtis	S. A. Porter
T. S. Dart	C. O. Purinton
Albert Deming	F. D. Rockwell
C. A. Deming	J. B. Rockwell
J. N. Denny	H. W. Rowley
C. H. Dillings	B. J. Seymour
Henry Fields	Wm. Simpson, Jr.
E. F. Griswold	J. W. Spencer
R. S. Griswold	A. Stebbins
T. W. Griswold	Jno. Stevens
W. P. Griswold	J. H. Stoddard, Jr.
W. N. Hall	S. E. Stoughton
H. C. Hanmer	E. E. Sweetser
H. C. Hoskins	Joseph Tallcott
H. J. Hoskins	D. N. Thrall
H. P. Hoskins	O. J. Tobie
J. E. Hubbard	A. R. Waterman
W. G. Hubbard	D. W. Wells
C. E. Hubburer	James H. White
B. Keeney	J. N. Wilson
F. S. Kenyon	

Battle Flag Day, September 17, 1879, one of the most memorable in Hartford's history, witnessed a great military spectacle assembled for the purpose of placing Connecticut's battle flags in the new Capitol. Enthusiasm and applause for the Civil War veterans were repeated when the Army of the Potomac held its reunion in Hartford, June eighth and ninth, 1881; and again in September, 1886, when the Memorial Arch was dedicated.

A revival of earlier inauguration pageants was seen in May, 1886, at the great Legislative Reunion. A member of the

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

General Assembly of 1824 led the legislators, followed by representatives of every General Assembly from 1825 to the assembly then in session, and the Governor's Guards were unusually brilliant in their accustomed rôle.

On May 8, 1888, a great occasion was made of the centennial celebration of the incorporation of the Horse Guard. The Second Company came up from New Haven to join in the festivities and the parade column was formed as follows:

Wethersfield Band, mounted
Major Frank Cowles and Staff
First Company, Governor's Horse Guard, Captain
Hubbard

CARRIAGES

Governor Lounsbury, Adjutant General Fox, Executive Secretary McLean, Quartermaster General Charles Olmsted, Surgeon General Charles James Fox, Commissary General Charles H. Pine, Paymaster General John B. Clapp, Colonels S. B. Horne, S. G. Blakeman, J. D. Chaffee, E. H. Matthewson, Assistant Adjutant General George M. White, and Assistant Quartermaster General H. C. Morgan.

Wallingford National Band
Second Company, Governor's Horse Guard, Major H. H. Strong

Flags were generally displayed along the line of march, and crowds lined Main street and liberally applauded the troopers.

In the evening about four hundred guests and hosts sat down to a banquet served in Allyn Hall. The galleries were thronged with spectators, the majority being ladies, who listened to the addresses and watched the festivities with evident interest.

The after-dinner toasts met with responses lasting far into the night. Major Cowles introduced the orator of the occasion, Hon. William E. Simonds, who gave an elaborate history of the command from its inception. General Henry C. Dwight acted as toastmaster and the responses were as follows:

"The State of Connecticut,"

Lieutenant Governor James L. Howard

"The City of Hartford,"

Mayor John G. Root

"The Second Company,"

Major H. H. Strong



Major Frank Cowles
Oldest Surviving Member (1921)



The New Flag

CONVALESCENCE

- "Ex-Governors of the State,"
Ex-Lieutenant Governor George G. Sill
- "The Governor's Foot Guard,"
Major John C. Kinney and
Judge Advocate E. H. Hyde, Jr.
- "The Connecticut National Guard,"
Brigadier General Charles P. Graham
- "The First Regiment,"
Lieutenant Colonel Charles E. Thompson
- "The Putnam Phalanx,"
Major Joseph Warner and
Judge Advocate Charles H. Clarke
- "The Press,"
Honorable A. E. Burr
- "The Bar of the State,"
Colonel Charles M. Joslyn
- "The Clergy,"
Reverend William DeLoss Love, Jr.
- "The Ex-Members,"
General Alexander Harbison

Major Cowles was given the chief credit, to which he was surely entitled, for the admirable manner in which all the details were arranged and executed. The addresses have been published in a memorial pamphlet, "Centennial of the First Company, Governor's Horse Guard."

The blowing-up of the "Maine" in Havana harbor on the night of February 15th, 1898, crystallized American sentiment, long sympathetic toward Cuba, now excited into a demand for war against Spain. President McKinley was loath to throw the country, frightfully unprepared, into war, and desired first to exhaust every diplomatic means, meanwhile exerting every effort to place the army and navy in fighting trim. It was not until the latter part of April that diplomatic relations were severed and a call for volunteers issued.

But meanwhile local patriotism was running high. The Horse Guard was the first organization in this state, it is reported, to offer its services.

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

"HEADQUARTERS FIRST COMPANY GOVERNOR'S HORSE GUARD

Hartford, Conn., March 8, 1898.

"Hon. Lorin A. Cooke,

"Governor of the State of Connecticut,

"Commander-in-Chief of the Governor's Guard;
and the Connecticut National Guard.

"Your Excellency:—

"I have the honor to herewith most respectfully report, that at a largely attended meeting of my command, held on Monday evening, March 7th, 1898; 'It was unanimously resolved that we tender our services to your Excellency, in the event of any emergency which may arise through the severance of the present friendly relations existing between this country and Spain.'

"I have the honor to be,

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"Gilbert P. Hurd,

"Major Commanding."

Unfortunately for its chance of glory on the battlefield, no cavalry was required from Connecticut. In fact the call for troops was virtually limited to National Guard organizations. This led Major Hurd to discuss the advisability of transferring his troop to the National Guard, a step which he claimed had been contemplated "the past three years and only awaited the opportune time." The question was agitated at various times but it was not until April 4, 1901, that Major Hurd could report to Adjutant General Cole that the command had unanimously voted to apply for a transfer provided the charter should not be removed.

The General Assembly then in session had passed an act authorizing the re-organization of either or both companies of the Governor's Horse Guard as cavalry attached to the Connecticut National Guard. The Second Company of New Haven promptly took advantage of the opportunity and became Troop A. The officers of the First company appeared before the Military Committee where Major Hurd and others endorsed the project in behalf of the members. But Lieutenant Charles B. Rhodes, second in command, unexpectedly voiced an opposition sufficiently effective to bring about another indefinite postponement;

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although Major Hurd explained that the opposition was purely personal on the part of Rhodes who had no authority from the members to take such a stand.

So the First Company returned to its duties as a military escort. It was selected to act as the personal escort of President Roosevelt when he visited Hartford, August 22, 1902. It joined with the First and Second Companies of the Foot in escorting Governor Abiram Chamberlain to St. Louis to attend the Louisiana Purchase Exposition during Connecticut week, October 9th to 14th, 1904. The splendor of the unique uniforms of the Governor's Guards together with their excellent discipline attracted unusual attention and applause, and by common consent the Connecticut delegation carried off the palm. Another excursion was undertaken in 1907, this time to attend the tercentennial celebration of the first permanent settlement in the United States, at Jamestown, Virginia.

A duty of a somewhat different nature was sought by the Horse Guard at the official opening of the stone bridge over the Connecticut river, connecting Hartford and East Hartford. The bridge was opened for traffic in December, 1907, but the formal dedication did not begin until October 6th, 1908. All Hartford declared a three days' vacation, each day twenty-four hours short. Civic and military parades by day, fireworks and confetti by night, rivalled the Mardi Gras of New Orleans.

Thomas Hooker and his faithful band of colonists, struggling through the wilds of East Hartford, reached the bank of the Long river, to be greeted by the Indians with various unearthly noises described by the program as warwhoops. The faithful band was canoed across the river by the friendly Indians and founded Hartford to the accompaniment of riotous applause by thousands of its citizens.

The members of the Horse Guard had been sworn in as special mounted police and performed this trying duty with admirable tact, receiving engrossed resolutions of appreciation and praise from the Court of Common Council as well as from the Board of Police Commissioners.

The clever exhibition of the Guard on this occasion started a revival of public interest in an organization which had gradually been drifting into that state of existence which had characterized the early years of Major Boardman's incumbency.

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But the new movement did not take on the guise of usurpation, as had been the case with Colonel Colt's attempt; nor did it resemble the half-hearted inclination of 1898 and 1901 — half-hearted in spite of the efforts of Major Hurd, himself an old National Guardsman.

The new movement was a sincere endeavor to instil fresh blood and new life into an organization with an ancient and honorable history,— to build up the Horse Guard from within,— keeping in mind and heart a single purpose, namely, to have a command which could be called upon for serious duty, and to have that command second to none in efficiency.

This project was no sooner launched than definite steps were taken to put it into effect, as the following letter indicates:

“Hartford, Conn., February 2, 1911.

“Dear Sir:—

As one who has shown considerable interest in the question of the formation of a cavalry troop in Hartford, you are earnestly requested to be present at the University Club on *Monday evening, February 6th, at 7 o'clock sharp.*

“The purpose of this meeting will be for those interested to apply in a body for membership in the First Company, Governor's Horse Guards on that evening. It is absolutely essential for the success of this plan that every man who intends to join this organization and wishes to promote its success should be present on this occasion. It is extremely probable that the question as to whether the move will succeed or fail will depend upon the number of men present at this time.

“You are urged to bring with you any friend who would be likely to join us. The Adjutant General of the State has promised to come to the meeting of the Horse Guards at which this matter will come up. The meeting will be short, and there will be an opportunity afterward to fulfill any other engagements you may have for that evening.

“BY THE COMMITTEE.

“The following men have signified their intention of joining this proposed troop:—

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“Arthur W. Allen
Lewis A. Storrs
Thomas W. Russell
Dudley C. Graves
Frederick Woolley
John Carter Rowley
Charles E. Smith
B. E. Lyons
R. W. Myers
R. B. Bulkeley
M. G. Bulkeley, Jr.
R. D. Cutler

Owen Morgan
Walter B. Allen
Edison Lewis
H. A. Perkins
H. Wyckoff Mills
George B. Ward
Walter L. Goodwin
Paul Waterman
G. W. Cheney
W. E. Gard
J. E. Hewes
F. Parsons ”

The older members of the Horse Guard at first resented the ambitious designs of the newer recruits, but gradually they came to see that the proposed move would be of inestimable benefit to the command. After an initial failure the recruits sent out another letter:

“Hartford, Conn., February 16, 1911.

“To the New Members of the First Company Governor’s Horse Guards:—

“It must have been very evident to everyone who was present at the Meeting of the First Company Governor’s Horse Guards last Monday evening, that the organization of that command as a troop of cavalry in the National Guard of this State was merely postponed temporarily, and not defeated.

“The new members must not be in the least discouraged by the result of that Meeting, and should be only the more strongly influenced to stay in the game. The sentiment of the State authorities, of the community in general, and the desire of the United States government, are supporting us in the purpose to make this Command an efficient and workmanlike troop—and, perhaps, a squadron—that will be a credit to the city and the state.

“We have reason to believe that sentiment is changing in our favor among the older members of the Command, now that they more thoroughly understand our spirit and our purpose. In short, things are coming our way.

“It is proposed to present the same Vote for action at the next regular monthly business meeting of the Horse Guards, which will take place Monday evening, March 6th. The fact that the Vote was defeated at the last meeting, among other reasons by the unavoidable absence of a few of us, should make every man realize keenly that it is of the highest importance that he should be on hand,

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and on hand *promptly*. In order that we may have a chance before the meeting to know just where we stand, you are requested to come to the University Club for supper at 6 o'clock sharp, Monday evening, March 6th. Please impress this date in large type on your memory. If you cannot go to the Club to supper, telephone some of the undersigned, and arrange to meet us at the Armory. *Remember that proxies don't count.*

"At the Meeting next Monday night, after drill, some of our friends are to be proposed for membership and we should make every effort to be present.

" Richard J. Goodman
Thomas W. Russell
J. H. Kelso Davis
Arthur W. Allen
Edison Lewis
Francis Parsons."

This letter proved to be truly prophetic. On March 6, 1911, the members of the First Company, Governor's Horse Guard, voted by an overwhelming majority to apply to the Adjutant General for re-organization into a troop of cavalry attached to the Connecticut National Guard.

VIII

THE NEW LIFE

NINETEEN ELEVEN

" State of Connecticut
Adjutant General's Office,

" Hartford, March 6, 1911

" Special Orders,
No. 39.

" 1. The 1st Company, Governor's Horse Guard, having made application to The Adjutant General to be mustered into the Connecticut National Guard as a Troop of Cavalry, as provided in Section 3070 of the General Statutes are hereby accepted and designated 'Troop B, Cavalry, Connecticut National Guard.'

" 2. Lieutenant Colonel Richard J. Goodman, 1st Infantry, is detailed as enlisting officer, and Major Heman A. Tyler, Jr., Medical Corps, and Captain William H. Van Strander, Medical Corps, as medical examiners. Colonel Goodman will arrange for the mustering in of these men at the earliest opportunity, in order that they may be ready for the inspection required by paragraph 141, Militia Regulations.

" 3. The Assistant Quartermaster General is directed to take possession of all State property issued to the 1st Company, Governor's Horse Guard.

" By order of the Governor,

" George M. Cole,
" Adjutant General."

Colonel Goodman mustered in the initial members and ordered them to report for federal inspection by Captain Charles W. Fenton, 2d Cavalry, U. S. Army, on March 13th. On April 6th Captain James L. Howard, then on the retired list, was nominated for the Captaincy, and Captain J. H. Kelso Davis for first lieutenant. These two officers had held successively the position of Adjutant of the First Connecticut Infantry and had seen many years of service in the National Guard.

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Captain Howard's record of service as certified by The Adjutant General on January 6, 1918, follows —

"En. Pvt. Battery A, 14 May 1898; mustered into U.S. service as Pvt., Batt'y A, 1st C.V. Art'y 19 May 1898; mustered out 25 Oct. 1898; discharged, platoon disbanded 30 Nov. 1898; 1st Lieutenant, Commissary, 1st Inf. 6 Apr. 1903; Capt. and Adjutant 29 Oct. 1903; retired 1 Mch. 1907; detailed Captain, Troop B, Cav., 7 Apr. 1911; assigned to permanent command 17 April 1911; commissioned Major for War purposes, S.O. 140, A.G.O., 1915, 29 Oct. 1915; transferred to Reserve, C. N. G., with rank of Major 2 Nov. 1915; mustered into U. S. Service 4 Sept. 1916; Brigade Adjutant, 5th Sept.; Brig., Nogales, Ariz.; ordered to Nogales 6 Sept. 1916; reported 13 Sept. 1916; assigned Adjutant, 5th Sept.; Brigade, 15 Sept. 1916; assigned Adjutant, 3d Brig., 16th Prov. Divn., 25 Sept. 1916; Adjutant, 1st Brig., 12th Prov. Divn., Ft. Sam Houston, 13 Oct. 1916; mustered out of Federal Service, Sam Houston, 11 Nov. 1916; transferred to N.G. Reserve, 22 Nov. 1916; assigned to active duty in command of 1st Separate Squadron Conn. Cavalry, 23 May 1917; called into U.S. Service, 25 July 1917; drafted into U.S. Service, 5 Aug. 1917.

"Service in Conn. National Guard continuous from May 14, 1898 to Nov. 30, 1898; from April 6, 1903 to March 1, 1907; from April 7, 1911 to Nov. 2, 1915; from Sept. 4, 1916 to Nov. 11, 1916, and from May 23, 1917 to Aug. 5, 1917. Total 9 years, 4 months, 7 days."

Captain Davis' record furnished April 5, 1918, follows —

"Appointed 2nd Lieutenant, Battalion Quartermaster, 1st Infantry, 5 Nov. 1903; 1st Lieutenant, Battalion Adjutant, 31 Jan. 1906; Captain and Commissary, 11 June 1906; retired 8 Mar. 1907; assigned Captain and Adjutant, 1st Infantry, 6 Feb. 1909; returned to retired list, 11 Mar. 1911; assigned 1st Lieutenant, Troop B, Cavalry, 17 Apr. 1911; Captain, 3 Nov. 1915; called into U.S. Service G.O. 18, A.G.O., 20 June 1916; Mexican Border duty at Nogales and Arivaca, Arizona; mustered out at West Hartford, 28 Oct. 1916; retired list S.O. 142, A.G.O. 1916, 1 Nov. 1916.

"Service in Connecticut National Guard continuous from Nov. 5, 1903 to March 8, 1907; from Feb. 6, 1909 to March 11, 1911, and from April 17, 1911 to November 1, 1916."



Captain Howard

Lieutenant Davis



The Troop



Escorting Pres. Taft and Gov. Baldwin

National Colors, Sergt. Cole

State Colors, Sergt. Shearer

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The first printed roster of Troop B Cavalry, C. N. G., shows the following names: Captain James L. Howard; 1st Lieut. J. H. Kelso Davis; First Sergeant Warner B. Day; Q.M. Sergeant George E. Cole; Sergeants Rawdon W. Myers, Francis Parsons, Francis J. Shearer, Edgar F. Waterman; Cooks Benjamin G. Allen, Charles W. Watson; Farrier Frank B. Aninger; Trumpeters Adolph Anderson, George F. Haynes; Clerk John W. Joy.

First Squad

Corporal Edison Lewis
Private Henry Austin
G. B. A. Baker
C. D. Cheney
T. C. Hoge
Joseph A. Kunz
D. Goodrich Markham
A. E. Parsons
Henry I. B. Rice

Fourth Squad

Corporal Edwin C. Dickenson
Private Richard B. Bulkeley
George W. Cheney
Richard H. Deming
E. Welles Eddy
George E. Ward
Harold B. Whitmore
Fred F. Woolley
Winthrop Haviland

Second Squad

Corporal William T. Coholan
Private A. R. Couch
John D. Cutter, Jr.
A. Morton Dexter
Hart Fenn
Owen Morgan
Henry A. Perkins
Lee C. Robens
Thomas W. Russell

Fifth Squad

Corporal Anson T. McCook
Private Lucius B. Barbour
Dudley C. Graves
Harold G. Holcombe
E. H. Parsons
Harry Silverman
George S. Spencer
Lester G. Welcher
George H. Whitaker, Jr.

Third Squad

Corporal Ralph D. Cutler
Private M. G. Bulkeley, Jr.
A. Raymond Ellis
Charles H. Howell
Charles W. Jaynes
H. Wyckoff Mills
Curtis L. Sheldon
Stillman F. Westbrook

Sixth Squad

Corporal Harold L. Pope
Private Arthur W. Allen
Frank D. Cheney
Francis T. Fenn
Albert C. Grinnell
J. Ellicott Hewes
David K. Strong
Francis E. Waterman
George A. Williams

Among the original members whose names do not appear on this roster are Paul Waterman and Arthur H. Griswold who almost immediately accepted commissions in the Medical Corps;

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Harold G. Hart, who accepted a commission in the First Infantry; Walter E. Gard, J. Albert Oakes, John J. Powell and Lewis A. Storrs.

At each anniversary dinner it became the custom to listen to a record of the events of the preceding year, compiled and read by an annually-appointed historian. The first such dinner was held at the Hartford Golf Club March 2, 1912, the invited guests including: Hon. Morgan G. Bulkeley, General George M. Cole, Colonel Edward Schulze, Lt. Col. Richard J. Goodman, Major William Wright, 1st Cavalry, N.G.N.Y. and his adjutant, Lieut. Thomas B. Clark, Jr., Captain Francis C. Marshall, U. S. Cavalry, Inspector-Instructor of New England Cavalry, Captain Luzerne Ludington, commanding Troop A of New Haven, with his two lieutenants, William J. Bradnack and Frank E. Wolfe, and William Denton, U. S. Cavalry, Sergeant-instructor.

Sergeant Francis Parsons (formerly Colonel and Asst. Q.M. General, State of Connecticut) had been prevailed upon to tell the members of the Troop what had happened to them during the year then past. His history follows:

Captain Howard and other Gentlemen:—

The returned missionary was addressing the Sunday School. "My friends," he said, "in China human life is of very little account. When a man is condemned to die, it is the easiest thing in the world for him to hire someone else to be beheaded in his place. In fact," he added, to drive the point home, "I have known hundreds of poor fellows who made their *living* by thus acting as substitutes."

Gentlemen, tonight I am a substitute, a proxy, an alter ego, a stop-gap, a second fiddle standing in the shoes—to mix metaphors—standing in the rather tight shoes of Frank Waterman, your real historian, who in his excessive and uncalled-for modesty has trumped up an out-of-town engagement in order that he should not have to make this speech. Tonight I owe most everything to his assistance, and if I have anything of interest to say, the credit is his, while for the faults the blame is mine alone.

I feel a good deal like the actor who was discussing with a retired army man the perils of their respective professions, "How," said the general, "would you like to be standing here

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with the shells bursting all around you?" "Well," replied the actor, "that would depend upon the age of the eggs." Before I finish, I may be thankful that this is an eggless meal.

In these days, it is the fashion for the historical investigator to consult old manuscripts, diaries, letters and newspapers for his data. I have kept a diary myself sometimes when I happened to think of it and had plenty of time. The first item I find in it about the Troop is the first written record that I can find anywhere about our organization.

Under Wednesday, January 18th, 1911, I find this entry: "In the evening went to Cavalry Troop meeting and meeting of Center Church Men's Club"—a combination of war and religion that shows how versatile I can be. This, I believe, was the meeting at the University Club, where a good many of us signed a paper expressing our intention to join the First Company Governor's Horse Guard. But before this, however, the matter had been talked over by many of us, and seriously considered.

I want right here to express the gratitude we must all feel to Lieut. Davis for the energy, enthusiasm, and confidence that the desired results would come about which possessed him during all this time and which he communicated to the rest of us in no small degree. It is extremely probable that had it not been for him the psychological moment would have passed and no aggressive action taken.

To Col. Goodman's unvarying interest in the good of the service, we also owe much for his advice and assistance during these ante bellum days.

There was another meeting at the University Club—perhaps two others—at one of which Captain Wright of Squadron A of New York gave us a talk, but my intermittent diary fails to mention them, and Frank Waterman's Scrap-Book has no record.

In February and March there were several crises in the military fever. It was the evening of the 6th of February, you will remember, that thirty strong we pursued our dignified and un-exhilarated march from the University Club to the State Armory and, while waiting for admission to the meeting of the Horse Guards, enjoyed the hospitality of our good friend, and we believe, our advocate, the Adjutant-General, to whom we delight to do honor this evening. We owe him many thanks for

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his interest, for his encouragement, and, not the least for his persuasiveness. Since the night of February 6th, 1911, I have always felt that the general really ought to have been a lawyer, but the law's loss is the state's gain.

Well, we joined the Horse Guards, stating our position in all frankness and in all good faith. Our application for enlistment went through at once and we were taken in — I mean, sworn in — twenty-eight of us, two discouraged souls having disappeared during the evening.

On February 9th, the Hartford Courant came out with a long article on us, having the somewhat sarcastic head-line: "HORSE GUARDS MAY BECOME CAVALRY." From this article the reader got the impression that we were all gilded youths. We were certainly not gilded, and I can personally testify that with some of us eager and callow youth was a thing of the past; but we had got things going at any rate.

However, Monday, the 13th, was an unlucky day. The Horse Guards had a long and somewhat vigorous meeting and the proposition to go into the National Guard was defeated by a vote of 36 to 33. Nevertheless, we were not yet dead. There was more conversation, more consultation with our guide, counsellor and friend, Col. Goodman, and on Monday evening, March 6th, the First Company Governor's Horse Guard voted, 52 to 17, to make application to the Adjutant-General to be enrolled as a troop of cavalry in the National Guard under Section 3070 of the General Statutes. After the vote, our general came in, congratulated us, poured oil upon the somewhat troubled waters, and we were happy. To be "in" was enough. We were not as particular as Tim Maloney when the Recruiting Sergeant asked him why he wouldn't enlist unless he was sent to the Seventy-Fifth Infantry. "Bec'ase," said Tim, "I want to be near me brudder and he's in de Seventy-sixt'."

In the next few days the examining surgeons put us all to the blush by looking us over more closely than we had probably been looked over since the day we were born, and Col. Goodman did the rest.

I suppose that Capt. Fenton had seen "rookies" before, but he probably had never seen a handsomer lot than those that assembled for his benefit at the Armory on Monday evening, March 13th, 1911. It is true that many hats came down over

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many ears; that many Adam's apples failed to be concealed by gaping collars, and that the high-water qualities of many riding breeches were only hidden by puttees, but our good looks could not be disguised by such purely technical details.

All our thoughts were not taken up with the present happenings, however; we were also thinking of the future. Even before we had gone into the National Guard, Col. Goodman, with his characteristic foresight, had drawn and caused to be introduced into the General Assembly a resolution sufficiently vague, sufficiently broad, sufficiently generous providing for an appropriation to be used in the purchase of land and the erection of riding shed and stables for this organization. This resolution came to a hearing before the Appropriations Committee on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 21st.

For a fortnight before the hearing Frank Waterman had been busy working out plans and getting estimates for the structure we desired, and all of these we flashed upon the Committee, supported by the irresistible arguments in favor of the proposition that came so readily to our lips. The hearing seemed to us to go well, and the Committee appeared to be sufficiently impressed, but we were later to learn, if we did not know it already, that the game of politics has to be fought with other weapons than logic.

Probably the most momentous evening after our organization as a Troop was that of April 6, 1911, when, by unanimous and enthusiastic vote, we nominated James L. Howard to be our Captain and J. H. Kelso Davis to be our First Lieutenant. Doubtless, our well-loved Lieutenant would object to my showering any more bouquets upon him, but I cannot refrain from saying that Capt. Howard's nomination was a thing that we not only rejoiced in at the time, but have congratulated ourselves upon ever since. Fortunate we were that he was willing to come to us. We not only do what he tells us because we have to, but because we want to. When he speaks everybody jumps; when he doesn't speak we wonder what has gone wrong, but our mistakes are not mistakes of intention. We don't often get a chance to assure him in words of our loyalty, but tonight we can do so with a fair grace, and say, moreover, that wherever he will go, there will be husky specimens back of him. May he live forever and serve as Captain as long as he lives!

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And so we went on to learn; in fact we had been learning a little during March. This was the time at which the politeness of our Squad leaders was at its height, in spite of all that Col. Goodman had been able to do. I have sometimes wondered what would have happened to that over-courteous Squad leader had Col. Goodman or Capt. Howard overheard him when, in instructing Trooper Perkins, he suggested diffidently: "Pardon me, Professor, but kindly depress the butt of your piece a trifle while standing at the right shoulder." Doubtless, Henry was as much embarrassed at this mild correction as Miss Susie Simpkins was at the church sociable when the old deacon, who was making the announcements, electrified the audience by saying: "Miss Susie Simpkins will now sing 'Put me in my Little Bed' accompanied by the minister."

However, we learned a good deal, and were soon ready for our spring Field Day, which was Thursday, May 20th. Again, we were the subject of a sarcastic head-line. On the morning of that day, the Courant printed above an article about us a scare-head: "CAVALRY TO MOVE BY AUTOMOBILE."

We put our pride in our pockets, however, for the automobile was certainly a good scheme. Not one foundered by the way-side or cast a shoe.

I will not go into statistics, for this is no place for them. It is enough to say that, for a bunch of greenhorns, we did well at the butts, and many of those who did not qualify that day kept at it till they did.

Our automobile flight, however, did not pass unnoticed, except by the Courant alone. An anonymous poet, who signed himself "Muddyard Coupling," perpetrated this verse, entitled "Auto-Cavalry," which I will read, because, while some of you may have heard it, many have not, and it is far from bad.

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AUTO-CAVALRY

Up at five in the morning — going to Troopers' school,
Cranking a damned old auto — instead of cleaning a mule,
Driving a Packard 40, never a beggar forgets
It's only the pick of the C.N.G. that handles the dear little pets.

They send us along where the roads are, we couldn't go where
they ain't.

We're fond of Macadam and Asphalt for that doesn't dirty
our paint.

We're Hell bent on fashion and style, on "swagger" and
"make-up" and "fit"

And we fancies ourselves with our autos, somebody — We
guess we are it.

If a buck hasn't an auto we drills him and teaches him how to
behave

And if he can't buy one we kills him and rattles him into his
grave.

You've got to come up to our standard, and you can't be an
ordinary cuss.

Do you say there is "class" to the "Dough-boys" —
Then By God you should travel with us.

The auto horn's screaming around us, the motors amoaning
below,

We're outside the City's limits — and we're out where we can
let her go,

And the wind is as thin as a whip-lash that carries away to the
plains

The stink from the darn old exhaust — the jinglety-jink of
the chains.

There's a wheel busted off the first car and the second is smashed
up a bit —

The Captain's a swearing around us, and the Lieutenant is
throwing a fit —

The sweat's running out of our shirt sleeves — the sun's burning
holes in our face,

And the whole of the outfit's astraining to put the car back in
its place.

Up at five in the morning — going to Troopers' school,

Cranking a damned old auto — instead of cleaning a mule,
Driving a "Packard 40" never a beggar forgets

It's only the pick of the C.N.G. that handles the dear little pets.
— Muddyard Coupling.

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After Field Day, camp began to loom on the horizon. We drilled through June, without a murmur, knowing that we were greenhorns, willing to work overtime in order that our friends of the infantry should not have occasion for too much criticism or derision. We struggled with the ceremonies of guard mounting; we learned how to pack a saddle; we discovered which was the front and which was the rear of the shelter tent—and Edgar Waterman and I incidentally found that the longest shelter tent would not let our feet come inside. George Cole was everywhere at once, the busiest citizen in Hartford, but always ready to help the next man and always in good humor. How Sunny George does it, I don't know, but I do know one thing and that is that we've got the best Quartermaster Sergeant in New England.

At last the camp chests were all packed and the baggage detail, with Sergeant Cole sitting on the lid, broke the Sabbath and also my best shaving glass. Monday morning, July 17, at the crack of dawn, so many alarm clocks went off all over town that the fire department nearly turned out. We gathered for hasty breakfasts around the genial thermos bottles, carefully filled the night before, and soon, in the dewy freshness of the morning, (as the poets say) automobiles, bicycles and footsteps were moving swiftly toward the armory.

We reached Niantic in good order. We were busy at once and stayed busy for five days and some nights. The first morning, you will recollect, we met our horses socially for the first time. It was an interesting occasion, both for the meeters and the met. Our experiences were so varied, and some of them so humiliating, that I will not particularize. I will only take this occasion to tell 'Sarge' Myers that he will never flatter me again into taking a horse of suspicious character, by saying that I ought to assume any such chances, rather than leave them for some one else, because in my long-gone boyhood I once owned a pony. Some day I will get even with "Hurry-up." How well he deserved that nickname. He had a hard job, but he was on to it all the time and kept us on ours too.

Frank Waterman has a detailed record of every day's happenings, but I will not weary you with a dry report. Looking back upon that week, the memories that come to us are chiefly memories of good hard physical work, of inability to sit down



The First Camp



Graves Hoge Rice Markham Kunz
A. E. Parsons E. N. Parsons C. D. Cheney



Graves Anderson E. Waterman Bulkeley Allen Wainwright
Russell

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comfortably during the first few days, of the fun of drilling mounted on the big parade ground, the drill getting faster and faster each day till by the end of the week, we were not to be sneezed at. There was a sham battle too in the thunderstorm, and advance guard work, and there was one glorious afternoon in the Oswegatchie Woods, where, broken into squads and details, we rode through the wood roads looking for a lost horse. We did not find the horse, but we learned a thing or two about reconnoitering duty and we had a good time. Our enthusiasm as horsemen was now aroused to a good high pitch. For a good part of this afternoon, Deming and I were alone together, and I had the greatest difficulty in restraining him from jumping every fence and stonewall that we encountered, though he, I believe, had never ridden until a few days before camp. I carefully explained to him that I didn't care so much about him, but I didn't want to have the horse killed, and he obeyed me promptly, but evidently with reluctance and more in sorrow than in anger.

Fire-fighting was not so much fun, but it was a beneficial experience nevertheless. Probably we saved a few acres of brush and trees, and we did it in an altruistic spirit not at all like John, who was standing with his wife and children in front of the lions' cage, when, his wife thinking to test his love, said to him: "John, if those lions should break out, whom would you save first—me or the children?" and John answered without an instant's hesitation: "Me!"

We took great pride to ourselves that when the first call came out of a clear sky just at supper time, we were mounted and riding out of the reservation six minutes after the order was received.

Speaking of supper reminds me of the kitchen; speaking of the kitchen reminds me inevitably of that "team of experts," as they say in the Men & Religion Forward Movement,—Allen and Watson, worthy successors of Weber and Fields, Mutt and Jeff, and other famous partnerships—Watson, who staid sober all the week, poor chap, out of fear of Allen, to whom I delegated the task of keeping him in order; and Allen, the inimitable, who dispensed food, philosophy, advice and liver pills with an unerring impartiality, whose motto, which he had frequent occasion to invoke, was: "Whatever you do, don't worry," and who,

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when I accused him of putting an extra allowance of saltpeter in our coffee, said he intended it as a compliment. The literary style of Allen's conversation was an exceedingly interesting study to me. You could not say that there was anything in it in the least reminiscent of the subtlety and indirectness of Henry James, nor could Kipling at his worst touch him. Anyone who wanted to hear a specimen of vigorous barn-yard English, plentifully interspersed with the most nitrogenous kind of profanity, could have had his desire if he happened to be around the kitchen when Allen and the loud-mouthed cook of the Signal Corps were engaging in a little repartee across the ice boxes. Altogether the kitchen job was not all work, but, please Capt. Howard, don't detail me to it again. I have served my time.

We were worked so hard that when night came, most of us were ready to sleep, and yet we were not entirely dead in the evening. Cosy Beach and even New London saw some of us. Do we not all remember the night that Arthur Allen returned barely in time for taps from an excursion to New London, and fell over a carefully constructed pile of tin plates, considerably arranged by his tent mates just inside his tent door in anticipation of his arrival? His fall sounded like the collapse of a cast iron stove, and I understand that he felt it was his duty to go out and explain it all to each member of the Guard.

Perhaps the most prominent of the evening noises was Aninger's imitation of a mare's whinny, which was so realistic that when they heard it all the horses on the picket line forgot they were not stallions and tried to break away.

You will remember, too, the Friday night when the rumor got abroad that we were to be visited, for purposes of initiation into camp life, by the infantry and Signal Corps friends. Effective and interesting preparations were made to receive them. Guards were doubled; lariats and their heavy metal pins were placed conveniently by our various cots, and we waited — but waited in vain — somewhat to our disappointment, for nothing came our way except a few somewhat irresponsible strollers. In our own tent we went to sleep in peace, for Lewis slept on one side of the tent-flap and Aninger on the other, and we know it would take the entire First Regiment a considerable time to get past those two seasoned and muscular individuals.

THE NEW LIFE

We ought not to boast, but we could not fail to see that at camp we made an excellent showing. Our superior officers in the brigade told us so and the figures proved it.

It was a sun-burned, hard and business-like crowd that sat along the edge of the station platform Saturday afternoon waiting for the train for home.

Doubtless, the most lasting effect of our week under canvas so far as the Troop as a body is concerned was the fact that it welded us together as nothing else could. At the end of those days, we were a homogeneous, compact body. We had an esprit de corps; we had a certain education in common in life as a soldier, short though it was.

Perhaps some of you think that after camp things quieted down. Not altogether so, though possibly most of you have not realized it. But with the Armory Committee charged with the duty of trying to persuade the state to put some real money into a riding shed, there was much doing. The Appropriations Committee of the General Assembly was about to report. Would it report favorably on our resolution? It did not. It turned us down; but hope was not altogether lost. It is revealing no secrets to say that in the Senate there was strong antagonism to the unfavorable report on many armories, including our own, and to favorable reports on others in communities where members of the Appropriations Committee appeared to reside. Taking such advantage of this situation as legitimately could be taken, your Committee, which had enlisted the Machiavellian services of Tommy Russell, that astute politician, did the best it could with its senatorial friends, and the result was that the Senate passed a substitute resolution providing a reasonable appropriation for a riding shed and stables.

But, alas, when this resolution got to the House, with others, it was voted down. Back it came to the Senate on disagreeing action, the favorable report of the Appropriations Committee on a few armories which was defeated by the Senate having been passed by the House. It was then that the Appropriations Committee began to be seriously disturbed through fear that the Senate would adhere to its former vote and kill the whole matter on disagreeing action. Under these circumstances, we were in a position to get something by way of compromise, and Tommy Russell, who was in charge of the situation, pulled out of the

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fire an appropriation of \$12,000 for two years for the care of horses and rent of an armory or riding shed. We were thankful to get it, and though we have not yet used it, we shall probably need it before the next session. In the meantime, we have had our political experience.

Even before the opening of the drill season in the autumn, the question of the armory was taken up by us on our own responsibility. As you all know, an Armory Committee was appointed which was divided into sub-committees. These committees have done much work, and our two architects, Ellis and Waterman, have labored long and faithfully over the plans and specifications. One site which we were on the point of buying proved on investigation unfit for the structure. It soon became evident that we could not get a building erected by spring, and the matter is still in abeyance. In a large financial undertaking of this kind, it is just as well to go slowly, but there can be no sort of doubt that the armory and horses are only a question of time. Soon may that time come !

On Sunday evening, October 22nd, we arrayed ourselves for the first time in our full dress costumes in order to attend vesper service at the Church of the Immaculate Conception with the City Battalion of the First Regiment and the Signal Corps. We had appreciated our good looks before, but we never knew how really handsome we were until we looked at each other arrayed in those blue and yellow uniforms; perhaps some of us, however, may have sympathized with George, who came home one evening in his new spring suit. "Why, George," said his wife, "What's the matter with your coat? It waves all up and down the back." "I mentioned that to the tailor," he replied, "but he said you had to expect that in a surge suit."

The drill season began November 7th, and that night at our meeting the armory plans were decided upon.

I hesitate to say much about our record with the revolver, it would sound too much like bragging. But during November automobiles were pressed into service again to take us to the pistol range at South Manchester, where on Saturdays and sometimes on other week-day afternoons, we blazed away at the targets until the early twilight made it impossible to see. When the record was made up, we were surprised but not displeased.



Sergeant Myers giving 'em — instructions!



The Third Squad

Sheldon Jaynes
C. H. Howell

Bulkeley
Cutler

Ellis
Mills

Westbrook



THE NEW LIFE

Aside from the inspection by Captain Marshall January 30th, there is little more of interest to mention.

And so, gentlemen, we are close upon the Troop's first birthday. And yet I venture to remind you that it is by no means the first birthday of this organization. We have a history of which I have not spoken. As a matter of fact, the first of next May will be the one hundred and twenty-fourth anniversary of the incorporation of the old command. The charter of the First Company Governor's Horse Guards is dated May 1, 1788. That charter, I am confident, is part of our legal organism. But long before the command was chartered it existed as a volunteer troop of horse. Its old flag bears the date 1778. It saw service in the state during the War of the Revolution. Many of its early members served with distinction and gallantry in that war in the Continental Army. It seems to me it is worth while not entirely to lose contact with this old record, so closely interwoven with the history of this city and state. If I may presume, in the presence of my superiors, upon a little brief officiousness, I would express the opinion — which is only my personal opinion, though I know others here share it — that it will be for the advantage of the Troop to perpetuate the old character of the command, as a bodyguard to his excellency the governor. Such a character will, it seems to me, carry with it a certain dignity and distinction — will differentiate the Troop from other National Guard organizations and give it an individuality of its own. I even go so far as to hope that some day we will revive for festal occasions the old light dragoon uniform of Revolutionary days. Lined up in that gorgeous costume alongside even so magnificent an outfit as the City Troop of Philadelphia, we would make those Philadelphia lawyers look like thirty cents.

Perhaps I have strayed beyond my province — and yet all this is history or has to do with it. I am going even a step farther. To make an Irish remark, I am sure there is history ahead of as well as behind us. In the year just ending we have formed a fund of common memories — little things, perhaps, but they will last through the years. We have lived together. We have made new friendships and drawn tighter the ties of old intimacies. Henceforth, there will always be something about a man who has served with us in this command that will somehow set him a little apart from other men we know. There is a

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bond between us. And then, too, we have learned our lessons of loyalty to our officers and our Troop, of self-control, of swift and unquestioning obedience. We have found that it is only through the absolute subordination of our own wills to a higher authority that efficiency comes. We have perhaps formed an idea of what a terribly efficient weapon this Troop as we hope to make it — as we *are* making it — would be in the hands of a captain like ours, in time of need.

What am I driving at and what does all this mean? It means of course this: That already this Troop has a pride in its organization and its work, an esprit de corps, traditions of its own — a personality, like the personality of an individual. Already these traditions, this personality, are reaching out into the future. Men who come into the command will have to conform to them. We who have been troopers of the state for a year, all of us who are here tonight, have been present at the making of history — history of which the results will one day be seen.

For, some time, this Troop will see active service. None of us may see it — all of us may see it — some of us may see it — but it will come. How the Troop will bear itself in the crisis for which all our work is only the preparation depends upon the standards which we set at the beginning, for ourselves and those who come after us. For conduct depends upon character just as much in a troop of cavalry as in an individual. So even if we shall not be in the troop when that active service comes, we who are here now will have our share in that work and our responsibility for it, because of the spirit and traditions which we have now our part in forming.

Let us then, without conceit or vainglory, but in humbleness of spirit, yet with a proper pride, set our standards high, not unmindful of an honorable past, not forgetful of our responsibility for the future — and oh, General Cole, if there's a row anywhere, please let us get into it.

IX

THE HILLS OF LEBANON

NINETEEN TWELVE

A great boon and uplift to the troop was the arrival of Captain Francis C. Marshall as Inspector-Instructor. His duties included the supervision of all the cavalry of New England but his headquarters shortly after his assignment were moved to Hartford so that Troop B received more than its share of the benefits accruing from close association with him.

The advantages arising from this association are epitomized in a letter from the troop commander at the time of his transfer to other duty:—

“Hartford, September 4, 1914.

“My dear Major:—

There is not a member of Troop B who does not share with me a feeling of personal loss in the termination of your tour of duty with us. While we have considerable pride in our achievements during the short period of our existence, yet we still have sufficient modesty to realize that a great part of our success has been due to your interested and interesting efforts in our behalf. The enclosed offering is consequently a very small measure of our appreciation, but you may rest assured that it carries with it a great deal of gratitude and affection.

“Cordially yours,

J. L. Howard,

“Captain Cavalry C. N. G.
Commanding Troop B.

“Major F. C. Marshall,
United States Army.”

Captain Marshall was promoted to the rank of Major September 3, 1912, Lieutenant Colonel July 1, 1916 and Colonel June 22, 1917. In December of the latter year he was commissioned a Brigadier General in the National Army and commanded a brigade during the latter part of the Meuse-Argonne offensive in October-November, 1918.

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Colonel Marshall has always been a deep student of military affairs. In 1916 Trinity College of Hartford recognized his ability by conferring upon him the degree of Master of Arts.

Without disloyalty to the first Inspector-Instructor it may be said that his successor occupied as warm a place in the affection of the members of the organization.

Captain Thomas A. Roberts succeeded Major Marshall in 1914 and ably continued the course of advice and instruction. Captain Roberts received his Majority in February, 1917, his Lieutenant Colonelcy in August of the same year, and was made a temporary Colonel in January, 1918. For a time he served as acting G-1 at the general headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces in Chaumont, later being assigned to the command of a regiment. He received the Distinguished Service Medal for his able work in France.

Sergeant Richard J. Hughes was detailed as Sergeant-Instructor to Troop B June 12, 1912, and was of great assistance in educating the men in the care of horses and equipment and other duties of a cavalryman. His close association with the individual members gave them an invaluable opportunity of learning a great deal of the detailed life of the soldier that could be secured in no other way without long experience in the ranks of the regular cavalry. A good illustration of the orderly methods induced by the Sergeant-Instructor is contained in the orders for the maneuvers of 1912:—

TROOP B CAVALRY

CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD.

ORDERS

No. 3

Hartford, July 3, 1912.

I. The members of this Command are hereby ordered to report at their armory Saturday, July 27th, at 12 o'clock noon, armed and equipped for eight days' field duty, six days of which (July 29th to August 3rd inclusive) are in compliance with G. O. No. 23, A. G. O., c. s. and S. O. No. 118 A. G. O., c. s. This duty being in accordance with law, any member absent without satisfactory excuse will be fined \$5.00 for each day's absence.

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Each Trooper will obtain luncheon on July 27th before the assembly as no rations will be issued until arrival at first camp.

The bill of dress will be — campaign hat with hat cord and corps badge, olive drab coat, breeches, and shirt, leggings, tan shoes, spurs, rifle, revolver, and saber, web belt, and suspenders. The field kit is shown in the enclosed circular, and all articles therein enumerated will be taken except overcoat, ammunition rations, and picket pin.

Lieutenant *Davis* is assigned to duty as Quartermaster and Commissary.

The duties of the several squads will rotate daily according to their position in column. Immediately after the formation of the Troop each day the Chiefs of Platoons and Squad Leaders will be assembled in front of the Troop and will be required to report their duties for the next 24 hours.

The first squad will constitute the Guard Squad. Upon arrival in camp the squad leader will place one man on guard on the picket line and report to the Troop Commander for further instructions. The Guard Squad will be available for all duty in connection with the stables and the squad leader will report to the Stable Sergeant for instructions. He will ascertain the time the cooks are to be called, will make an inspection roll call at 11 P. M., will see that all lights are extinguished at Taps, and will inspect the sinks once every two hours during the day.

The second squad will erect the tents of the Officers and First Sergeant, take them down in the morning and assist in loading and unloading the wagons carrying them.

The third squad will be the Kitchen Squad. They will erect the cook tent and secure wood and water for the cooks. The Squad Leader will report to the Mess Sergeant for instructions.

The fourth squad will dig the latrine and erect the necessary screen.

The fifth squad will construct an incinerator for disposing of all the wastes of the camp, and will assist in unloading the stable wagon.

The sixth squad will take charge of the led horses, and will constitute the Provost Guard during the march. The Squad Leader will report to the Troop Commander for instructions, remaining back with all men who fall out, and no man may fall out without permission from a commissioned officer.

Following arrival in camp, each squad will take its normal position when directed by the Troop Commander.

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During the march at each halt each Squad Leader under the supervision of the Chief of Platoon will inspect the packs of the men of his squad and the horses' feet and report to the Chief of Platoon, who will in turn report the result of such inspection to the Troop Commander.

Soldiers are forbidden to enter premises of citizens, namely, orchards, yards, or houses, except by permission of a commissioned officer, and must commit no act of depredation on private property. It is hoped that during this field work the members of this Command will so conduct themselves as to prove to the citizens that they can be relied upon to respect all property and personal rights. All Officers will be held responsible for the enforcement of this regulation and will arrest offenders, and promptly report any violation of it.

The strictest attention must be given to the details of personal hygiene and proper rest must be secured at night. In exercise during excessive heat green leaves or a wet handkerchief should be placed inside the hat in order to prevent prostration. No food or beverages may be consumed other than those issued or approved by the proper Officers. Special attention is directed to the fact that latrines will be promptly prepared at all camping places, and only those places designated for that purpose may be used.

Mail for members of the Command should be addressed until Friday, August 2nd, care Troop B, Cavalry, C. N. G., Marlborough, Conn.

II. The following appointments are hereby made:—To be Lance Corporal, Private *C. L. Sheldon*, to be Saddler, Private *P. S. Wainwright*.

III. Drills are ordered at the State Armory as follows:—Tuesday, July 9, at 8 P. M.; Tuesday, July 16, at 7 P. M.; Friday, July 26, at 8 P. M.

J. L. HOWARD,
Captain.

In his report of this tour of duty as medical officer, dated August 31, 1912, First Lieutenant Paul Waterman commented as follows—"The discipline and morale of the command was of the best, rendering easy the application of sanitary principles, permitting almost no criticism in sanitary matters, and requiring only the comment of the medical officer upon modification of

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method for its performance, the sole faults arising from lack of instruction or previous experience in the easiest means of attaining the desired ends."

Francis Waterman was called upon to record the year's history.

Captain Howard and other Gentlemen:—

An Irish barrister, who was evidently prepared for every possible emergency, is alleged to have addressed the presiding judge as follows: "Your Honor, I shall first absolutely prove to the jury that the prisoner could not have committed the crime with which he is charged. If that does not convince the jury, I shall show that he was insane when he committed it. If that fails, I shall prove an alibi."

Gentlemen, it is similarly my desire to convince you that I have compiled this history without criminal intent. After Sergeant Parsons' lyric flights a year ago, this effusion, I fear, will fall like an anti-climax. Last year he found my old shoes pinched his feet—this year I find his new shoes hard to fill. It is not comfortable to sit in the seats of the mighty—or even to make an attempt upon his shoes, as I must tonight. I have tried "ironing out my crumpled paragraphs, starching up the limp ones and crimping and plaiting a little sometimes"—but it won't do—The result looks more like a boiler maker's work than that of a lapidary. Dr. Holmes once said, "Writing is like shooting with a rifle, you may hit your reader's mind or miss it—but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine, if it is within reach and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it." But I would add—sometimes with astonishing results to the speaker! Our gallant Captain detailed me to this forlorn hope and I must storm your gleaming breast-works tonight—or fall overcome by the egg-shell fire Francis Parsons so strongly deprecated a year ago.

While I try to combine the statistician and the clown in one, I shall try to remember that brevity is not only the soul of wit, but an extremely useful military virtue; especially when exercised on a full stomach. Therefore, having locked the doors and stuffed the key hole against all but our own Court Reporter, Ralph Wolf, we will proceed:

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I find that this chronology begins with that memorable first anniversary dinner of ours held on March 3rd, 1912, in this very room,—and that the newspapers of the day describe the year old infant, as having passed through its measles, mumps and whooping cough—and become a lusty youngster. The members entertained a large number of distinguished guests and Sergeant Parsons added the “sauce piquante” to the meal with his never-to-be-forgotten history.

The other speeches centered with one thought and one mind upon our crying need of an armory of our own. I do not remember whether toward the end—it was very wet inside or out—but that is another story. Much discussion and thought are generally sure to bring results, and so it proved in this case. Our Association, under its able officers, began arrangements for the purchase of land, and the planning of an armory.

On April 26th the land was purchased—the first step taken toward our heart’s desire.

In the month of April the Troop could boast the goodly number of fourteen men eligible to hold the commission of Second Lieutenant, and from that list, on April 3rd, Corporal Clifford Cheney, was unanimously nominated for our Second Lieutenant. Troop B honored itself in honoring him, and I want right here to express the gratitude we all feel to our three officers—than whom there are none better in the state—for their service, interest and enthusiasm in the common cause. It is all sure to bring results—that some day may make Troop B famous.

Saturday, May 10th, we saw history repeating itself in the picture of the “automobile cavalry” entraining for its second field day at Rockville. There we got acquainted again with our shooting irons. Somehow the butts suffered more than last year—when we seemed to have had the luck of greenhorns. However, the scores were not bad, when the final tale was told.

By the middle of May, through our Captain’s initiative and generosity, the Troop became possessed of twenty excellent Kentucky bred horses. I am sure that Sergeant Frank Shearer and his assistants will not forget our resulting three-ringed circus days of ground and lofty tumbling. But having found our legs at last, so to speak, we will soon wean our minds from the thought of much longer acting as foot-cavalry.

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Foot-cavalry we were, however, in solemn earnest, when on May 30th the Troop for the first time participated in Memorial Day parade as dismounted escorts of the G. A. R. Spectators and friends gave generous praise and applause, and the inevitable rain dampened only the new dress uniforms and not the temper or enthusiasm of the men. But by the time we had returned to the Armory I'm sure we felt like the Irishman when he was asked if he was not very wet "Arrah, O'i don't care about being wet, but, plaze, yer 'anner, O'im very dhry!"

Early in July we saw a published report that the War Department had approved the suggestion that two new troops of militia cavalry be organized in Connecticut, so as to make a complete squadron, and that the plan is favored of stationing one troop at Bridgeport and the other with Troop B in Hartford. If that is true we will begin feeling like a nucleus.

Our prescribed annual eight days of field duty fell on the dates of July 27 to August 3rd inclusive, during which time it was proposed that the Troop work out a theoretical campaign of invasion in the enemy's country on the east side of the Connecticut River. I do not wish to weary you with a dry report, for in looking back upon that week, your own memories will probably carry you to much pleasanter fields of thought than those my pages can supply.

You remember how auspiciously the troop began on that pleasant Saturday afternoon when accompanied by Major Marshall, Lieut. Waterman, and Sergeants Hughes and Denton, and other guides, counsellors and friends, you marched out of Hartford in fine array. What matter if the street gamins called us "College Heroes," strike breakers or boy scouts? Both men and horses were ready for "a fight or a frolic," and soon the former discovered that life was not "all beer and skittles," and the latter that it was occasionally possible to discharge their plebian loads. Perhaps we started with the idea of being a company of swash-buckling horsemen—a collection of Brom-Bones to terrify the countryside. We were mistaken, and I'll cite two instances:—Mills remembers how his horse developed a hankering for the lawns and door yards of private residences—and a newspaper clipping records the outcome of the altercation between this trooper and his mount. Both took incontinently to a field of tobacco. The trooper remained and the horse left, and I leave

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you to judge which was the most addicted to the weed. I have heard that Williams affirmed that the orders to dismount came from hindquarters — but I hope you will forgive him and me for mentioning it.

Poor Strong was the other victim. It is remarkable that such a redoubtable horseman should be thrown. But thrown he was — and then the Doctor trussed him up in splints until he looked like an animated gabion. Notwithstanding his earnest pleas to be put on duty, he was put in an automobile and shipped to Hartford, only to turn up, however, fresh and blooming, Sunday morning at Silver Lane — to wave us a sad and fond farewell. The landing in South Manchester was accompanied with a terrible thirst — it is said — but discipline prevailed. The real work began and continued seven days — and several nights.

Sunday following was no day of rest, but any work was welcome after a night equal to one "With Peary at the Pole." The day was devoted to patrol duty in hostile territory, and although the men were exposed only to a theoretical baptism of fire, yet nearly all bit the dust — and much of it — before reaching Marlborough. If any of you had been asked that afternoon whether you were dry — you would have agreed with the Irish jarvey in his reply: "Dhry? Did yer honor say dhry? I'm so dhry that if yez slapped me back yid see the dust flyin' out ov me mouth!"

However, nature has recompenses, for the troopers were wet enough soon after, in swimming and in the rain. All the charms of that undoubtedly beautiful camp-site by the lake were nearly washed out of mind when many troopers came near being washed out of their tents that night. In fact, by this time the case of many a trooper was such that chastened by the rain and work, and disguised in uniform, it would have been a wise servant — back home — that would know her own master. I am told that Francis Parsons recognized this dilemma, and that on this rainy evening as he was dropping on all fours and crawling humbly into his little "dog-tent," with a tear — or perhaps a drop of rain — in either eye, he was heard to murmur mournfully — "What would my wife say if she should see me now!"

Monday began as nature's wash-day at camp, nevertheless, life there was a busy one. There was plenty of bare-back riding to water, dressing of tents, receiving visitors, being photographed,



Camp at Marlborough



Major Francis C. Marshall



Marlborough again

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and cleaning equipment, besides a general meeting to discuss the patrol problems of the preceding day. The evening ended with a prolonged song-fest — a harmonious prelude to Taps. Our own First Sergeant — Warner Day — that melodious Bulbul — and leader of our Choral Club — was always efficiently supported during the trip by his bevy of trained song birds. Who will forget "My Adaline," "Down Mobile," "In the Gloaming," and many other classic gems rendered with telling effect when the sun was low?

During these days the horses were learning a thing or two. We will take the experience of Henry Perkins: His horse's wits went wool-gathering one day and he declined to be mounted. Was he mounted? He was. Henry approached him "unbeknownst like" over a bale of hay handy alongside, and before that horse's sensory perceptions could give the alarm and the woolly wits order a flank movement, Henry was triumphantly and firmly fixed in the saddle. That horse probably will be on the mental qui-vive whenever another professor heaves in sight.

Tuesday morning the camp and a couple of shaving mirrors were blithely broken and the long surprise ride to Lebanon begun. Whenever possible the stores by the wayside were freely plundered and ginger pop, pickles, cakes and gum disappeared to the mutual joy of storekeepers and troopers. At Lebanon, watering horses developed into literal "fatigue duty" with the water three-quarters of a mile away. However, "All's well that ends well," and when stomachs were well filled the world seemed brighter, and soon thereafter no one cared anyway, because all were asleep, except the unenvied guard.

Wednesday witnessed intricate maneuvers through hostile territory on the way to Columbia. Many still remember that good Samaritan who freely gave to the troopers all that he had of his refreshments — may his memory remain green and flourish as the Bay tree! With an early arrival in camp and greater skill in pitching it and watering horses, there was more leisure to enjoy the site beside Columbia Lake — the most beautiful of all the trip.

It was during this afternoon that Machiavellian Tommy Russell was haled from his ambush. We suspect that he planned to have his engagement announced at a time when he would be safely hid away, and where the news would follow and percolate

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but slowly. Well, he received his reward and rode around the camp on the enthusiastic shoulders of his sympathizing friends. In connection with this event I will read to you a New York newspaper notice. I am not certain whether the statement is intended to be sarcastic or whether the printer's devil merely pied the form, anyway here it is: "HARTFORD TROOP FULL OF GINGER, NEW CAVALRY ORGANIZATION SHOWS MUCH ENERGY—THREE ENGAGEMENTS ANNOUNCED." Truly, engagements in this troop have ripened as frequently as blackberries in June if such activities call for notice from New York!

The engagement of our beloved Captain—and toastmaster tonight—caps the climax. And I am sure it is not at all inappropriate for us all once more to tender him our hearty congratulations and good wishes. May his shadow never grow less!

But to return to our story: Thursday, August 1st, camp was broken under dull and drizzling skies and the troop, forming column, began the retreat across country through Gilead, and at noon the town lay glistening under the brilliant sunshine of the clearing skies. During the halt there, if the Captain had relaxed discipline, I am sure we would have found that distinguished member of our choral club—"Art" Allen—looking for the "Balm of Gilead," as in his college days, and perhaps searching later for the Bingo farm far down the road. If there is anything going on "Art" is generally right in the middle of it, but this time it was only ginger-pop. On the arrival at Marlborough the men, notwithstanding a pursuing enemy, voted it the best day yet. The night passed without other discomfort than that of some who tried to sleep belted, booted and spurred, ready for the expected attack.

Friday was a red-letter day. General Cole and Col. Schulze, and many friends and relations motored out from Hartford. There was a thorough inspection and some patrolling in the morning. But in the afternoon things began to really happen when the enemy attacked the camp. At 2 P. M. "To Horse" rang out and the camp became a hive of orderly commotion. Two platoons hiked out on the double quick. Fiery "Hurry Up" leading his men "Hell bent for election." Meanwhile the third platoon, struggling desperately with the horses, saddles and equipment, and under a murderous fire, brought everything

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away in gallant style. The camp having melted away, the equipment pied, and the enemy defeated, the victors — not without casualties — returned to the field and spent the rest of the afternoon sorting out themselves and their equipment.

In this engagement I understand that Moore first bled for his country, and that others suffered dislocated feelings and scattered wits. The result was almost equal to the experience of some army men when a caisson blew up. "I understand," said the officer to Tommy Atkins, "that you and Private Perkins were calm and collected." "Well, sir," replied Tommy, "I was calm, but poor Perkins was collected." In looking backwards upon the fight I am inclined to make the same comment as the old veteran who was asked what struck him most forcibly when all was over and he had time to look back upon the battle, "Ah," said he, reflectively, "I think, sir,— that what struck me most forcibly, sir, was the bullets that missed me."

Breaking camp Saturday morning the troop, in column, moved by a round-about but beautiful wood road to South Manchester where it was met, welcomed, and inspected by Mayor Cheney and Col. Goodman. The day was surpassingly fine, but I feared it preceded a dampish evening. Your historian understands that some of that "Balm of Gilead" which could not previously be found, was discovered growing plentiful late Saturday evening in the neighborhood of South Manchester: Lieutenant Waterman could doubtless advise as to the proper antidotes for too much "balm" and in some quarters the suspicion amounts to certainty that it was he who prescribed the well-remembered pickle, the sandwich, and the cup of coffee next morning, while the Captain prescribed the 4 o'clock Reveille. Thus fortified, at about 6 A. M., the Troopers struck camp and the home stretch almost simultaneously. They arrived three hours afterwards and surprised many friends who had expected a later entry. By noon, horses and equipment had been disposed of and the men, some of whom acting like sleep-walkers — were dismissed,— to go probably first to a big tub, next to a big meal, and then to a big sleep. In fact, some of the men arrived here as thin as downstream shad; and many a lusty trooper who started out — stuffed, sleek and shining, returned home looking leathery, copper bot-tomed and double riveted.

The more serious comment on this trip may be summed up

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

briefly. The result has been to promote our enthusiasm in the Troop. There was a total absence of sickness, and the men were always ready to devastate the table three times a day. Not a little of the success of the rations was due to the work of Lieut. Davis in charge of commissariat, to faithful Sergeant Cole, and to Cook Dean. The whole Troop greatly benefited in the way of horsemanship and cavalry training, and especially in the rapidity of making camp.

My next notes show that during part of September and October we blazed away with our revolvers, and to some purpose as the later figures of merit show. On September 27th a dozen of us, chaperoned by Sergeant Hughes, attended the State Rifle and Revolver Matches at the East Haven range. We had to play a waiting game in more senses than one, and the result was disappointing. The revolver match was postponed and in the rifle matches we were clearly outclassed. May next fall tell another story!

On October 16th the contracts were signed for the new Armory and riding hall. As it will be when shortly completed, the building will provide only the absolute essentials for the Troop in temporary quarters,—and yet how glad we'll be to drill at last on four feet instead of two!

On Sunday evening, October 27th, we arrayed ourselves in our purple and fine linen in order to attend Vesper service at the Church of the Immaculate Conception with the City Battalion of the First Regiment and the Spanish War Veterans. We were doubtless so fine that our gold and glitter would have shocked old Cotton Mather or the other stern New England worthies of the past, and have cast suspicion on our probable future state.

On November 2nd the postponed state revolver match was held at the East Haven range. Troop B representatives went down not more than one-third their former strength, but fortunately were pitted against not more than one-third the original number of contestants. We carried off the best five of the ten medals to be won, and since the winning scores compare favorably with those of preceding years, we can feel highly encouraged in this department of our work for the future. George Cole and my Sergeant brother—two of the most faithful workers in the Troop—certainly well deserved their reward



Cleaning up

Gadd

Ward
Reynolds



Lebanon Green
E. Waterman

F. Parsons



Howard Davis C. D. Cheney
Father and the Boys



Good Discipline at Water Call

THE HILLS OF LEBANON

that day. Perhaps we will be permitted to brag a little — if we show well — to crow gently — now that we are in luck — just as we hope we are ready to pay up, to own up, and to shut up when we are beaten!

In the record of rifle and revolver practice for the year we must hide our diminished heads, for the rifle record of 83.38 and the revolver record of 112 are both poorer, the former being a drop of 9%, and the latter a drop of 8% below the published figures of last year. For standing in armory and field instruction work during the year, Troop B was awarded the bronze shield and pendant for unattached organizations on a figure of merit of 83.89. The Troop received a perfect mark in average membership, number of drills, care of state and government property, knowledge of officers in Field Service Regulations, drill in close order and sanitation. It also received 14 out of a possible 15 for military courtesy and discipline. A comparison of the records shows that we top the figures of all except the Hospital Corps, and we may, therefore, this time forgive the peculiarly infelicitous phrase of one newspaper in its statement that "Troop B attains some unusual destructions in the figure of merit."

The drill season began November 12th and that night we ratified all acts of our Committee regarding the purchase of land, contracts for building and the borrowing of money.

On December 11th the Troop took part in a review for General Barbour. The occasion from our viewpoint was memorable for the combining in an infantry battalion drill of a troop of cavalry, a division of naval militia, an ambulance company, and the Signal Corps.

On January 8th, 1913, Troop B for the first time appeared mounted on parade. The Troop made a fine appearance, leading the escort of his Excellency, Governor Baldwin, to his second inaugural at the State Capitol. Notwithstanding the heavy rain and a saluting battery that threatened to decimate our ranks, we came off with flying colors.

Meanwhile our Armory Committee has not been idle, and though "The best laid plans o' mice and men oft gang aley," we feel confident that the statesmen on Capitol Hill will see our side of the question more clearly and lend us a generous and helping hand this year.

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Aside from the inspection by Major Marshall on March 4th there is little more to add.

I think I can close with no better quotation than the following statement by Major Marshall—a statement that is a part of our present history but that we may hope will be equally well—or even better—deserved in the future.

The Major said: “In my capacity as instructor-inspector to the organized cavalry militia of New England, I have come into close contact with all the organizations in that district, have seen them in their armories and in camp, at work and at play, and while the personnel and spirit of all of them is commendably high — (and it is no disparagement to any of them to say this) — for earnestness, for faithful attendance on their duties, for intelligent appreciation of instruction, B Troop of Hartford stands easily first. In their Armory work they are all there, on the job every Tuesday night. In camp, they worked hard, every day and all day. . . . They were out to learn the trade, they realized that their time was limited and they wanted to show a maximum of improvement. . . . I only wish that the real character of this organization could be known to all citizens of Connecticut, as I know it, and that they could realize the necessity of a small body of intelligent and well-trained cavalry to the National Defense.”

X

THE GREAT ANNIHILATION

NINETEEN THIRTEEN

Dearly Beloved Brethren:

What system shall I adopt in telling such a story of the last year as I can — chronological, biological, zoölogical or tautological? I suppose I might get a point or two from our distinguished ancestors Adam and Eve, who, as recounted in one of the recently discovered chapters of Genesis, were discussing the spring fashions as they sat in the cool of the day in the Garden of Eden. "My dear," said Adam, lighting a fresh cigar, "which system of dressmaking do you favor?" "Well," replied Eve thoughtfully, "they all have their merits, but the loose-leaf system is good enough for me."

I assure you that I feel very humble at this attempt at the writing of history. In fact, Uriah Heep is a peacock compared with myself at the present moment. I wish I were as self-confident as the small boy who was absorbed in drawing a picture and in reply to his mother's question said it was a picture of God. "Why, Johnny," exclaimed his shocked mother, "that isn't right. Besides, you can't do it; nobody knows how God looks." "Well," said Johnny, with a confidence I envy, "when I get through this they will."

Well, now, let us get down to the near-facts of last year and stay chronological as long as it seems to go.

To be strictly accurate, as every historian ought to be, this history should begin with an account of the close of our last annual dinner. However, the bill for breakage is still a painful financial recollection, and I am sure His Excellency, the Governor, who is something of a historian himself, will agree with me that even in these days of historical accuracy, the historian should not lose his sense of proportion. So, with this delicately veiled allusion, let us draw the veil of oblivion over that fleeting but busy hour of the past.

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This expensive banquet occurred on April 12th. At that time we were all wondering whether the General Assembly would make an appropriation sufficient to take over, or get a lien on, the Armory, then practically finished, into which we had put a good deal of money of our own and a good deal more that we had borrowed. It would take a long time to tell of the vicissitudes of our various bills and of the ramifications of politics that entered into their varying fortunes from day to day.* Our officers and many of our troopers worked hard for the accomplishment of this purpose that meant so much to us but no one will begrudge the special mention of two men, who bore, I think, the brunt of the responsibility, who plotted by night and labored by day — Morgan Bulkeley and Harry Reynolds. They deserve well of the Troop, for the job they had on hand was no child's play.

The Officers and Armory Committee took the Appropriations Committee over the Armory on April 22d, and the latter committee made a favorable report on an appropriation of \$35,000 as part reimbursement. This appropriation, tied up with other far larger ones for similar purposes passed the Senate early in May and the House, after a stormy session, on May 28th. The aggregate of the amounts so voted for armories in various cities of the State, was \$457,000. The Governor had previously suggested to the General Assembly a scheme of state taxation which would have cared for this and other heavy demands upon the State, but that suggestion was not adopted and in the financial situation that existed — a debt, if I remember correctly, of

* WAR DEPARTMENT

Office of the Chief of Staff

Washington, January 18th, 1913.

Dear General: —

We are very anxious, as you know, to get more cavalry in the militia. I understand that Troop B is having some difficulty in securing assistance; my information indicates that this organization is an excellent one, made up of a high type of men, and that they are spending a lot of their own money. It seems to me that their initiative ought to be encouraged, and as much done as possible to help them out. What are facts and what are the difficulties? They have not written to me, but I have heard of the matter through friends.

With kind regards,

Very sincerely,

(Signed) Leonard Wood.

General George M. Cole,
Hartford, Conn.

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about \$11,000,000 against the surplus that once existed, and no particular means in sight of paying the debt — in this situation the chief magistrate of the State could only do one thing, much as we believe he would have liked to have aided his old body-guard, had his wise suggestions been adopted. Though, looking at the matter from our standpoint, we were, of course, disappointed, we must admit that His Excellency was absolutely right. We are loyal to him always and everywhere, — as a matter of course as soldiers, as a matter of principle as civilians. Only just to keep the subject in his mind when he is next elected we might say in passing, now that we have him with us, that for the privilege of serving the State we've raised ourselves and borrowed almost \$100,000 and the interest keeps on ticking all the time. As to interest, however, we are fairly well taken care of for the present, for two bills were passed, one on the last day of the session, which help us to pay the rent and keep the wolf from the door for two years at least.

Perhaps the world in general did not notice anything in particular about the 6th of May. Down town business went on about at usual. A brakeman got his toe pinched in the East Hartford freight yards, where this same accident happens every weekday and sometimes on Sundays. There was a fire, in quite the daily custom, in the Hebrew district, around the corner of Windsor and Pleasant streets. It was rumored, as usual, that we would intervene in Mexico. For most people it was just the same as any old day. But in the calendar of Troop B it should be marked with a white stone, for on the night of that day we drilled in our new Armory for the first time. It was a perfectly quiet and dignified occasion, without excitement or celebration, the drill being devoted to reviving our recollections of shelter tent pitching, but none the less we who were there were present at the making of history. It was the beginning of a custom that will continue through the years, gathering its traditions about it as these years go on.

By a strange coincidence, Memorial Day last year fell on May 30th. It was a beautiful afternoon and the parade, in which we participated, dismounted, was a good one. We were in front of the Naval Preserves and behind the ambulance corps and pulled through the afternoon without calling for help upon either.

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The stage for the next scene in the drama of the last eleven months is set in that quiet, but celebrated village of the Connecticut Valley, East Haddam, the home of famous men — the home, to be explicit, of Nathan Hale, Horace Johnson, and Harry Reynolds. Here we opened a bridge and also a keg — but no harm resulted except that Bob Gadd sang, "Maryland, My Maryland," seventeen times by actual count at an unholy hour of the night. The plot of this scene was largely equestrian in character. Our old friends, "Skidoo" and "Number 7" had light comedy roles that furnished much that was of intense personal interest to ourselves and a great deal that was amusing to the crowd, but the chief excitement centered about positively the last public appearance in a military capacity of old "Number 1." Surely that fool of a horse, carrying our picket line and galloping wildly for Hartford up the tracks of the Valley Railroad, was the cause of more mental distress, physical exercise, perspiration and profanity than any other incident of a hot and lively day. The Captain is a humane man but if he had happened to have any cartridges in his jeans when Number 1 had been recaptured for the third or fourth time I think a supporter of the Huerta government in the gentle Villa's hands would stand a better chance of life than Number 1 would have had that afternoon.

Well, the bridge was successfully opened, Skidoo and Percy running away together during the parade, of which our Captain, God bless him, recently returned from his honeymoon, was Marshal, the Troop being under the command of Lieutenant Davis. The only thing that marred the day for us was the thought, that occurred to all of us, of our Harry Reynolds, who had provided so well for our welcome and comfort, lying convalescing from pneumonia in the hospital. The First Company Governor's Foot Guard Staff turned to, like the good fellows they are, and helped Edgar Waterman load our baggage on the home-bound train, which some of us took, others making a late start with the horses for East Hampton — among the latter Dick Bulkeley riding the kindly Number 7. Dick is, of course, one of our best riders. Shall we ever forget his bareback performance with a thoroughly frightened animal at Marlboro? (Loud cries of "Never!" please.) But after that weary day, in the romantic dimness of that starlit night, something happened to

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Dick. Perhaps, like heroes of the Civil War, he fell asleep in his saddle. If so, he was rudely awakened, for his saddle turned beneath him. Number 7 deposited him quietly in the road, and disappeared in the June night in the direction whence he had come. To George Ward belongs the credit of the rescue. George, having tracked Number 7 in the dust like an Indian, was found by Lieutenant Davis and other anxious searchers up a side road holding the missing horse, the saddle beneath his belly — Number 7's belly, that it, not George's.

When the detachment of the Troop reached East Hampton about midnight they were certainly ready for the beefsteak dinner which Lieutenant Cheney, who had been over the ground a few days before, had, with his customary thoughtfulness, provided.

Some of the officers and non-coms. had been expecting to start that Saturday night for a course of instruction with the Regulars at Fort Ethan Allen, but the exigencies of the Mexican situation necessitated the calling off of this. Perhaps it was just as well for they would have been a tired bunch.

The curtain rises again. Scene: An Armory in West Hartford. Time: Four-thirty A. M., July 27, 1913. Members of Troop B Cavalry, C. N. G. discovered in various stages of dis-habile, hunger, haste, and happiness.

Edgar Waterman: Holy hemlock! That was the hardest hay I ever slept on.

Fred Woolley: Anybody seen my bridle?

Arthur Allen: Is it time to begin to get ready yet?

Bob Gadd: "Maryland, My Maryland —"

George Cole: Hurry up, now! What in blank are you fellows doing? Do you think this is a blankety-blank Sunday School picnic? Fall in!

If we had any idea, however, that this was a Sunday School picnic, we were laboring under as serious a misapprehension as our young friend Johnny, whom I mentioned a moment ago, and who when going to bed one night unexpectedly asked his mother if his father was in the fruit business. "Certainly not, Johnny," said his mother. "What put that idea into your head?" "Well," said the small boy, "father and I took a walk the other day and met Mr. Jones, and all he and father talked about were peaches, pippins and dates."

Most of us, in fact, who had been on manoeuvres before did not expect a picnic, but as it turned out most of you will

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agree with me in the opinion that we had last summer the most instructive and the most interesting summer expedition of our three years.

We were met at the station by our guide, counsellor, chaperon and friend, Captain Biddle, and conveyed by him safely to Middleboro, Mass. In the photograph album, which Frank Waterman has religiously kept, you may see some very good pictures of our detraining and formation on that dusty green near the railroad station, though these pictures do not show the gyrations, lasting five minutes or so, which Markham and a Squadron A horse indulged in, assisted from time to time by Captain Biddle.

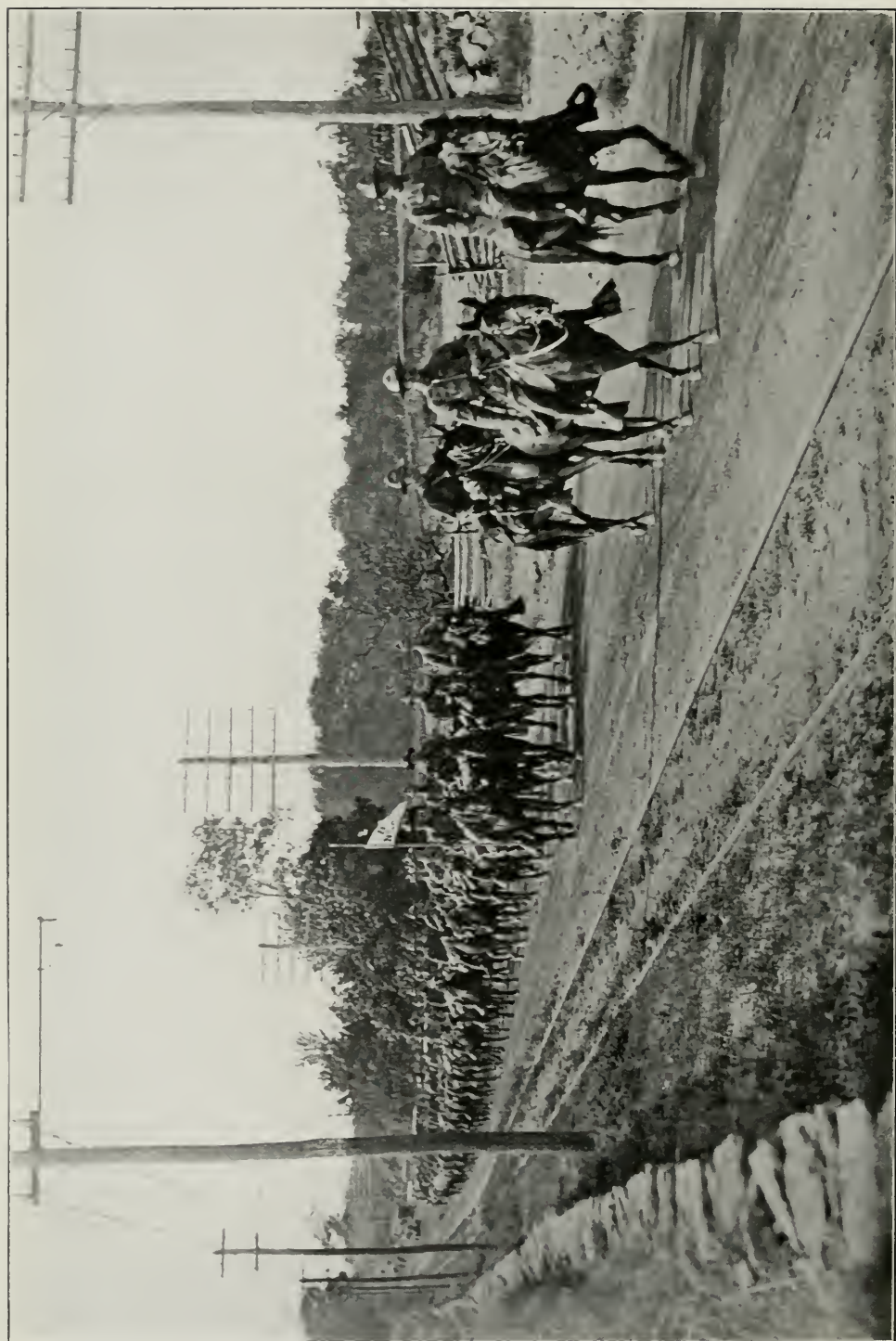
That evening saw us safely in camp in our pyramidal tents on the shores of Lake Tispaquin, our neighbors from New Haven not far away from us and the rest of the New England cavalry in the woods and fields on our left. That night, after a swim in the lake and a dinner in Doc Deane's most approved style (assisted by Mess-Sergeant Pope, with whom I, who have also had that job, sympathize) we gathered around Warner Day, Westy, Art Allen and other sweet singers who poured forth upon the unaccustomed airs of Massachusetts the familiar strains of "Moonlight Bay," "Lord Jeffrey Amherst," "Drink a High Ball," "Sweet Rosy O'Grady" and that ultra-refined chanterey of the horse-soldier, "Cavalry, Cavalry."

I will not weary or detain you with a detailed account of the incidents of every day. Each one of you can recall pictures of those busy days more vivid than any I can draw, most of these pictures being etched on a background of dust—pictures of columns of horsemen half hidden in yellow clouds; of the merciful cool spring near Dexter's old home that saved some of us from a thirsty death; of that gypsy-like camp on the shores of Mary's Pond, and of Austin Cheney drying his newly washed underclothes on a fence rail before the fire of our Massachusetts friends; visions of the shore of Mary's Pond itself at the bathing hour thronged with the naked figures of all the cavalry of New England.

It was after that camp, you will remember, that we attacked and captured Rochester on empty stomachs and an hour or two later met with that Christian gentleman and Good Samaritan, Mr. Humphreys, who knew Dexter when he was young and innocent,



Detraining



On the Road

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and who fed us on crackers and milk that tasted more like nectar and ambrosia than anything I, for one, have ever eaten. Long life to Mr. Humphreys! And if he ever wants a friend all he will have to do will be to telephone to Hartford.

You remember, too, that camp in the rainy twilight at Clear Lake where our strenuous efforts at cooking our own suppers — Allen always excepted — were interrupted by the firing of the outposts and the appearance of a blue automobile chased at break-neck speed by a daring cavalryman, who emptied his blank cartridges into it and captured it. Some of you remember that night's patrol which located the enemy's camp and was fired on at close quarters, but retreated to safety, the most serious result being that the Captain was awakened at three A. M., and, incidentally, the writer, who happened to sleep in the tent of a Corporal of the Guard and badly needed a night's rest. The next day, you will recollect, came the famous battle of Middleboro, which occurred in the town itself and not, as per schedule, in the fields beyond it. This upset the well laid cavalry plans and demoralized the town. It was our first taste of real sham warfare. We participated in charges, messages and retreats. Lieutenant Davis led one glorious charge of the old Third Platoon down one of the Middleboro streets, where there ought now to be a tablet to our memory. Nothing more reckless and gallant occurred during the whole campaign and nothing in which the spirit of self-sacrifice was more evident. We were entirely wiped out but died gloriously. The Light Brigade at Balaclava was not in it.

And so we went home after eight days of life in the open, — having slept on the ground and cooked our own food — Allen always excepted — and having received in those eight days more of an inkling about real war conditions than we could have learned from books in a year even under Major Marshall's vigorous and capable tutelage.

I cannot leave the story of that week without special mention of the officers' patrol, which under Lieutenant Cheney made such a remarkable record for the distance it covered and the information it obtained. They penetrated, you will remember, to the enemy's camp, got inside the lines, counted the tents and heard the band play "Annie Laurie." I understand that some of them ate absolutely less than nothing, particularly Edgar

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Waterman and Parsons, who always got their food cooked to the edible stage just as the order to mount came. Really there should have been added to Lieutenant Cheney's official report of this patrol the somewhat more informal account which Bob Gadd gave the night of his return to his comrades of the old Sixth Squad, gathered affectionally about him, as after a partial bath and the first square meal for two days, with a large cigar in his mouth, he leaned against the tent pole and let the honeyed words flow forth. I assure you that it was a vivid and thrilling story. There were frequent regrets that a stenographer was not present. But I have now to confess that there was a stenographer who pretended to be asleep in the corner of the tent, and it is from her,—I mean his,—notes that the following extract is quoted:

"I tell you, fellers," said Gadd, "Lieutenant Cheney is sure a dandy. He was everywhere and saw everything and he kept us all up to the mark but was blame nice about it, too. One time we were going along a road and all of a sudden he came galloping back—he'd been up with the point—and he says, 'Here come some of the enemy, boys, right down the road. Turn into this farmyard and hide till they get past,' he says. 'Beat it, now!' So we beat it, all excited, into the farmyard and back of the house there was a cow tied. Well, sir, when that cow saw us wild Indians come tearing around the corner of the house she sure thought judgment day was come. Her tail and head went up, she bust the rope she was tied with, and off she went. We rode on a ways and after the Blues had gone by, the Lieutenant says, 'What become of the cow?' he says, and Haviland, just as if it was news says, 'She ran away, Sir.' 'Well,' says the Lieutenant, 'we got to respect the rights of private ownership,' he says. 'Haviland,' he says, knowing of course that Haviland was a farmer, 'you go find that cow and bring her home and tie her up,' he says. Well, Haviland went off and we waited awhile and then started back, and when we came up to the house, there was Haviland and his horse and the cow coming up, a foot at a time, from a swamp. It certainly was a funny sight, for Haviland,—he has a reach, you know—he had the cow's tail in one hand and one of her horns in the other, with his bridle around his shoulder, and he was twisting her tail to make her go and steering her by the horns,

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and his old horse was sidling along beside them, with his ears pricked up, looking at the cow and wondering what in h—ll was the matter!"

Perhaps it is hardly fair to limit your official recollections to one group. Many amusing and exciting incidents occurred in all the squads, but the historian was so intimately associated with what Gadd calls the Old Sixth Squad that it is hard for him to get away from that efficient body of troopers. The energies of this squad were chiefly occupied in cooking for Art Allen and getting him ready in time for the various events. "Good Lord, Art!" exclaimed Westbrook one morning just as assembly was sounding, "I believe you've got your shoes on the wrong feet." "Well, gosh ding it all," retorted Arthur, "they're the only feet I've got to put 'em on!"

Speaking of Arthur's feet reminds me, if you will pardon the personal reminiscence, of that early morning when, with infinite labor I had brought from Tispaquin Pond a bucket of pure, fresh water, partly for the general use of the squad but chiefly for my own shaving purposes, I set it down and after going to borrow a razor returned to find Arthur washing his feet in it.

But Arthur was not the only one who had his troubles. There was your last historian, Frank Waterman, for instance, of whom I would not speak as intimately as I am going to except for the fact that I have it in for him because last year he called my previous history a "lyric flight." The nature of Frank's troubles may be inferred from this graceful bit of verse which Westbrook, whom perhaps you did not all know was a real poet, wrote:

"Of all the docs, Frank,
Who've served you the best
Doc Deane was the first
When the grand old Troop messed,
But the last shall be first,
So let's drink him a toast;
Doc Rexall's the fellow
Who's moved you the most."

Well, those were happy days together from July 27th to August 3d, when we came singing home to the Armory. It is undoubtedly more comfortable to sleep in a soft bed with a well-

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appointed bath room handy, and a certainty in one's mind that breakfast, prepared by some one else, will be ready in the morning. But amid these luxuries I am sure the thoughts of all of us have often turned with a kind of homesick feeling to those summer days of hard exercise and nights of song and slumber 'way down on Cape Cod.

But I must pass rapidly on, for I find that memory is leading me astray down many pleasant by-paths and that I am taking up time that should more properly be devoted to our distinguished guests.

With September came shooting at East Haven on September 16th, October 11th and October 31st. Some of us had gone through our qualification course on June 28th. In our shooting we attained an average of 70.74 — not quite as good as the 83.38 of last year when the course was easier, but better than any single organization except Company F of the Second Infantry. We hold for the second year the bronze shield awarded to the unattached organization making the best score. In the spring a team composed of Wainwright, Shearer, Cole, Dexter and Whitmore had vanquished the Field and Staff of the First Infantry and the same team on April 30th, except that Sheldon shot in Cole's place, defeated the Signal Corps. The next month Moore, Shearer, Sheldon, Dexter and Whitmore pulled a match with the Naval Militia out of the fire, and in the Cole Medal Shoot in the fall Day and Wainwright both took medals.

To the fall shooting at East Haven most of us went by automobile, often spending the nights before in New Haven at the Graduates' Club, or in that mythical shore resort, the "Firestone Inn." They were fairly jovial parties and one was made memorable for your historian by a piece of sea-green pie, consumed with sundry other solid and liquid refreshment at Heub's in New Haven, which aforesaid pie deprived his State and his office of his services for the ensuing fortnight. There were sundry mild suppers at Mory's after the shooting. These were the precursors, in a way, of informal gatherings of squads and parties that have been sprinkled through the fall and winter. They are not parts of our official history, but they are nevertheless a part of the life of the year. Who that participated will ever forget that party of Markham's at his baronial hall in Westchester, where "Charlie," with his delicate stories officiated, and



Corporal Mills et al

McLaughlin

O'Connor

Deppen

Cutter Westbrook

Mills

Bassette



Close Harmony

F. T. Fenn

F. E. Waterman

F. Parsons

Westbrook

Allen Gadd

Hewes

Robens



Frank Cheney's Gang

	Woolley	O'Connor	Russell	Wolf	M. H. Pease
A. E. Parsons	Cheney	Markham		Morrow	



Bus Whitmore and Family

Whitmore	Alton	Reynolds	
Walsh	Aninger	Cheney	Moore

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Markham himself, unconscious in sleep, and properly disguised, took the leading part in a wake. When finally aroused, Markham was doubtless even more surprised than the pretty girl at the manoeuvres, who, startled at the unexpected volley of an infantry platoon, screamed, put her hands to her ears and stepped backward directly into the arms of a young man standing behind her. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she exclaimed in confusion. "Those rifles frightened me so!" "Don't mention it," said the young man, rising to the occasion. "Let's go over and watch the *artillery*."

I should like to tell of the activities of the Stingaree Club, of the demoralization of the new Bond Hotel resulting from the raffling off of "Skiddoo," that prince of horses,—but time passes.

On October 26th there was one ceremony that claims our attention, and that I, for one, hope will be annually repeated. The Troop went in a body to evening service at Trinity Church, bearing the old colors, and listened to a fine sermon by our good friend, Mr. Miel. It was a ceremony not without its impressiveness and those who were absent missed a little touch of manly Christian sentiment that none of those who were present were the worse for.

In late October the associate membership plan was organized and has proved a great success, socially and financially. No small part of this success has been due to the work of Frank Shearer and the men with him at the Armory, but I am sure they would unite in the special mention I want to make in this connection of the help of Sergeant Hughes, whose courtesy, tact, firmness and knowledge of his business has been of the greatest assistance to us all.

In November the drill season began and has continued to the present time.

There seems to be an impression abroad in some quarters that Troop B is largely a social organization. Those who hold this view would be interested to learn that our first real social event in our three years of life in the National Guard took place on the evening of January 6th last, when Sergeant Myers and Cutler's Squad arranged and superintended a military tournament, musical ride and dance at the Armory, which was largely attended and greatly enjoyed.

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During the winter we have had, as before, occasional lectures from Major Marshall who shares with our own officers the respect and, if I may say so, the affection of every man in this Troop. His lectures have been no formal or purely technical affair but have been given with a vividness, a wealth of humor and illustration, and a complete mastery of his subjects that have held the attention of every hearer. They have borne a great part in kindling the imagination and stimulating the interest of the whole organization in things military. The Major inspected us on February 17th and I think we pulled through, though I have not heard yet. This organization has been peculiarly fortunate in the regular officers that have been detailed for its instruction. I did not mention in connection with our summer manoeuvres Major Hedekin, who succeeded Captain Biddle as our instructor at Middleboro, and who is the chief of the cavalry department, division of militia affairs, at Washington. He did us all good, not only by his instruction and his kindly forbearance with our blunders, but by the example he set of what it is to be an officer and a gentleman.

During the year Lucius Barbour and George Cole have left us to take commissions in the infantry, Rawdon Myers has been appointed top sergeant, Frank Shearer quartermaster sergeant, vice Wainwright resigned. Frank Cheney and Cutler have risen from corporals to sergeants. Morgan Bulkeley and Gadd have been made corporals, and Dexter treasurer and lance corporal.

And so, gentlemen, the story of the year brings us down to tonight, almost to our third birthday as a national guard organization, but with considerably more than a century's history as an honored part of the military establishment of our State. For I should be recreant to my duties as a historian if I did not remind you, once again, at the risk of some repetition of a former history, that this organization of which we are now members had its real birth probably in pre-revolutionary days. There is some ground for thinking that it grew out of the custom of a number of gentlemen of this town riding out together to meet the governor of the colony, and later of the State, as he drove toward the city. At all events there appears to have been such a custom among the gentlemen riders of Hartford and in 1778 a definite association for this purpose was effected, and ten years later the charter we hold today was secured. This

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bodyguard of the governor has acted as escort to George Washington, the Marquis de Lafayette, Presidents Monroe, Jackson, Polk and Johnson, to Phil Sheridan, and General Sherman. There is a tradition that the Hartford Horsemen who later became the Horse Guards tried to get into the battle of Saratoga, but the Green Mountain Boys and their allies finished off Burgoyne too quickly and the battle was ended before we got there. Surely that old history is worth a thought, now and then. Let me express once more the hope that in the more affluent days which we trust will come, we may revive the old light dragoon uniform that beautified the persons of our predecessors.

But what is nearest is, after all, dearest, and the memories of these last three years are the memories we cherish tonight. Behind all the fun, and the work, there is a background of seriousness and not a little of the healthy sentiment that experiences shared with good friends in common engender. The ultimate purpose of this Troop is after all a stern one and it will sometime be put to the test. The friendships we have made here, in this little military democracy, if I may use a paradox, where money, position, all the fictitious standards of the outside world have no place, where a man stands for what he himself alone amounts to — those friendships are things that a historian cannot recount, but that each man realizes in his own experience.

For some of us this three-year term marks the end of active service. In their behalf — and my own — in closing let me quote the words of the Governor's old colleague as instructor in the Yale Law School, the Hon. Edward J. Phelps, when he bade farewell to England at the close of his ambassadorship to the Court of St. James. "‘Farewell,’ Sir," he said, "is a word often lightly uttered and readily forgotten. But when it marks the rounding off and completion of a chapter in life, the severance of ties many and cherished, and the parting with many friends at once . . . it sticks somewhat in the throat. It becomes indeed ‘the word that makes us linger.’ But it does not prompt many other words. . . . What goes without saying is better than what is said. Not much can be added to the old English word — ‘Good-bye.’"

The literary efforts of Sergeant Francis Parsons were not confined to the history which forms the preceding part of this

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chapter. His brief mention of the gallant last stand in Middleboro deserves the elaboration found in the following clipping from The Hartford Courant of August 23, 1913:—

HOW GALLANT TROOP B WAS ANNIHILATED AT THE BATTLE OF MIDDLEBORO

The Climax of the Recent Campaign of Mimic War in Massachusetts Described by One of the Participants—Boots and Saddles—The Camp at Night—The Skirmish and the Battle.

Even mimic warfare has its dramatic moments and furnishes its picturesque scenes that linger in the memory. To be sure there is no spice of real danger in the air. But there is the excitement of the contest, the interest of exploring unfamiliar country, of finding one's way by the map along unknown roads with a group of congenial comrades, all horsemen in this particular instance and keen on the game. There is, too, the desire to play this game well, to add to the reputation and efficiency of the organization to which one belongs, to outwit the other fellow who is coming against us along the same roads, with the same maps, but with a different band around his campaign hat, and who may be met at any turn or seen at any moment across the fields. It is impossible for a halting pen to give a real picture of any of the scenes and incidents, but perhaps a faint flavor of some may be caught.

Scene I

"Boots and Saddles" has sounded fifteen minutes ago and the troop is formed in column of twos along the crest of a sandy hillock, waiting to take its place in the march to the southward that is planned for that afternoon. The cavalry camps are all about us and now the squadrons from the different states move out to take their positions in the long column that is forming in the road in our front. There has been little rain in this country for a month and each advancing body of horsemen moves in a whirl of dust that seems for the moment to give the lie to the "light thin cloud" that the text-books tell us marching cavalry raise. The road is between us and the sun, and, as the hurrying figures go crowding past, they give the effect of silhouettes against that heavy curtain. It requires no very vivid imagination to picture that dust the smoke of battle and the constantly moving men and horses actors in a real drama of war. Fluttering guidons, rocking wagons, galloping messengers, trumpeters with their trumpets swinging at their backs, and behind all the long



Sergeants Hughes and Myers



Sergeant Gadd



Camp at Tispaquin

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procession of the rank and file pressing steadily forward, heads up, campaign hats pulled down in front—all black, changing shadows against that billowy, swirling veil. The whole reminds one instantly of illustrations in "The Long Roll" and "Cease Firing." But in a moment the captain's whistle sounds from the head of the troop and we ourselves move forward into the dimness of that murky cloud. The heat is wilting and the dust choking, but somehow the boyish fancies they say no one ever outgrows, lighten the discomfort and it is fun even to "pretend" that we are part of a big thing. This is the heat and dust of which we have read in tales and histories of war. This is part of the business of a real cavalryman.

Scene II

A cavalry camp, pitched in orderly haste by weary troopers at the end of a long, hot day. The acres of field and pasture, quiet and deserted a few hours ago, are filled to overflowing with lines of brown shelter tents, double rows of horses picketed head to head, wagons, mule-teams and men—men everywhere, hundreds of them, their faces tanned to as dark a brown as their uniforms. A half hour ago most of these men, an army of shining white figures, as naked as they were born, had been bathing in the near-by lake—an odd, primeval sight. Now the gathering twilight is dotted with spurts of yellow flame as they light the little fires to cook supper or, having disposed of that, hold flaring matches to pipes that are, very likely, the first smoke of the day. For this is the first leisure since five this morning, except for the bathing time.

It is the hour for rest, thoughtfulness or sociability, according to the promptings of one's nature. Before the colonel's tent the officers stand in a big semi-circle listening to his criticisms of the day's problems and his outline of tomorrow's. But if privates and non-coms. have more work, they have less responsibility, and now they may wander freely from the camp of one troop to that of another, finding old friends, making new ones. As the darkness deepens our Massachusetts brethren start a large camp fire and we visit them in a body, sing them our repertoire of topical songs and dry our change of underclothes, which we have washed in the lake, at their hospitable blaze. But the day's work has been hard and there will be harder riding tomorrow and most of the troopers are ready to turn in even before the trumpet calls. Strolling along the shelter tents on our way back we find the men everywhere singing, talking in little groups, smoking alone or in company, some already asleep. On the picket lines the horses are quietly feeding and over all rises a strange hum and stir in the air—the indescribable, composite voice of the camp. Except for the orderliness of everything it seems like a great gypsy caravan at rest.

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It is probably a good thing for the character to know occasionally what intense hunger, intense thirst, intense physical weariness are. In acquiring such knowledge one incidentally discovers that a great many things that we generally take for granted—a glass of cold water, for instance,—are matters of very vital concern. On this night the water ran short and many men walked two miles for a drink of good water. To be physically “all in” is another thing. There is a certain satisfaction in being so tired that you roll yourself in your blanket on the ground under your little tent, without other preliminaries than the loosening of shoe-lacings, and become at once unconscious in sleep. And if you chance to wake in the night it is a singularly comforting experience to gaze up at the stars and the trees above you,—for you should sleep with your head at the open end of your tent,—to see the long line of resting horses and the guard’s lantern as he goes steadily back and forth. At such times the details of your business seem like something you were familiar with in another life; the little worries of your ordinary existence appear like things that may have mattered long ago, but are of no present importance. In the hush of the midnight one understands the feelings that prompted that fine Scotch soldier, Sir Ian Hamilton, on receiving in the Manchurian wilds a gossipy, frivolous letter from London, to confide to his note-book the fact that he thanked God that most of his life had been spent in camps.

Scene III

War had begun at one o’clock. It is now half-past three and our cavalry patrol of six men and two non-commissioned officers, flung far out to the left and front of our “Red” forces, is approaching the neighborhood of the “Blue” enemy. Rumors are coming in thick and fast. Returning scouts we encounter tell us of “solitary horsemen”—like the heroes of G. P. R. James’ novels—seen up side roads, and the scouts “thought” they had blue hat bands. Soon we meet a motor filled with grinning sightseers yelling to us that some of our enemies are just ahead at a crossroads. A trolley car passes and the conductor, in answer to our hail, holds up five fingers and volunteers the information that “they are right at the top of the hill.”

The road is a winding one; we cannot see far ahead but the map shows a crossroads on top of a slight rise a quarter of a mile in front of us. Suddenly, out of a narrow way coming in from the right appear a corporal and four men of our sister troop from New Haven who bring our force up to thirteen—an unlucky number, but never mind. As we trot forward our plan is hastily laid. We will rush these five Blues, capture them, and return in triumph to our camp with our prisoners, thereby acquiring much glory with our equals and merit with our superiors.

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"Come on fellows! Watch out now. Every man on the job!"

But there is little need of the exhortation. Every one is eager and alert. We advance at a brisk trot and the road unwinds before us. The up-grade appears but the highway curves to the left around a thick pine grove and we cannot see the top. Is it possible the Blues will ambuscade us from these woods? Probably not—the correct thing for them to do if hidden would be to let us go past without a shot—but one can never tell. We draw pistols, pull back our point to fifty yards and hurry on, half expecting to hear the bang of a rifle from among the pines on our left. But we come safely past the grove and find ourselves with hearts beating a trifle more rapidly than usual, right on the crossroads where a white country church stands opposite an old farm house and a store. It is a perfectly placid, peaceful scene. Some children are playing on the grass before the church. We ask the oldest boy where the Blue soldiers are.

"Oh, them?" he inquires, in surprise, "Sure—they was here for a minute or two, but they beat it back quite some time ago."

Scene IV

In the streets of the town itself the battle of Middleboro, the climax of the week's campaign, is on, in as deadly earnest as is possible in mimic warfare. It had been expected that the fight would develop in the open country to the east and south of Middleboro, but the enterprising Blues have somehow got ahead of the program and we hear that their advance guards occupied the town last night. In any case they are now holding fast to part of it and we, the cavalry, who since early morning have executed a wide turning movement around the Blue right, find ourselves bunched in unfamiliar streets where such advantage as our horses give us is largely neutralized. Behind us and to our right we know our infantry is advancing. As we had converged upon the town earlier in the day we had come upon long columns of them, filling all the main roads as far back as we could see pressing steadily forward, seemingly interminable, the scarlet in the hats giving a brilliant touch of color to the scene. The march of such an army most of us had never witnessed and it was not without its impressiveness. At present we judge from the firing that these good fellows are coming into action somewhere off on our right. The scattering fire of skirmishers in that direction has been constant for some time and now, apparently from the neighborhood of the railroad station, come the crashes of volleys. Many of the cavalry have dismounted and are cautiously exploring on foot the shady streets to our left and front. The Connecticut squadron, detailed to guard the led horses, remains mounted and the different platoons, posted at

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strategic street corners, await developments. From moment to moment, as we wait, the firing increases in volume and comes nearer, but no one can tell us how the battle goes. Some of the dismounted squads come running back and hastily get into their saddles. A sense that the situation is critical is in the air. Suddenly comes the order to advance.

"Forward-ho-o-o! Column right-ho-o-o!"

From the corner where our platoon is posted a street leads off to the right. As we turn into it, it seems a peaceful, quiet enough street, but the news an excited small boy shouts to our lieutenant somehow changes its character immediately.

"Say — dey's a whole bunch of Blue fellers comin' right down de road. Dey's right around de turn ahead — Look out fer yerselves!"

Two hundred yards in advance of us is a street corner where a trolley track lies, but no cars are passing for traffic is at a standstill. Another two hundred yards beyond this corner our street turns, and on a sudden the leading files make out a dim, crouching figure stealing around the curve. Another follows and disappears behind a tree trunk. An instant later the report of a rifle reverberates down the street and a thin, bluish haze spreads in front of the far-off tree. It is all so real that one involuntarily listens for the whine of the bullet. Another shot sounds and another. The blue haze thickens at the turn of the street. As we go on the running crouching figures ahead of us multiply incredibly.

Just this side of the cross street where the trolley runs there is a momentary halt. How many of the enemy are ahead of us? What are we to do? In real warfare horses would be shot here each instant and men would be dropping fast. If we charge can we go through these Blues, or will we be sacrificed? It depends on how many of them there are and that no one knows. A Rhode Island troop that has fallen in behind us turns about and starts back, but even as it does so a messenger brings an order from the colonel to us to push on. We are only one platoon — a handful — can we break through, or even stem the advance of these Blue marksmen?

The lieutenant pulls his pistol and turns in his saddle toward us.

"Draw pistols! Forward; ho-o-o! Trot — gallop — charge!"

We are off — clattering across the car tracks, pistols held vertically at the shoulder, horses straining ahead, gathering speed each instant — a handful of heroes, a forlorn hope. For as the street is disclosed before us it fairly swarms with Blue infantry and they open on us with a whirlwind of fire, pumping the rapid-fire rifles as fast as they can work them. As we go on we can see them taking to the sidewalks, jumping into the front yards

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where our horses can not reach them, firing from behind fences, trees and telephone poles.

"Hey — you on the right!" yells our lieutenant. "Keep that horse back! Don't get ahead. Take the pace from me!"

It is hard to obey, for the horses, racing side by side in sets of four, are as excited as the men. Faster, faster they go. Now we are almost on the enemy, firing pistols, cheering, rushing still forward, the air vibrating with the fusilade. We see enough of the swiftly-shooting Blues to know that the game is hopeless, but at least we will die valiantly. Forward — forward — fire at will — hurrah!

In an instant the end comes. Just before we reach the first of the infantry an umpire rides into the roadway before us holding up his hand. It is all over. We are annihilated.

F. P.

XI

ALL ROADS LEAD TO HAMPTON

NINETEEN FOURTEEN

Captain Howard, our guests and Troop B:

Our late historian, Francis Parsons, has just missed being consigned to the famous company of the Ananias Club. One day last spring he met the speaker, and informed him that he had been elected historian of Troop B. He was informed that no notice had been sent of such action, and in very polite language was told that he certainly must be mistaken. However, the other day on looking over the troop scrap book, we find a letter from Francis Parsons addressed to "Dear Jim" in which a sentence reads: "I think Bob Gadd was elected historian, but the records do not show it." It seems to me that our friend, Parsons, was trying to put something over, but as long as he calls himself in one of his own histories an "Alter Ego" we will let it go at that.

A deacon once asked a man if he had a license to preach. His reply was that the idea was quite absurd, and that those who have to listen are the only ones capable of judging. So it is not a question whether I have a license to be your historian, but simply a matter if you are willing to listen.

However I may like all these nice details, I am at a loss to know why this should be unless I am what the fable writer calls "a willing worker." This brings to my mind one night in the Marlborough Camp when part of the Troop was on a very long and tedious patrol which involved being away from the Troop overnight. We made camp about 10 o'clock, and were due to be called about 2:30 with a $\frac{3}{4}$ hour guard duty in between. Our friend, Dexter, forgot who his successor on the picket line was so he promptly woke up Gadd, and I do not think Edgar Waterman guarded anything but his sleep the balance of the week.

This history or narrative of our year's doings properly begins at the middle of our last annual dinner, February 27, 1914. The dinner was notable for a good many things, but one of the

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pleasant surprises of the affair was the fact that we were not called upon to contribute towards refitting the Golf Club, which shows that the efficiency of the Troop is improving along all lines. It might be worthy of note, however, that the committee kept an eye on Dick Deming throughout the whole evening.

The early part of last April was probably the busiest time in the history of our Troop. It was the time of the annual Mexican war scare. Anson McCook's office was a hive of industry. He was writing the last will and testament of nearly every man in the Troop. To his credit be it said that in case of intervention his services were at the disposal of any trooper gratis. I called at the dental emporium of Doc Bailey and had my own molars put in first class shape, and was told that the charge was nothing. After giving the Doc due thanks I said, "Doc, I will tell the rest of the boys about this and send them in." With a kindly smile our fattest trooper replied, "Well, I guess most all of them have already been in," (This little bit of advertising, Doc, is all free.)

Every time two troopers met it was a case of are you all ready, old man. One trooper's reply reminded me of the coon at the time of the Spanish-American War who, when asked if he was going to enlist, said, "I guess not. Don't you know them Spaniards have guns that will shoot eight miles and then throw rocks at you for half an hour?"

Meeting the Captain as he was leaving a Thé Dansant on one Saturday P. M., he whispered, "Get ready for next Tuesday." It was a very serious time though, and especially as on April 21 our gallant marines landed on Mexican soil at Vera Cruz under fire. It was then simply a case of how many days before we were to go to Niantic.

According to war department plans, New England was to furnish a regiment of Cavalry in which one squadron was to come from Connecticut. Major Marshall was to command this regiment with Captain Howard as Lieutenant Colonel. In making up the squadron, Troop B was to form the skeleton of two troops, B and D, and they were to be officered as follows: B Troop, Captain J. H. K. Davis, Lieutenants Myers and Pope; D Troop, Captain C. D. Cheney and Lieutenants M. G. Bulkeley, Jr., and Westbrook. The non-commissioned officers were all assigned.

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On April 28 the Veterans of Troop B met at the Armory and made arrangements to take care of our private armory if the Troop should be called into active service. This action on the part of the Veterans was deeply appreciated.

Lieutenant Davis secured an option on 150 horses, and every trooper obligated himself to pay from his own pocket the difference between the cost of the animals and the sum allowed by the government.

Mediation, however, came on April 26, and we gradually settled down to our normal ways and are still on the soil of old U. S. A.

On May 16 we had our annual field day on the range at East Haven. We all went down Friday P. M., and had a night in our pyramidal tents. East Haven in May is on a par with South Manchester for cold nights. Most of the bunch visited the big camp fire at frequent intervals during the arctic evening.

On Saturday night, the 30th of May, Lieutenant Cheney, First Sergeant Myers, Sergeants Pope, Cheney and Westbrook, Corporal Mills and Lance Corporals Wainright, Moore, Seymour, Stewart and Bidwell took the sleeper for a week's duty at Fort Ethan Allen in the school of instruction for officers and non-commissioned officers of Cavalry. They traveled in company with the men of Troop A, and reached Essex Junction very early Sunday morning. A great surprise was in store for a young lady in charge of the lunch counter at the railroad station who did not seem equal to the occasion of serving eats for the hungry troopers, but under the leadership of Sergeant Myers as chef a very palatable breakfast was had.

In the course of time Captain Roberts of the 2d Cavalry met them at the station, and saw that they were safely delivered at Fort Ethan Allen. Our men were quartered with the machine gun platoon. They were then assigned their horses and their "dog robbers."

The only work Sunday was a setting down ride to get acquainted and to try out horses, etc.

On Monday the real work of instruction began. The day would start with a hard drill. Then a lecture on hippology by Major Marshall and the post veterinarian. In the afternoon the school of equitation and first aid to the injured. It was on Monday afternoon that the men were introduced to the in-

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comparable Lieutenant John A. Barry from Tennessee by G—. The Lieutenant has a very carrying voice and a very beautiful flow of language, and you bet he is a very fine officer and horseman. The Lieutenant evidently made a hit with our troopers paying especial attention to Cy Seymour.

He had the troop drawn around him giving them instructions on how to turn a horse on his fore hand. Seymour was very busy admiring the distant hills of old Vermont when the Lieutenant said sharply, "Say you Sergeant, Corporal or whatever in Hell you are, why don't you pay attention to me? Now, what was I saying?"

Seymour replied, "I was paying attention, sir. You were talking about turning a horse on his four in hand."

The Lieutenant said, "All right, come out here and show us."

All Cy did was to demonstrate that it could not be done. The Lieutenant then said in choice Tennysean, "I want you men to understand that I do not come out here just for the pleasure of exercising my voice."

At another time John A. said, "Sergeant Myers, what leg is that horse leading off with?" Sergeant Myers said, "The left. No, sir, I mean the right." When John A. remarked, "Fine, but you have only two guesses."

It is well to say right here that our men were much pleased at being the guests of Captain Roberts' Troop, and when they left they decided that the Captain's Troop certainly had a good cook.

The evenings were generally spent in the great American game of draw poker with the 2d Cavalrymen as hosts and chief extractors.

Sergeant Hughes acted as chief of staff for the Troop B non coms, and he saw that the men were well taken care of.

The tour of duty ended up with a dinner at Burlington, which will be remembered by our men for many a long day.

As Sergeant Parsons would say, to most people August 8 was like any other Saturday in midsummer. The day was hot; the sun was parching up the August grass. The little brooks went rippling through the meadows. Now and then a horse neighed; while most all living creatures in the field sought the sheltering shade of secluded spots. The brakeman in East

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Hartford had his toe pinched, and the usual fire occurred at Windsor and Pleasant Streets; but halt, not so at the Troop B Armory, for there all was like a bee hive but everything was in perfect order. Every man in place, even Art Allen was ready for the order: "Fall In," for the hour of our annual hike was at hand. While our gallant Captain was eating his luncheon, Lieutenant Davis moved us out on schedule time. We had 51 enlisted men and 3 officers. We picked up the Captain at Prospect Avenue, and soon shook the jeers of the Front Street boys and the dirt of Hartford.

After crossing the Connecticut River Bridge we sent out our advance guard and flankers, and the war game was on. All went well, and when the sun hung low (*à la Parsons*) in the western hills around Farmington and the Heublein Tower, we reached our first camp ground at Willimantic Reservoir.

With our customary celerity, we soon had things in order, and from Doc Dean's kitchen tent came odors which soon took the fatigue out of our bones and made us feel once more like real men.

Right here a great surprise was in store for one of your Corporals. After the speaker had brought in the advance guard, he was ordered to pitch his tent and report to the Captain for further orders. On doing so he was turned over to Lieutenant Beck of the 2d Cavalry, our private observer and instructor. Now I had never seen Lieutenant Beck and supposed he wished a tent put up or some water to freshen himself up with. Imagine my surprise when he looked me right in the eye and calmly said, "Now, Corporal, tell me what you know about outpost duty and the orders for outpost guards."

Well, right here I was reminded of a little incident which occurred to me when I took an examination in arithmetic for admission to college. When a bald headed, red whiskered instructor landed on duties, and asked me what was the difference between specific and ad valorem and I remember very well I was sitting on the answer but he kept his eye on me, and I could not get at it. When he finished, without even a smile, he said, "Mr. Gadd, I do not think you know very much about duties." He had struck me on the one thing in the book I did not know.

Well, in the case of Lieutenant Beck, I recall very vividly that I had Major Marshall's orders for outguards in my saddle



C. D. Cheney

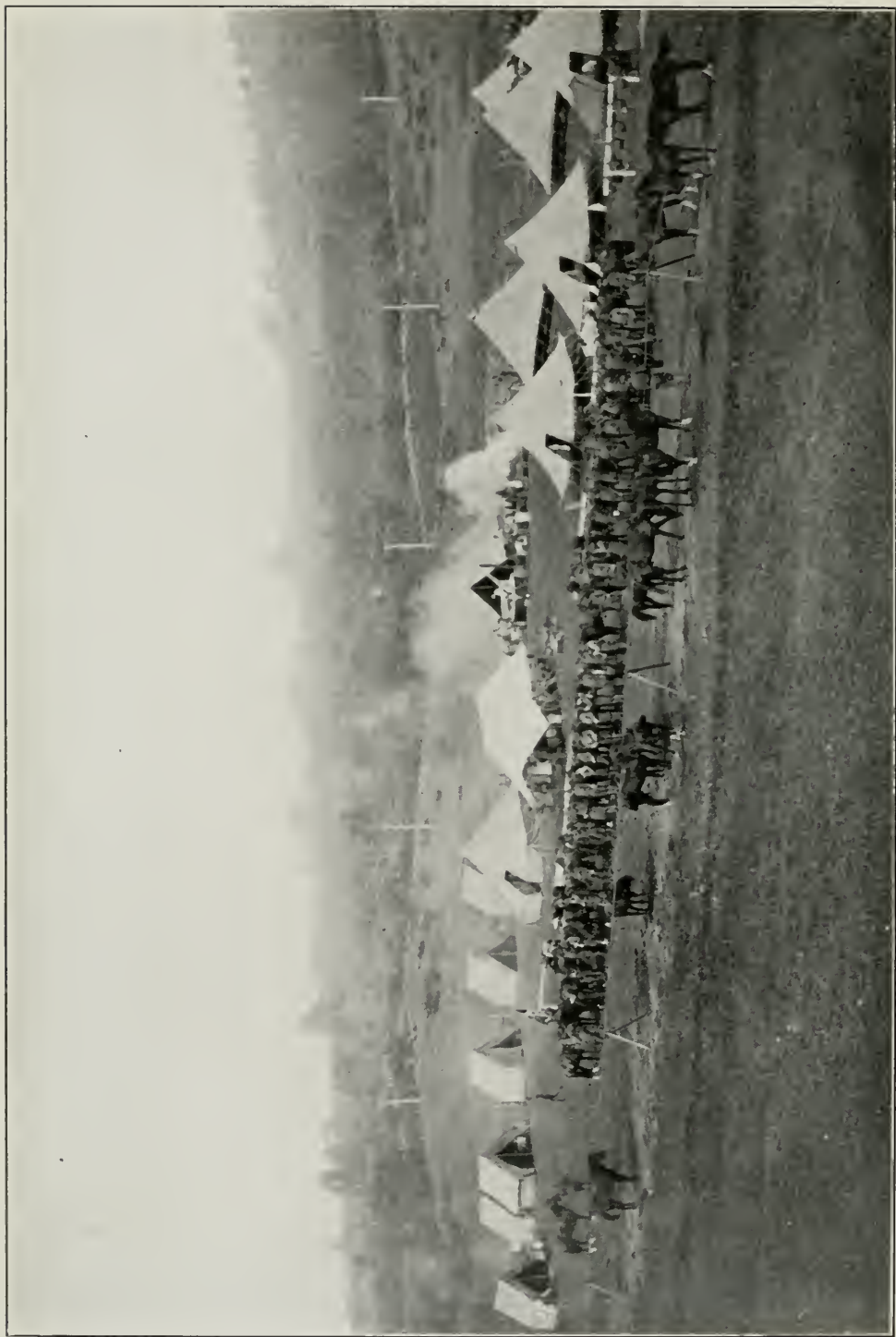
Davis

An Evening Meal

Cole

Howard

Beck



Troop B at Hampton

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bag, but they were not within reach and hence of no avail. However, we certainly tried to make a good bluff, and gave him, as we might say, the sense of the duty, which in a measure seemed to satisfy the Lieutenant. He very mercifully refrained from expressing any opinion as to my knowledge of the subject. Five other Corporals, however, immediately got busy with their books.

On looking over Sergeant Myers' morning reports for our first night at Bolton, he fails to mention anything specific about the movements of Aninger and Walsh. The officer of the day made inquiries of the Corporal of the guard with the following result. Walsh was found under a nearby tree, and stated he could not get air enough in his tent. While later on, Aninger was discovered beneath one of the wagons guarding Jennie, one of Edward Balf's mules.

On Sunday we had a particularly long and hard ride, as it was one of the hottest days of the summer and we were in the saddle from 8 A. M. until nearly night. However, we arrived at our permanent camp in due time, and were complimented on the condition of our men and horses. It was a thirsty lot of troopers, and the kindness of Troop A, who had arrived the day before, in furnishing us with a barrel of lemonade was certainly appreciated. Tom Stewart tried to drink it all, but was the only one to suffer by it.

After getting our camp in shape and eating off a regular camp table which was a great improvement on our previous methods, we hit the hay early.

Monday was a busy day, the non-coms taking a tactical ride under Lieutenant Beck, and the rest of the bunch digging pits, putting up saddle racks, etc.

Tuesday our real maneuvers started. We were sent to Westminster and told to resist all hostile patrols. The Troop was divided in three combat patrols under the command of Lieutenants Davis and Cheney and First Sergeant Myers. Let us state right here that this year we were the Blues, and we certainly had it in our make up to stop everything with a red hat band on.

It would perhaps be a little tiresome to go into all the details which happened during this week, and I will only mention a few of the more notable events.

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We saw on this day no real fighting, and for causes best known to themselves, but very well settled in our own minds, the Reds chose not to attack Troop B. However, they went at Troop A with hammer and tongs, but did not succeed in getting through their lines, owing to the fact that Captain Howard was in command of the blue forces and his disposition of them was up to his usual standard for efficiency and farsightedness.

The only rain which occurred on our hike, of course took place this night much to the discomfort of the Red forces so they immediately went into camp. Not so, however, with the Blues, who were right on their job every minute. Major Marshall and one of his observers, Captain Waterman, M. C., tried to pass through Sergeant Myers' outpost, but of course were discovered and the Captain was forced to dismount from his automobile and be identified to the intense gratification of the entire patrol.

Myers' platoon seems to have had the cinch, as they took possession of Jones' Barracks, and through the kind hospitality of Mrs. Jones and her married daughter, had all their meals cooked and served to them on real plates with hot coffee on the side. Some people never have any luck!

Goody Markham and Art Parsons offered themselves as a special guard over Mrs. Jones' daughter, but were turned down by the lady saying that Parsons was too small and Markham no good.

Some of our rookies on this night displayed great judgment. Eddie Mahl wanted to know if they did not call maneuvers off during the rain. Sweeney lost his horse, and on walking back to the commander of the patrol was halted and said "Sweeney" six times before the first word of the challenger was out.

Then, too, Dean had an excellent position for a sentinel at a junction of two roads. About 3 A. M. on inspecting his post, his challenge was very weak. Something like the old darkey who was taken to a hospital for an operation. He was put to bed and given an enema. Some little time after another nurse came along and not knowing the first one had been given promptly injected a second one. After a while a soft knock was heard at the door and that coon said weakly, "Who goes dar, friend or enema?"

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Our Captain, acting as Colonel commanding the Blue Army, had his headquarters in one of Connecticut's finest barns, and was prepared to receive all messages on a bed of sweet-smelling, new-mown hay.

However, the next day events in good shape happened. When we assembled at Westminster Church, we were given our orders to break through the Red lines and demolish the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Of course, we do not like to throw bouquets at ourselves, but if it had been real war, the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Company would probably still be busy repairing their lines.

We were sailing through the woods around Hampton when Major Marshall came tearing along in an automobile followed by our Captain Waterman, and we had to halt. I think we were making too good time. At any rate when just within sight of the railroad, we were ordered to turn back and fight the Reds, who were some ten miles behind. We soon found them, and I give you my word that they were properly entrenched, and after using up a good quantity of the state's maneuver ammunition we were called off and I believe the decision was then in favor of the Reds. But I must say that had there been real bullets, I do not doubt that we would have pushed them down to Willimantic before nightfall.

On our way to the railroad, we had several pretty good scares. Dick Moore at one time saw the whole Red Army, and we dismounted to fight them on foot, and on running about half a mile we found that the Red Army was a country maiden with a red hat on. Dick evidently saw more than double. At another time we took Ole Anse McCook for an advance guard, and he almost got shot.

Well, when we got back to camp along towards evening, the camp tents certainly looked like home. Doc Dean and John Gusky were right there with a big dinner.

John Gusky had been up all night peeling potatoes. Every time weariness and sleep crept over him Sergeant Cutler would start up: "The Eagles they fly high in Mobile," and John immediately was all attention and yelled out the chorus of that beautiful ballad in approved Troop B fashion.

It was on this night that a little incident occurred which should be told. The Corporal of the guard found Trooper Allen

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on his post guarding the picket line armed with a pitch fork. The Corporal complimented Allen on his work in keeping the hay under the horses' heads, when Allen replied that the pitch fork was not for that purpose, but that he had been attacked from the rear and his lantern smashed. It is needless to say that his light burned brightly the remainder of his duty and he was not molested in any way.

Thursday we went through the instructions as to how to escort a convoy, and on Friday the problem was to convoy a baggage train from Hampton to Scotland Center. This proved to be the real battle day, and it was hard fighting from almost the time we left camp. Troop B being the rear guard was given the task of holding back the enemy, and we did it with our lives. The verdict was that Troop B was annihilated, but that convoy train reached our men at Willimantic without any trouble.

We had with us on this day the governors of three states, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. For their benefit there was a very beautiful cavalry charge. It was a most inspiring sight, and we think nothing in the present war in Europe could exceed it for bravery and daring. Seven troops of cavalry charged up a hill with five troops lined up on both sides of the road behind solid stone walls.

On Saturday morning we had a review for the three governors, and we have had it on good authority that Troop B outdid itself working like the four troops of regulars which were in this review. Several troopers from the Massachusetts cavalry gave an exhibition during the review of wild horse-back riding, but as it was not on the program it did not take well with the army officers.

This was getaway day for most of the troops, but as the railway facilities were limited, Troop B waited until Sunday morning before breaking camp.

Watching Art Allen fold his blanket one morning recalled to my mind the days of the old Middleboro Campaign. When about the fifth day Allen was found attempting to fold his saddle blanket, and finally called for assistance. After telling him to first double it lengthwise, so the fold will come between the "U" and "S," the folded corner in left hand; take the folded corner between the thumb and forefinger of the



Repelling the Charge



Photo
"Quincy"
10

"2nd U.S. CAVALRY CAMP"
HAMPTON, CONN. 1914

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right hand, thumb pointing to the left; slip the left hand down the folded edge two-thirds its length and seize it with the thumb and second finger; raise the hands to the height of the shoulders, the blanket between them extended; bring the hands together, the double fold falling outward; pass the folded corner from the right hand to the left hand between the thumb and forefinger, slip the second finger to the right hand between the folds. "Do you follow me, Art?" "Yes," says Art, "but if you leave me here I'll never find my way out."

At the beginning of the maneuvers in our orders it was stated that Major Marshall would give as a prize a silver guidon ring for the troop making the best showing in the week's work. It is needless to say that Troop B was out to win this prize, although we went to camp with only fifty-one enlisted men. Late Friday afternoon assembly was sounded, and our Captain stood before us with this ring and read its inscription: "Awarded to Troop B Cavalry, C. N. G., for superior showing in these great military qualities, Discipline, Horsemanship, Sanitary Care and Tactical Efficiency, Joint Camp, 1st Cavalry District, 1914." Cheers were given which sounded far over Hampton Hills. We were a happy lot, and we felt proud of our officers and proud of our showing, and to our officers we must give the credit.

The question of how to properly celebrate this event and still hold our military discipline was a vexing one. However some of the old guards met in Ward 8, and did a little private celebrating by the side of the old cornfield. After the celebrating ammunition had run out, it was decided to hold a little initiation, so adjournment was taken to the old mill.

The Lodge of Initiation was duly formed, opened and declared ready for business with Sergeant Hughes as High Priest; Phil Wainwright, Chief of Exercises; Doc Bailey, Equerry to the High Priest; Morgan Bulkeley, Chaplain; Bus Whitmore, Captain of the Guard and Aninger and Walsh, Strong Arm Squad, with Markham as General Utility Man. The rookies in waiting were then put through the initiation in due and ancient form, after which they were declared members in good standing. I should mention, however, that one neophyte did not take the water to the satisfaction of the Equerry to the High Priest, Doc Bailey, so the Doc waded right in with him full rigged.

But by looking over our roster now I think the Lodge had

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better get busy very soon. This was also the night that Art Allen showed us how a real cavalryman could sleep with only the stars for a covering.

Our evenings in camp have always been such as would delight the heart of any man with red blood in his veins. Who can not recall our spirited songs; who will ever forget Jake Walsh reciting that touching ballad: "Her face was engraved on the Bar Room Floor."

At this joint camp one squadron of the second Cavalry U. S. A., was present, and together with the Conn. troops made up the Blue Army. During the maneuvers we made very good friends with these second cavalymen, and when a few days after our return from camp they spent a night in Hartford, camping on the State Armory parade grounds, we did our best to show them Hartford. While the officers of the Squadron were being entertained at the Hartford Club, a bunch of non-coms were our guests at Harry Bond's. Well, we delivered them at their quarters safely in the early hours of the morning, but for myself I would not have appreciated a thirty-mile hike the next day.

On Sunday morning we struck camp, and after stopping in Hampton long enough to give three cheers and a tiger for Major Marshall, we entrained and in due time reached Hartford. We made our usual record for detraining, and soon found ourselves in our Armory, where with a few kind and encouraging words from the Captain about what good fellows we were, we were dismissed. This closed another drill season.

During the summer, interest in our work was not allowed to lag for after our hike in August, we had target practice in September and on the 26th we had a shoot at East Haven with 35 men present. This was preliminary to our picking a team for the state shoot which occurred on October 1 and 2. We represented the cavalry in the state shoot on the 1st, and while we did not win a prize, we were tied for first place on the last range, but this being our first experience in this match, we naturally were a little nervous and so lost out. We certainly threw a scare in the rest of those teams, and during the coming season we hope to carry off some prizes.

This state team was composed of Whitmore, Wainwright, Moore, Pease, Mills, Westbrook, Bulkeley and Gadd.

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On the 2d the Company team matches A and B were held. In the A match, Whitmore, Wainwright, Moore, Mills, Westbrook and Gadd took second place; while in the B match the so-called Midnight Squad of Haviland, Shearer, Parsons, Dickenson, Williams and Myers took first place, winning the silver cup which we now hold.

In the revolver matches, Gadd and Moore won Cole medals.

Our shooting this year brought us a figure of merit of 78.94 which won for us for the third time the Bronze shield for unattached organizations.

On October 23 preparatory to the opening of our Fall Drill season we had a dinner and smoker at the Country Club. It was a very pleasant party and brought the active men and vets together and old times and experiences were lived over again.

The affair, however, had one sad note in it, for on this occasion Major F. C. Marshall said farewell to us. He had been our Federal Inspector for three years. Most of the time he had lived here in Hartford with us, and we had learned to love him, not only for his many superior qualities as an instructor and soldier, but for his worth as a true man and friend. He has left a place here in our hearts, and I know that no member of the Troop will ever forget him. But all good things must end, and it is all part of a soldier's work, so God light him on his way.

While we speed the parting guest, it is also fitting that we welcome the new. So here's to you, Captain Roberts, and may your stay with us be a bright and happy time.

On October 25 we had our annual church service at Trinity Church, Rev. Dr. Miel, rector. We paraded down Farmington Avenue. To see our troopers on parade in their dress uniforms always reminds me of a little incident that occurred in Washington.

The Governor of one of our states was in the inaugural parade. He was at the head of his State's troops, and riding down Pennsylvania Avenue. To the plaudits of the multitude he was bowing right and left, his face covered with smiles. An old colored mammy standing on the street looked at him and remarked, "Deed, dat geneman don't think no harm of hisself."

Our Federal Inspection took place on January 12, 1915. At the conclusion of the inspection our Federal Inspector, Captain

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Roberts, gave us a little talk, and while criticizing some of our work he complimented us most highly upon the general condition of the Troop and especially the condition of our equipment and the manner in which it was prepared for inspection. He must have made a very flattering report to the Federal Government for since that time our Captain has received a letter from Major General Wood thanking us for the interest which the Troop took in its work and expressing to us his appreciation.

These statistics may be of some interest. Between our last annual dinner, February 27, 1914, and April 14, 1915, we have lost by discharge thirty-one men. During this time we have enlisted forty-four men. At our lowest ebb last April we had three officers and fifty-two enlisted men, while at the present time we have eighty-one enlisted men and three officers.

Last August there appeared in the daily papers a notice that one Thomas Collins had been arrested and placed in the guard house. A message marked urgent was immediately dispatched to Haviland, Captain of the Stingaree Squad. The following answer was received.

“Your message regarding the taking of one Thomas Collins received. Squad of Stingarees immediately mobilized and took action with such good results that several of the above named have already been taken. The action, however, is still going on but before we finish we hope there will be none left. (Signed) Haviland.”

There is one little spot in the history of Troop B where it is well to shed a little light. Sergeant Parsons told you that Markham raffled off old Skiddo. He did not tell you that lots were drawn down at Bond's Grill Room. He did not tell you that about one-half of the Troop had a dinner at the expense of the winner, and he did not tell you that the Troop had a poet in it. But listen to the telegram which reached the writer after traveling over the whole of three of our Maryland counties.

Mr. Bob Gadd: February 4, 1914.

Thank you for the oysters
Thank you for the lobsters
Thank you for the stingaree
You are the best sir
That we ever did see, sir,
For you are the winner by G—
No. 94 wins Skiddo.

(signed) Troop B.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO HAMPTON

The W. U. Telegraph Company called me on the telephone and said they had a message from Troop B. I remarked that I guessed we were ordered out for Mexico, and was somewhat agreeably surprised when its contents finally dawned upon me. I think, however, that I recognized the fine Italian hand of S. F. Westbrook.

Every great movement in the world's history has been typical of the men at the head of that movement. Napoleon's character, determination, courage and dash were reflected in the legions who followed in his triumphant march. And the forces which endured the hardships, the defeats and the ultimate victory only reflected the patience, determination and bravery of our great American General, George Washington. So it has been with this Troop. Whatever measure of success it has attained, and we are told it has achieved some success; whatever measure of efficiency we have reached, and they tell us we are efficient; whatever joys we have had, and we know we have had them, is but the reflection of those three real men, our beloved officers, Captain Howard and Lieutenants Davis and Cheney.

They have given so much of their time to the service of the Troop, taken so much interest in every member of the Troop that its morale, its esprit de corps, its hang-together, is due solely to their efforts. And I know of no organization where a better feeling exists, where there is stronger cohesion, where there is a greater willingness to help one another.

Gentlemen, work is a pleasure if you tackle it right. Service today in the organized militia is work, but the three years I have spent in it, the work has been a pleasure. It is beyond my comprehension how any able bodied citizen can keep from identifying himself with the Militia. The work is interesting, instructive and helpful. If the National Guard can bring those facts before the public, if it can impress them upon it, if it can show them that these things are true — that service is not only a duty and a privilege but a pleasure — we shall go a long ways toward preparing our country for any real danger.

The annual dinner at which the preceding history was read by Sergeant Robert F. Gadd was honored by the presence of

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Major General Leonard Wood, senior officer of the United States Army and America's foremost advocate of practical preparedness. The strict censorship imposed upon army officers by the proclamation of neutrality forbade a frank discussion by him of the war conditions in Europe, but after the dinner trusty members of the Troop were assembled in the Library of the Hartford Club where General Wood entertained them into the wee hours of the morning with first-hand information in regard to the war.

In the proposed expansion into two troops the tentative commissioned and non-commissioned personnel submitted to the Adjutant General for consideration was as follows:—

	Troop B	Troop D
Captain	J. H. K. Davis	C. D. Cheney,
1st Lieutenant	R. W. Myers	M. G. Bulkeley, Jr.
2d “	Harold L. Pope	S. F. Westbrook
1st Sergeant	Gadd, Robert F.	Sheldon, Curtis L.
Q. M. “	Shearer, Francis J.	Cutler, Ralph D.
Sergeant	Dickenson, Edwin C.	Cheney, Austin
“	Dexter, A. Morton	Mills, H. Wyckoff
“	Haviland, Winthrop A.	O'Connor, Roderick
“	Whitmore, Harold B.	Williams, George A.
“	Alton, C. DeLancey	Cutter, John D., Jr.
“	Parsons, Arthur E.	Wainwright, Philip S.
Corporal	Moore, Richard E.	Reynolds, Harry W.
“	Bridgman, Robt. L., Jr.	Woolley, Fred F.
“	Pease, Maurice H.	Morrow, Paul S.
“	Eddy, E. Welles	Eaton, William S.
“	Rankin, Alfred E.	Bailey, Frank J.
“	Whitaker, Geo. H., Jr.	Cheney, George W.

XII

PUTTING RHODE ISLAND ON THE MAP

NINETEEN FIFTEEN

"Arma Virumque cano," said the ancient Virgil, I sing of arms and men. So it is again my privilege to sing of the deeds at arms of the valiant men of Troop B.

"Gallia est divisa in partes tres," said our warlike old friend Cæsar, and so, as all Gaul was divided into three parts, our year is divided into the drill season, the hike season, and the dinner season.

But as I cannot sing on the same key as Virgil, nor divide ancient Gaul or even fight on the same plane as Cæsar, I will offer my explanation as to why a plain dough boy is writing the history of a cavalry troop. Now it is a strange thing what one will do in his enthusiasm. With the memory of the painful efforts I made last year still fresh before me, I let your Commanding Officer cajole me into taking another try at it. Now we know that distance lends enchantment to the view, and with this festive occasion nearly a year off, it looked very good to me. Now you know we always think we can improve, but some of us do not realize we are has beens. At the present writing I feel something like the aeronaut when he fell out of his balloon and struck the earth with his usual dull thud. He remarked it was a hard, hard world. However, they say that love is best shown in sacrifice — so let it be.

Our historical year, of course, begins with our annual dinner. This affair took place *April 17, 1915*. I do not think any of us that attended will be likely to forget it. Especially the officers and non-coms. After listening to our Governor who told us he thought we were all right, we had Major General Wood, who told us of the needs of the country from the viewpoint of a military expert.

We missed the bon mots of Francis Parsons and the cheer of Henry Perkins, but still the affair passed off with the usual Troop B snap. The special treat to the officers and N. C. O., however, came after the dinner when we adjourned to the library where General Wood talked to us for two hours.

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

For many of us and especially the officers, May 10, 1915, is a very important date, for on this day our bill to reimburse us for money spent to build our armory was reported favorably by the State Senate committee. A few days later a bill was passed giving us \$20,000, to partially pay us. While this was not all we asked or hoped for, it was a big help. Some of our fair suffragettes, however, were very much dismayed and piqued that the State should turn down a woman's reformatory, and take this action to provide, so they said, a place for wealthy young men to ride around on horseback and feel something like soldiers. So it is never safe to suppose, however pleasant it may be to believe, that nobody is pitying us. Either of his own knowledge or his ignorance some one is always at it.

On Saturday and Sunday, May 15 and 16, our rookies to the number of twenty-five had a practice march to So. Manchester. This was their first practice march. Now all the vets need no introduction to So. Manchester temperature even in midsummer. Now May is a beautiful month of flowers and you can imagine our rookies' surprise to find the water frozen in the bucket outside the officer's tent. From their looks they were in the same condition as the water.

This trip was taken by the whole Troop over Decoration Day, May 29 to 31. The Troop was divided into a mounted platoon and an auto platoon. We had a fine patrol problem gotten up by Major Howard and everything passed off as per schedule. In the evening we had a lecture on the problems and a fine sing around the camp fire. It is worthy of note that old Sergt. Frank Cheney was there with a half dozen extra auto robes. (The writer getting one or two.) The 30th was taken up with an extended order drill, troop and squadron. Also a ball game between the Tues and Weds. Nick Carter on the mound for the Tues and Dicky Moore tossing the pill for the Weds. The Tues won.

June 19 to 27 was the time for the annual visit to Fort Ethan Allen by the officers and non-coms. of the N. E. cavalry. We had our two lieutenants, two sergeants, one corporal and four lance corporals. We reached the fort before even the cooks were astir and were the first of the militiamen to arrive. The regulars had our camp all pitched and we picked out the best tent for B Troop. When the rest of the outfits reached camp,

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however, we found we were to be all split up. I found myself tenting with a blacksmith from Pawtucket, a hostler from Providence—two representatives from South Boston and two from dear old Cambridge.

Our week at Ethan Allen was one of hard work as all our tours of duty seem to be. There was a drill in the morning, equitation in the afternoon, and a little relaxation in the evening. The drill varied from the school of the squad to a regimental drill. I do not think we will ever forget the charge we made across that plain. The first attempt was what Capt. Roberts aptly termed an unorganized mob. The second trial, however, went off like the real thing. The work of the week ended up with a practice march on which we cooked our own lunch. To us enlisted men, there are many incidents to which we look back with fond memory. The special treatment which our boys received from all the non-coms of the 1st Squad, 2d Cavalry, also from Troop F. Anything these men had was ours for the asking. This was due in a great measure to introduction by Sergt. Hughes.

I remember hearing an enlisted man ask a sergeant, "Say who is this Dick Hughes anyway?" "My G——," replied the sergeant, "Don't you know him? He's the man that started the army."

While on our first day at the Post when waiting for the Mass. and R. I. crowd we attended a garden party in a secluded little bower back of F Troop stable. The service at Mory's could be no better.

Most every evening we were there we would take a stroll across the parade grounds and usually end up at the Moose Club where we had the proper introduction. Here it was that Walter Gard and Cy Seymour debated the Mexican situation to the amusement of the 2d Cavalry members. We also introduced some of our songs, such as "Cavalry," "The Eagles," etc. We also learned the C Troop 2nd Cavalry method of grooming horses and cleaning equipment. This instruction took place from 4 P. M. until 6:15 when Capt. Roberts got wise.

Our instruction in cooking on the practice march was a practical demonstration by our regular friends. It was done on the community plan. The baking oven being the oat measure. The meal was cooked in a little dell just out of vision of the main

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camp of officers. The meal was fairly started when we saw Sergt. X coming down the hill with two of the new style nose bags over his shoulder. Much to our surprise, joy and gladness we found they contained a couple dozen bottles of the finest, purest, frothy water you ever saw.

We finished our stay at Ethan Allen by giving a little dinner to some of our friends at the roof garden of Burlington's leading hotel.

* * * * *

The month of July in Connecticut is apt to be more or less disagreeable to the average citizen. The days are long and hot; the male citizen is usually alone in his house and so after a few fatiguing hours at the office he runs up to the Golf Club and swings his club a little and generally fortifies himself against the troubles of another day. Our trooper, however, hies himself to the Armory and astride of a faithful horse takes to the cool paths of the nearby woods. He is conditioning himself for the annual hike. A few nights a week of this kind of work and when assembly sounds on the eventful day he is prepared.

On Saturday, July 24th, the boys went to the Armory and took a last look at their equipment, made a few adjustments, saw that supplies of tobacco were O. K., and then said, "Well, boys, we will meet in the morning." Most of the boys had a farewell dinner at the Golf Club. Old Jim Hewes, Warner Day and some of the old scouts gave the first campers some useful hints. We went home at a late hour and the next we knew the alarm clock was raising hell in our ears. The taxicabs rolled up and soon we were saddling up for our fifth camp.

Our hired mounts for the encampment were not up to the standard of former years as they were local work horses mostly. However, we anticipated the additional pleasure of training them. Well, we reached the Pleasant Street yards and entrained in quick time and were about to start when Private Beers appeared all dolled up in Mufti as Walter Gard says. He had committed the unpardonable sin of oversleeping. (I think his man failed to wake him.) The next time we saw Beers was Tuesday and still in Mufti. He was sent back to Hartford to get his uniform and reported for duty Thursday. We reached our camp at Quonset Point late Sunday afternoon. Camp was made in record time. (The Courant's special correspondent says we



The Hartford Freight Yards



Cooks Dean and Gusky



Come and Get It

PUTTING RHODE ISLAND ON THE MAP

were the cynosure of all eyes.) Just as we were about to water, there occurred a stampede of the horses of two troops of regulars. It was a marvelous sight. Every one of our troopers ran to his horse. They were soon under control, however, and we resumed our duties. I must mention that when camp was all settled, old Doc Dean had as fine a supper waiting as man ever sat down to, and this year be it noted we had real tables.

This camp was different from the more recent ones of the Troop. As usual we had all the New England troops and a squadron of the 2nd Cavalry. It followed the general plan of the work described at Ethan Allen school for officers and N. C. O. Drill, A. M., equitation in afternoon. A novelty for us though was the formal mounted guard. Here was where the bucking for orderly came in. It was a great sight to see our candidates polishing up. While watching the proceeding one day, it occurred to me that being an Apollo sometimes has its disadvantages. Now you were not selected as a candidate unless you were handsome as to face and form. If the Adjutant did not choose you for orderly, you had not only wounded feelings but a twenty-four hour tour of guard duty to perform. Shepard, Pease, D. A. & Parmelee were successful but I never could understand how the Gods could pass by that smile of Deacon Hastings. So much for the mere private, but as to the selection of Sergeant of the Guard, ah there was when they looked for efficiency.

We had practice in swimming horses and it was great fun. One horse, however, could not stand the excitement and died in the water. This necessitated a post mortem by the Veterinary and a burial by a troop detail. This burial was quite a ceremony. After Art Allen had dug the grave, singing all the while "Down in the Sewer," Aninger, Silverman, et al, pulled the body in and to the strains of "More Work for the Undertaker" and "Oh Poor Harvard" he was put to his last sleep, Trumpeter Haynes blowing taps.

We had quite a stir on our return to camp one night for we found that about one-half the Troop was wanted on the phone. It seems that the Hartford papers were publishing the headlines that half the troop was ill with diphtheria. Needless to say this was soon set right.

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We also had a band for this camp and so at dinner and supper we had everything you could get on Broadway.

Thursday night all the non-coms in camp went to East Greenwich for a little get-together party. Our boys went over on a troop wagon, guided by the unerring hand of Father Williams. It was a real party and made much towards meeting the fellows of other troops. Coming home however — (Williams Story).*

There was another party which I understand was bossed by George Deane whereby the celebrated Morgan Strain of Cavalry Horses was to be improved. (Markham, mount and Lady.) *

Friday night was the hardest one the Troop experienced. After drilling all morning and parading all afternoon before the Governors of R. I. and Mass.,—in which the Troop distinguished itself by its straight lines and military bearing, we hiked twelve miles to a bivouac. We reached there about dark and after watering and grooming our horses, we cooked or tried to, and just about fell asleep in our tracks. We were also very short of water and that reminded me of a story of a certain Colonel who after having camp made for the night sent his orderly, Rastus, to the spring for his drinking water. He returned shortly much perturbed and scared and reported to the Colonel, "Deed, Colonel, I can't get no watah, there's a big alligator on that spring." The Colonel commanded him to return immediately for the water and said kindly, "Remember, Rastus, that that alligator is just as scared of you as you are of him." To which Rastus replied, "Deed, Colonel, if dats so, that watah aint fit to drink nohow."

But the sad part of our next day's maneuvers was the fact that a few minutes after 6 A. M., the whole troop was annihilated. All we had to do then was to march back to camp.

Have you ever stopped to think of the number of times we have been annihilated,—Marlboro Lake, Middleboro, Scotland and Point Judith.

It is odd but "a human life will drone along uneventfully for years with scarce a perceptible progress, retrogression or change, and then suddenly with a few leaps, will cover more of alteration and event in a week than it has passed through in a decade." So will the critical occurrences of a day fill chapters after those of a year have failed to yield more material than

* Gadd will supply these stories orally upon application.—*Ed.*

PUTTING RHODE ISLAND ON THE MAP

will eke out a paragraph. Only in fiction does a career run in an unbroken line of adventures or memorable incidents.

So with our maneuvers, with all our expectancy it was all over in one tragic moment.

Our special instructor was Capt. Roberts and needless to say we were much pleased at this. At our camp inspection he was very complimentary and we trust we deserved his kind remarks.

Well Sunday saw us break camp, entrain at Davisville, and as the shades of night were falling, we marched into our Armory home. Capt. Howard gave us a little talk thanking us for our interest and work. He said it had been the hardest camp we had had and one of the most successful. Yes it was hard work but you are apt to sit in your office and spend your days trying to digest your food and your nights trying to sleep and you are not very successful at either. After a few days of Cavalry service you can sit down to a supper of roast pork, go to bed directly after, sleep all night and wake up in the morning without thinking unkind things of anybody. At this camp we not only trained the men but we trained half a troop of Hartford truck horses. Shortly after we returned to Hartford, a trooper passed one of these horses hitched to a junk wagon and on giving him the signal he promptly took up the trot.

In the State matches the cavalry team was handicapped by the unavoidable absence of some of its best shots and did not do so well. In the individual matches, however, Sergeants Gadd and Wainwright won cups. While in the pistol matches, Dean and Dexter carried off prizes.

As a matter of record, I will say that the State team for Jacksonville had one cavalryman on it named Gadd but he did not go on account of business.

On September 25th, the Troop had a field day at East Haven Range. The fall drill season opened with several changes in the personnel of the Troop Officers. Capt. J. L. Howard was advanced to Major of the Connecticut War Squadron of Cavalry, but as this command is not organized, he is on the waiting list.

Our annual Church service was held October 30th in Trinity Church. Rev. E. DeF. Miel preached the sermon.

On November 18 the Troop gave a complimentary dinner to Major Howard and Captain Gadd. It was a real Troop B

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dinner. Captain Davis presented on behalf of the Troop, a watch to Major Howard. The watch was engraved "To Major Jas. L. Howard with the affectionate regards of Troop B, 5th Militia Cavalry, Nov. 18, 1915." Captain Davis spoke of Major Howard in very complimentary terms but you cannot find a trooper, who thinks you can say anything too good of our Captain Jim. The Times said editorially that Capt. J. L. Howard retires leaving behind him a record as admirable as could be desired by any company commander of the American Volunteer Militia. Lieutenant Cheney on behalf of the officers and non coms. of the Troop, presented a saber and belt to Captain Gadd.

On January 4, 1916, the Troop lost the services of that sterling trooper, Sergt. Curtis L. Sheldon. He had been with the Troop since it started but as Captain Cole, one of our boys, needed his help, we had to let him go. The officers and N. C. O. gave 1st Lt. C. L. Sheldon, 1st Conn. Field Co., Signal Troops, a dinner at the Hartford Club and presented to him a saber and belt with their affectionate regards.

And speaking of dinners, let us not forget the one given by our N. C. O. to those of the 1st Squad, 2d Cavalry, as they passed through Hartford last November. Our boys feel that the 2d Cavalry are now their next friends in the regular service.

On December 16 the examination for the eligible list took place. For several weeks a school in the form of lectures had been given. This course of lectures was very strenuous and as our Doc Bailey said, "Ain't it hell, this passing through West Point in four weeks!" Anyway, we now have thirty-two on the list.

On January 4, Sergt. Morgan G. Bulkeley, Jr., was unanimously elected to be second lieutenant of the Troop.

The annual inspection on February 15th was probably the best in the history of the Troop. If you can't believe it, look up the pictures in the Hartford Times. After the inspection, the C. O. enlisted twenty-four new men. The Troop is now about war strength.

On February 21 we made our athletic debut. If you will go to the Armory and look in the trophy case you may see the results of our participation in the 2d Division Naval Meet. We simply swept the place clean. Every member of that team deserves praise for the hard work, interest and Troop B spirit.



Federal Inspection



Troop Street at Quonset



The Happy Squad

Carter	Comey	C. L. Allen	Barnwell	Gard	Mahl
Mills	Sweeney	Baldwin	Scoville		

PUTTING RHODE ISLAND ON THE MAP

There is one other event of which I must speak, Friday, February 18, the Adjutant General called Captain Davis on the phone about ten o'clock and asked how soon he could mobilize the Troop. There was a possibility they might be needed in Ansonia for strike duty. "In one hour," says the Captain. "Then hold yourself in readiness," replied the Adjutant General. Captain Davis did mobilize and he was all ready to move his outfit in a little over one hour. Only one man was absent. He was out of town and simply waiting call. When the men were assembled, Captain Davis spoke—Hear his words—"Men we are formed for just such things as this, so we must show that we are ready. If we are called out, it will be serious business. You will be issued ammunition; insults and indignities will be heaped upon you. I want every man to keep his temper and do nothing without orders. I want perfect discipline. You all know what the public thinks about the use of ball cartridges by the militia, but if you are ordered to fire high, fire high, and if you are ordered to fire the other way, fire the other way. All I ask is to do what you have always done—your best." I maintain that these were the words of a real red-blooded man.

My comrades in closing this chapter, this history of our year's doings, I do so with many regrets. As I have gone over these scenes I have been one of you. The many happy times crowd before me. "Good morning, Sergeant Bulkeley," "Good morning, Sergeant Sheldon," "Good morning, Sergeant Gadd," and another happy, boyish day was on. But for me with my gray-bald pate, I fear springtime has passed and summer nearly over and that it is about time for me to stack arms and retire. So my old comrades may I quote the words of the song:—Love will remain when all else shall wane. Auf wiedersehn.

R. F. G.

HARTFORD, CONN., May 7, 1916.

Dear Bob:—

"For purposes of record," may I suggest that you should insert in your most excellent 1915 History of the Troop the fact that on the afternoon of May 30th it took part in the Memorial Day Parade in Hartford? Of course this fact was particularly called to my attention because I was the Marshal's Chief of Staff and worked hard to get the Troop in, even

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figuring out the time from So. Manchester and a point of entry which would permit them to come in late and yet pass the reviewing stand. Captain Howard, after at first refusing, at last acceded and the Troop made a splendid showing in heavy marching order. Up on Windsor Avenue it passed the Marshal and his Staff in review, and I can assure you that this was one of the proudest moments of my life.

Now I don't want my name brought in but I do feel that the fact of participation should be recorded, quite apart from my lot in the matter, because the Troop went to a great deal of trouble and it was quite a noteworthy parade. Besides, the occasion was a patriotic one and such service is worthy of mention.

Sincerely yours,

ANSON T. MCCOOK.

Historian Gadd has alluded to the severe training of the summer maneuvers and to the annual annihilation of the Troop. In this connection it may be of interest to note certain extracts from the report of the Troop Commander to the Adjutant General:

"It seems to me that too much was required of the men and too little time given for sanitation and recreation. The men were on their toes every minute and no one complained, but I could feel the tension that existed in the Troop in the desire to do everything required in the best possible way. The bathing beach was only half a mile from camp, but it was very difficult for the men to find time to go down there and bathe and return between calls, making it necessary to bathe after supper, and immediately after meals is obviously a poor time. I feel certain that the nervous tension reacted on the men's digestion, and that a continuation for a much longer period might have shown some men upon the sick report.

"The fact that too much work was laid out was noted early in the week, but the work was not lightened as the tour of duty progressed. An important part of the instruction was the care of horses, and particular emphasis was laid upon instructions to commence all drills easily, do the hardest part when half way through and finish easily, in order that the horses might be kept in the best condition. I do not feel that the same consideration was shown the men. . . .

PUTTING RHODE ISLAND ON THE MAP

"Friday afternoon this troop went into bivouac about twelve miles from our permanent camp with Troop A, Connecticut, and the Rhode Island Squadron, all consisting of the brown army, to enter into maneuvers against the red army (Massachusetts Squadron) reinforced by one armored motor car. In general, the maneuver which ceased about 9.30 A. M. Saturday was successful for the brown forces, but was particularly unsuccessful for this organization as it was ruled out at 6.20 A. M., the decision of the umpire being that the armored car had approached our camp unobserved, and had delivered sufficient effective fire to disable one-fifth of the camp. The chief umpire saw fit to rule out one troop in order to keep the others intact.

"I do not question the justice of his decision in so far as the maneuver is concerned, but I feel that the members of this Troop should not have been deprived of the day's instruction in this manner because of the ridiculous situation which arose through the use of the armored car. The impression which the men brought home with them from the maneuvers was far different than it would have been had they been able to participate in this sham battle and to have had the opportunity of receiving instruction in advance guard work, patrolling and fire discipline."

In the following November, Captain Roberts, Inspector-Instructor, took occasion to inform the Troop that the decision of the referee that it was wiped out by an armored car was an error, but the maneuvers were over before it could be corrected.

XIII

ON TO MEXICO

NINETEEN SIXTEEN

Another year has traversed the borders of existence and passed into eternity. Again it has become the duty of your historian to chronicle the events of many of those three hundred never-to-be forgotten yesterdays. I hope you will pardon me for seeming conceit when I say, Mr. Toastmaster, that temporarily, at least, you have conferred upon one of the humblest soldiers in this Troop a license to write and speak equal, perhaps, to that of any dignitary in the room. If this were not so, how could real critical history ever be written or, how figuratively speaking, should the shoulder straps have been torn from the General Gateses of yesterday by the historians of modern time?

Taking my stand then, Mr. Toastmaster, on the pinnacle of impartiality, and seizing for my spear a pen that knows no brother, let me, without fear or favor, read the result of my labors during the past few evenings, which Parmelee (whose big feet and ready wit I have to contend with around the office), has suggested should be entitled "reminiscences and observations of a third class private on the Border."

Some of our ante-bellum troopers — amongst whom I seemed to recognize Frank Cheney, Dick Deming, Thorpe Haviland, Art Parsons and Anson McCook — appeared to me the other night in a dream and suggested that if I intended to write a real history it would be well for me to re-read that admirable story of troop life written two years ago by an accomplished man of letters, Francis Parsons, or to re-call to mind that splendid history, so freighted with rich descriptive imagery, which a year ago flowed from the lips of a former leader of the third platoon, Captain Robert F. Gadd. While explaining to this committee of veterans that a plain blunt soldier can seldom be a polished writer or gifted orator like my respective predecessors, my conversation was rudely interrupted by a great noise coming from the stable tent, amid which I detected voices: Frank Aninger yelling loudly for "Marie"; Silvie exclaiming "Git the

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tweasters, Jake"; and Johnnie Riddell yelling at the top of his voice, "I bet you a dollar I can catch that cow and have her milk on the Captain's table for breakfast, and I don't need no help neither."

Shortly after, your historian was awakened and promptly interpreted his dream to mean that he could only overcome this unfavorable comparison as a writer and speaker by indulging in realism of a soldier. However,—I remembered that Billy Phelps of Yale always shied at realism. He warned us once that Zola, whose characters of fiction died such unspeakable deaths on the battlefield, himself passed away, suffocated and strangled by his own bile. In the midst of my doubt as to the proper course to pursue, I tore from the shelf the 9th Volume of Gibbon's History of Rome. It opened automatically to a chapter written by that gifted and famous author on Arabia, wherein was related certain events surrounding the life and death of Mohammed. It seems that after consorting with no less than seventeen rich, beautiful and brilliant wives; and after sowing seed for the belief that heaven is filled with no end of alluring women whose embraces await the hero who falls in battle, the prophet finally died. His sturdiness is so succinctly and devoutly portrayed by his admiring son-in-law that I am forced to conclude that there are no limits to the utterances of a realist; I also conclude that the prophet died in the faith with his mind fixed on the future life.

Less than a year ago we sat in this self same room at our Fifth Annual Dinner. After the ante prandial exercises under the direction of Sergeant Myers, had taken place in which Doctor Coholan, Arthur Allen and Ian Mackenzie participated with stories entitled "The Scotchman," "My Double Breasted Mansion" and "Three Times Around Strode the King," we finally laid aside our knives and forks and turned from things material to things spiritual. We then had a feast of reason and flow of spirit (lasting far into the night) which some of us will not soon forget.

Our speakers that evening might easily have been labeled as "the A 1 Brand." They put good stuff across the plate and as I listened to their speeches and observed the characteristics of our several able orators and the ideals which each consciously or sub-consciously expressed, I could not but observe that the

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strength of these United States is derived from many racial sources and I recalled a verse from Matthew Arnold which runs as follows:

“Man grows forth from his parent stem and blends
their blood
As those of theirs are blent in them;
To tunes we did not call our being must keep chime”

That night we recalled with admiration the virility and self sacrifice of the French people while listening to Dr. Miel's wonderful speech on the effects of war; we could understand and believe in the astounding results of German efficiency, German training and German precision while listening to Colonel Schulze's well timed remarks on the necessity of thorough military training; and we understood the capacity of our New England forefathers to die for an ideal as we listened to our gifted Major Howard put not one, not two, but three rattling good speeches across the plate on that occasion.

I might also remark that the myriad minded, yet silent and cryptic Colonel from the 1st Regiment restrained himself from overtalking the time limit or from giving away legal knowledge, military secrets or political plans by a speech embodying the simple answer used by him on all occasions and recognized by the reporters, to wit: “I don't know.” On that occasion General Cole insinuated that before the year was over we might see service on the Mexican border but so many of the troopers had in their imaginations lived on the border for the past five years that it had grown to be an old story and, outside of your historian, who prides himself on being somewhat of a prophet, few believed.

On Saturday, May 28th, we went to Farmington for a week-end outing over Memorial Day and encamped near Winchell Smith's new house on the high ground above the Pequabac River. There for four days we indulged in teaching the rookies how to put up a squad tent, do night patrol work and enjoy troop games. That night immediately after devouring one of Doc Dean's steak suppers, we put off over the mountains to play a military game hatched in the fertile brain of our former captain, Major J. L. Howard. The night on the Talcott Mountain Range proved to be dark and the roads strange. But the ex-

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perience taught us to be more cautious while patrolling at night. After walking into a trap set for us by Lieut. Bulkeley, who commanded the enemy, all led horses were annihilated, except certain thoroughbreds which, ignoring all aids from Doc. Bailey, betook themselves and the Doc down the mountain without regard for friend or foe. We returned to camp two hours later with enthusiasm and blood circulation enough worked up to outlast our first night on the cold damp ground.

On Memorial Day we joined the Boy Scouts, the Campfire Girls of America and the Veterans of Old Farmington in doing honor to those soldiers of a past generation who having done their duty now sleep beneath her sod. The troop on that Decoration Day were put to the severest test of discipline they have ever experienced. As we marched up Farmington Main Street past Miss Porter's school two hundred of the most beautiful maidens in America lined the sidewalks. The problem was to march past at perfect attention. Some told Sergt. Myers "It can't be done." But Cy Melvin says he did it. If he did, your historian thinks that even a woman hater missed something.

That afternoon the troop divided itself into two teams — the Highballs and the Red Eyes. In this contest every trooper showed good spirit. Every event was severely contested. One thing showed the sportmanship of the troop. When Serg. Cutler called for entries in the 100 yard dash every man in the troop except the three officers and your historian, moved down to the starting point and commenced to dig in. I don't remember who won but that night the losers furnished a banquet at the Country Club and, after being presented with the keys of the village for use on further occasions by the Town's spokesman, that prince among men, Paul Ney, we returned to Hartford ready to do our part in the Preparedness Parade. In the eyes of your historian this function which took place the following Saturday afternoon was somewhat of a troop affair.

Of course, as was duly proven within one month the only effect of the parade was this: it produced thousands of men willing to take a stand in favor of preparedness, provided you didn't violate their allegiance to that ancient doctrine: "Let George do it." But we helped register their ideas for what they were worth.

Only a few days before that great pageant took place Major Howard had been given command. Besides our active officers,

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Kelso Davis, Clifford Cheney, and Morgan Bulkeley such veterans as Austin Cheney, Frank Cheney, Edison Lewis, Francis Parsons and Anson McCook, thirty mounted aides took charge of the formation of divisions and saw to it that these divisions marched where and when they were wanted. The result was that a former officer of this troop on short notice, largely with the help of active troopers, troop horses, and troop veterans, was able to march 16,722 men past the reviewing stand without a single hitch, and in perfect order—a credit to the brains of that officer and a credit to the troopers who faithfully carried out all his orders to the letter.

Three other figures stand out in my memory on that occasion: Sergt. Myers on his white horse at Jefferson Street sending each division up Main Street absolutely on time; Plattsburgh Bill distributing 15,000 flags—silk ones to the ladies and leading democrats, muslin flags to republicans and all others; and Serg. Cutler driving all laggards far far away from the junction of High and Ford and Asylum Streets in order that there might be no congestion to block the continuous movement of the column.

The following Saturday the troop went to East Haven to shoot. In spite of a night before at the Garde and a series of showers during the day the troopers signed up for some good scores and returned home complacently expecting outside of the Officer's School at Plattsburgh in July and possibly the regular summer encampment near Worcester in August but little further troop life.

However, on Sunday evening, June 18th, while sitting on the porch with a young lady who is now the dutiful and beautiful wife of one of our troopers, the telephone brought word that Wilson had called out the militia for duty on the Mexican Border. This piece of news upset certain private calculations for we were assembled the next day at the Armory. Every one showed up except Cutler who was fishing with Lieut. Sheldon somewhere in the wilds of New Brunswick, and Markham who was with his bride on the open sea somewhere between New York and Savannah.

For three days the Armory was a scene of intense activity. All equipment was gone over and laid out on the floor. Dress uniforms were packed in boxes and sent to the State Armory.

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Everybody's equipment was marked and ominously enough many of our "identity discs" were for the first time filled with the name, rank and outfit of its owner. Mess tables were set up. Jess Harris, John Gusky and Jackson served hardtack and beans for lunch off the army stove operated in the back yard. Lieut. Cheney scoured the state for horses and draft animals with a speed and efficiency always a characteristic of that officer. Options were obtained on enough trained horses to mount all the men in the troop who were really saddle-broke.

The government altho continuously complaining through the mouth of its regular army officers about the inefficiency of the militia and their lack of mounts and equipment, seemed at this critical juncture to be backward about coming forward to pay for said horses and it was left for a veteran of the Civil War, who understood that army red tape would probably operate to leave the men without horses and then blame them for not having any, to dig down into his capacious jeans and furnish the Lieutenant with money enough to insure their prompt delivery.*

While Lieut. Cheney was getting horses, Capt. Davis and Lieut. Bulkeley were considering means of recruiting the troop to full war strength as per orders. Here again Gov. Bulkeley stepped up to the plate and made another home run. Besides furnishing the brains of the troop and a large part of its horse-flesh the Governor immediately produced a fine specimen of

* "En Route to Nogales, Ariz., July 5th, 1916.

"My dear Governor:—

"I wish to report to you the purchase of forty-eight (48) horses and eight (8) mules, at a total cost of \$12,268.00, which overdraws the amount that you gave me by \$1,268.00.

"The money that you gave me was deposited by me in the Phoenix Bank, to the credit of Capt. J. H. K. Davis, Horse Account, and I have notified them that I have overdrawn \$1,268.00 which Morgan, Jr. wired you to make good. As soon as we get to Nogales and I get straightened out with the Government, I will let you hear from me again.

"We now have eighty-six (86) horses—all in good condition—and I consider that we are arriving at our destination in better condition than ninety-nine per cent. of the outfits will arrive, as to date all horses and all men have stood the trip perfectly and are doing fine work. If you could see them, I know that you would be very proud of their showing, and we have to thank you, Sir, for all that you have done to help us. I only trust that time may prove us worthy of what you have done.

"Very truly yours,

"J. H. K. DAVIS,

"Captain."

Hon. Morgan G. Bulkeley,
Hartford, Conn."

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troop brawn in the shape of his youngest son, Houghton. And I might add that I can pay no higher compliment to one we have toiled with and grown to love so well than to say that in generosity and good fellowship he is "a chip of the old block."

The members of that fighting family, however, were not the only ones to come to the rescue of the troop during those exciting days. Walter Gard heard the call at his office in New York City and reached the Armory almost without clothes and without money. His previous life of luxury in the big city made it necessary for him to go without food for three days in order that he might come within the weight limit prescribed in the regulations. Walter reached the armory on June 21st and at no time from that day to the day he was mustered out did he run any risk of exceeding the weight limit, so conscientiously did he keep feet and hands and mouth employed in perpetual exercise.

Jimmie Taylor, who throughout the past year had been breaking hearts and studying military tactics in Old Virginia, also heard the call and before the troop moved out he had joined the ranks ready to put in a season of hard faithful and conscientious work after the manner of the real soldier that he is.

Shrimp Hansel and Ollie McKee, fresh from college and equipped with a Plattsburgh training, also stepped forward hoping perhaps to aid Bill Hamersley in explaining to the troop some things they hadn't learned about soldiering.

Other good soldiers poured in, among which I might mention John C. Cook, Jimmie Parsons, Carl Stephan, Dwight Clark, Jimmie Bristol, Tom Morgan, "Dead Eye" Parsons, Freddy Way and Polly O'Connor.

By the 20th of June the troop was fully equipped and ready to move out. On the morning of the 22nd of June the troop left the armory at ten o'clock fully officered and fully recruited. With Capt. Davis in the lead and Serg. Edwin C. Dickenson of Police Court fame carrying the troop guidon, we marched via Farmington Avenue, Barker Avenue, Park Street, Capitol Avenue, Main Street and State Street out over the East Hartford bridge. Crowds lined the sidewalks throughout the entire route, some even following us as far as Glastonbury. In those days it looked to all of us as though war with Mexico was inevitable and as we marched up Main Street listening to the



Dickenson

Haynes

Davis

C. D. Cheney



Davis

C. D. Cheney

Off for Mexico!



Myers



Packing up

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cheers and plaudits of those of our friends who surrounded us, many of us felt as though it might be our last opportunity to set eyes on the fair and beautiful city of Hartford. We were passing from the known to the unknown and for those who are of a fearful disposition the terrors which lurked in an unaccustomed climate, tarantulas, scorpions and Mexicans were not a pleasant contrast to the life we were leaving behind.

To others of us, however, who had looked forward to accompanying an expeditionary force into Mexico hopes ran high. The cheerful salutations of the crowd were but a forerunner of the pleasures and experiences which we were to undergo in the future. Of course, we knew our immediate destination was Niantic but where we were to proceed from that point, no one knew. Youthful imaginations of men like Jimmy Taylor recently had been kindled by a reading of Prescott's glowing story of the conquest of Mexico. To follow the path of Cortez; to traverse the golden realms of Montezuma; to storm the heights of Chapultepec after the manner of Tom Seymour of 1846; to look upon the lakes and palaces of Mexico, the most ancient city of America; to encamp among the temples of a vanished race and to hear, while the fireflies flit through the perfumed night, the music of the black-eyed maidens of New Spain — was ever a more fascinating prospect offered to a soldier of fortune — a Jimmy Taylor, a Tom Morgan, a Walter Gard, a Baldwin or a Barnwell?

With shivers running down our spines and such a variety of ideas flashing through our minds we passed out of Hartford and wended our way through East Hartford and Glastonbury to Marlborough where we camped for the night in a little orchard belonging to Frank Cheney. There, after we had groomed and fed our horses and pitched our shelter tents came Frank D. Cheney and Francis Parsons bringing evening papers and cigars enough for every man in the outfit. By the time the war news and cigars had been consumed the sun had set. In the gathering darkness each exhausted soldier rolled up in his blanket and made the best of the first night on the stony ground in Marlborough.

It seemed but a few minutes by the clock before the bugle and the stentorian voice of Serg. Myers was heard to exclaim: "Crawl out there. What's the matter with you fellows any-

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way?" Everyone separated himself from the hay and after eating an early breakfast at the Cheney cabin on the edge of the lake, the camp site was policed and the troop well on its way toward Niantic with the rising sun. We reached Niantic absolutely exhausted about five o'clock in the afternoon, having covered 56 miles during the past two days. Luckily Serg. Whitmore with 25 odd rookies had arrived by auto before we did. Already the tops of the pyramidal tents could be seen rising slowly but silently into the air. The picket line had also been established. We tied our horses, groomed and fed, and after moving what seemed to be an unending amount of stores and equipment here and there at the behest of Serg. Shearer, automatically fell into a slumber absolutely exhausted from the excitement and work of the past few days. Authorities told us that we were destined to stay at Niantic for at least six months to undergo training for our rookies and to pass through the hardening up process.

This, however, proved to be a poor prophecy. On the following day we had some opportunity to rest. On Sunday we had the pleasant experience of camping out during a long day of drizzling rain. Nevertheless crowds of people came by automobile from Hartford to cheer us and that companionship together with our slickers and tents enabled us to pass the day without too much introspection. At midnight, however, we were aroused from our slumber by Lieut. Cheney, who said the medical department wanted to examine the troop immediately. Putting on a few clothes, we filed into the mess shed and passed beneath the eyes of the government inspectors. Only a few of our troopers failed to satisfy requirements.

On Monday morning, June 26th, we learned through the daily papers that Wilson had made demand upon Carranza for the immediate release of those American troopers, who had been captured in the Carrizal fight. Later in the day we learned that the situation was acute and that our troop would leave for the border some time that afternoon. Every man's equipment was packed and the tents made ready to start. As the afternoon wore on hundreds of our friends and relatives came to bid us good-bye. We momentarily expected to move out but when the shades of evening commenced to fall our train had not yet arrived. Nevertheless, as the sun was setting behind the

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verdant western hills in a great red ball of fire, the signal to proceed came from Capt. Davis. We wended our way through a back lane to the railroad siding and waited there for three long, anxious hours while the cold, wet, damp dew of the seashore settled heavily upon us and our uniforms.

We had expected to eat our supper on the train. Consequently as the evening wore on the pangs of hunger commenced to appear and had it not been for the forethought and energy of those loyal troop veterans, Winthrop Haviland, Arthur Parsons and Anson McCook, in furnishing us with milk and sandwiches we might have gone hungry. At 11:30 the Captain ordered the troop to face about. We returned to our old camp site on the Niantic River. Our shelter tents were pitched at random over the dew and we turned in for two and a half hours of sleep. At three o'clock we had breakfast and again moved down to the railroad siding where we loaded our horses on certain rickety old cattle cars which had been spotted there for our benefit. About nine o'clock the New Haven railroad furnished us with three day coaches of the architecture of about 1876—flat wheeled and lopsided—but cars nevertheless. In these after what seemed to be an endless delay we finally pulled out of Niantic, rolled through New Haven, Danbury, Hawleyville and Poughkeepsie on our way to some unknown post in the far west.

At this point let me digress. Love and war are both romantic. War is more romantic than love. War is the supreme human excitement. And yet, somehow or other, love and war seem to go hand in hand. To prove this let me recall to your minds how much more our lady friends seem to think of us as we are about to depart for the front. You will remember that last day at Niantic how Bill Hamersley always had something else that he wanted to do besides performing his duty on the baggage detail. You will remember how our present top sergeant, George W. Cheney, stepped up to the Captain on the day before our departure and informed him that he had a very important contract that he wanted to execute before leaving with the troop. The *Hartford Courant* the next day related that George Welles Cheney of South Manchester and Miss Katherine G. Parker were married at Trinity Church at 3:10 o'clock on the afternoon of June 26th. Not all men have the nervous constitution to

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endure so much excitement in the space of one short week. Since his return from Arizona "Fat" Wilde has admitted as much.

While at Niantic one other problem confronted us. On Sunday morning we were requested by our Captain to take the new federal oath which provided in substance that a man should not only serve out the unexpired portion of the three years he was under oath to serve but should also agree to go on the reserve for a further period of three years. A good many felt that this request was equivalent to driving a willing horse to death. To compel men who had already volunteered their services to their country to serve for a further period of three years while millions of other able bodied citizens hadn't contributed a moment of time did not look like real justice. And yet in view of the seriousness of the situation and of the seeming probability of war with Mexico, for the honor of the troop and the welfare of the nation we acceded to this request. The oath was taken. But in the light of subsequent events, it would seem that an unfair burden has been placed upon those citizens who happened at that time to be in the National Guard.

Sixteen thousand people marched in our preparedness parade but three weeks later even after Col. Goodman had asked for six hundred men to fill up the ranks of the First Regiment the names of those who marched in the preparedness parade couldn't be found on any roster. In my opinion the new oath of service required of the federalized national guard has done more toward making the young men of our country who are interested in military things believe in compulsory service than any other one event. If military service has become a necessity, then it should be borne by all ranks and all classes of society. The government should not be allowed to put an extra load on the willing horse, and compulsory service is the only democratic way of avoiding this result.

As our troop train passed through western Connecticut towns tremendous ovations were received. In fact, all through New York and Connecticut factory whistles blew, engines shrieked, church bells rang and crowds stood at all crossings to cheer us on our way. After leaving Buffalo, however, as we traveled over the Silver Plate and across the middle west there seemed to be less excitement. In fact the inhabitants of that part of the



Captain Davis and Blarney



The Captain and the Commander-in-Chief

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country seemed to consider it a matter of poor breeding to express any excitement at our presence.

At Chicago most of us were treated to the pleasant surprise of a bath at the Athletic Club. Serg. Westbrook looked up a Williams classmate with plenty of coin and took the overflow to the University Club where we were furnished a bath and drinks enough to satisfy the "inner man."

After our horses had been well fed and watered at the Chicago Stock Yards, we loaded them on the train, proceeded westward across the Mississippi and on July 1st detrained at Lorimer, Iowa. At that place vaccination against smallpox and typhoid fever began to be administered to the troopers.

On July 4th we reached Big Spring, Texas, and there beneath the blistering Texas sun, we undertook to fittingly celebrate the anniversary of our National Independence. After Lieut. Cheney had made certain appropriate remarks, Bill Hamersley was appointed toast-master for the occasion and I am told he made speech entitled "The dear One I left behind me." Then he introduced Walter Gard, who not only seemed to have forgotten home but also principles of American Independence when he advocated the immediate conquest of Mexico. It might be remarked, however, that Walter Gard received more applause from the ladies than any other speaker.

As we neared the Border, ammunition was distributed and guards were placed on all cars night and day. Like all good Hartford people we insured against the possibility of an attack. After passing through Fort Worth, El Paso and Tucson, we finally reached Nogales on the morning of the 6th of July.

We commenced to unload at seven o'clock and took up our designated position on the slopes of Cemetery Hill, a spot where mountains encircled us on all sides and a view could be seen not only of the hills of Mexico but also of 10,000 other state and United States troops encamped in the valley beneath. It was noon when we had sunk our picket line on that sandy looking but rock ribbed hill. With the thermometer at 130 degrees F. and the men parched by heat, it was a Herculean task to set the posts necessary for establishing our picket line. Huskies like Tom Stewart, Jake Walsh, Whitaker, Judge Dickenson and Walter Gard were able to continue their labors only under the most terrible difficulties. There didn't seem to be water enough

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in the United States to satisfy their cravings. Cactus bushes furnished no shade. At the direction of Captain Davis we put up temporary shelters to ward off the heat of noon day and waited until the sun was half down its western slope before erecting our pyramidal tents.

Ten days on New York, New Haven & Hartford coaches, equipped with brakes that worked without concert, and resulting every time we started or stopped, in the most violent jerks throughout the length of the train had done its work. Sleeping on ancient car seats two in a section, under conditions which resulted in your being thrown out of bed at least twice every night had about ruined the nervous system of officers, men and horses. That day beneath the stifling heat of a mid-summer Arizona sun a reaction set in which took several days to overcome. I remember George Cheney encountered me that day. As we looked out across the hills of Arizona and Mexico, parched and arid for lack of rain he said, "Cy, you have always been in favor of taking over Mexico. As I look around this barren, dirty, lifeless place, I'd be almost willing to give Carranza half of Southern Arizona if he'd only mind his own business and let us go home."

The second day after our arrival, however, the rainy season began. All day long the regimental flag in the plain below had supinely drooped. Everything was wilted. Horses' heads hung on the ground, cattle were dying from the thirst; those that remained about the country seemed to be leaning against the cactus bushes endeavoring not only to obtain a little shade but also to obtain support for their weary limbs. Late that afternoon a great cloud commenced to roll northward from Sonora County. In less than an hour a deluge of rain fell which we will never forget. Luckily we were in our tents. The floods poured down from the mountain side. A veritable river of water ran through the top sergeant's tent and very nearly carried off the troop reports. Lightning cracking over our heads, struck one of the tent poles just east of our company street and sent three Idaho troopers to the hospital. In a few minutes the arroyos and river beds were filled with roaring torrents. The rainy season had begun. Within a week those hills which had looked so arid and brown at our arrival were green with abundant grass.

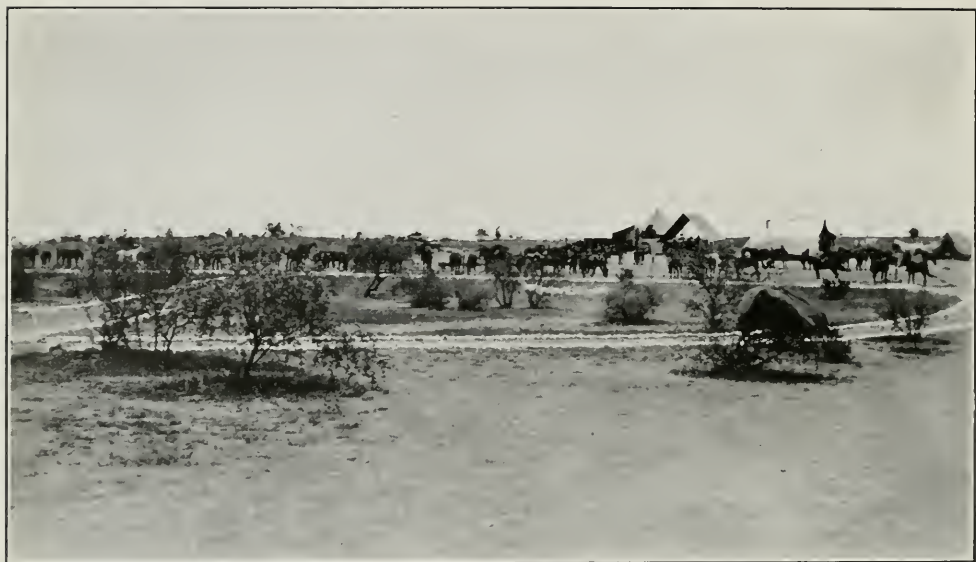
After a struggle against the weakening influence of the new



Nogales, Arizona



Nogales, Mexico



Hughes Park



Cemetery Ridge, Nogales

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climate, inoculation and vaccination, the men commenced to gain back the strength they had lost, and soon we began to ride among the hills along the border in company with Lieut. Thompson of the Tenth Cavalry.

We spent a month at Nogales doing our best to live up to all the traditions and standards of our troop. The rookies were daily drilled under the direction of Lieut. Hughes. Our camp on the hillside was laid out after the manner of some European park. Men of artistic temperament were ordered to don their overalls, seize the whitewash brush and cover every stone within our precincts with a coat of whitewash. Cactus trees were trimmed to look like shade trees of old New England, and in front of each tent could be discerned mosaic work distinctive of the ability of the particular squad that occupied it. One day the order came to put up a mess shed and cook tent. Work of this character was carried out under the direction of George Dean and Morton Scoville. After infinite labor the mess shed became almost complete, when one day a tropical hurricane swept across the hillside and two weeks' work beneath the tropic sun was leveled to the ground. George Dean exclaimed something about contractors being relieved from the performance of contracts when prevented by the act of God. But this didn't have any effect on the military rules and the tent was ordered to be re-constructed.

To celebrate the completion of this event and to get our minds off the routine of military life, we held a mock trial under its spacious roof. Among the participants were Markham and Sweeney, plaintiffs, "Bath House Charley," Rhinoceros Melvin, Prophylactic Bailey, and Lizzie Doran, defendants. The defendants were represented by Dick Phillips and "Plattsburgh Bill" but under the able cross examination of Senator Reynolds assisted by the damaging testimony of Mrs. Leroy (alias Ian Mackenzie) and Serg. Dickenson, who refused to testify on the ground that it would incriminate himself, it developed that the defendants had no real defence. And when Mrs. Leroy produced the identity disk of Mr. Hamersley, found, it was alleged, down by the watering trough, the jury under the direction of Foreman Houghton Bulkeley, was forced to conclude that the big attorney for the defence was also guilty of contributory negligence on the ground that he did not know how to handle a

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

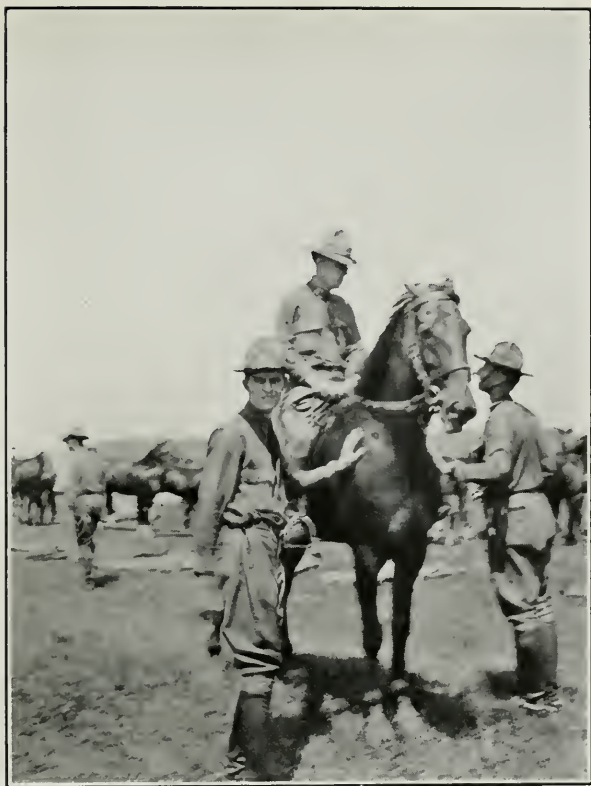
certain big black horse on the picket line, and on the further ground that in the execution of the Manual of Arms he had failed to live up to his reputation as a lecturer on military subjects. On July 15th, however, Mr. Hamersley, being released from custody, announced his engagement to the most beautiful girl in Hartford.

As to the details of events at Nogales I might go on forever recalling to your minds those various episodes of interest but they are too many. Let me conclude by saying that after two days of shooting at the targets, many days of equitation, several inspection days and innumerable days of fatigue duty, the month rolled by.

About the 1st of August the provost guard was established under the direction of Serg. Mills, composed of Roy Bassette, Christensen, Gray and Morgan. These men acted as traffic cops on the road to Tucson and to Cemetery Hill and are said to have performed valuable work in cleaning up the town.

On July 31 General Plummer's staff visited our camp on Cemetery Hill popularly known and designated as Hughes Park. That staff reported back to the General that our troop, in the matter of health and sanitation was the best outfit at Nogales. The General immediately issued a bulletin with such a finding thereon, and ordered it read four times to every one of the 10,000 men in Nogales. Thereafter Captain Davis' smile visibly lengthened and the troopers could scarce conceal their mirth upon hearing the order read and re-read aloud in all the company streets within hearing.

An August 4th the General appeared on the hill and after taking a fancy to the elaborate mess shed which Dean and Scoville had erected and expressing an apparent intention to use it for a bake shop, ordered our troop to evacuate without delay, and take possession of an unknown hamlet amid the mountains to the westward, known as Arivaca. He told Capt. Davis the place was strategically important, and should be occupied by a squadron, but that he had every confidence in the ability of the troop to control the situation—equipped as they were with healthy horses and healthy men and able officers. Up to that time no other outfit had been regarded efficient enough to fill an independent post and we were perhaps justly elated.



Receiving Instructions

Bulkeley Davis

C. D. Cheney



The Mess Shed



The Troop Street



Doc. Bailey

ON TO MEXICO

On Monday morning, August 7th, we arose at 3:30 A. M. and began our journey to Arivaca, fifty-six miles away. It was next to impossible however to beat that Arizona sun, for although it was cool enough at the beginning to chill one's watery blood, suddenly about six o'clock Old Sol stuck her head over the eastern mountain range and commenced to so unmercifully beat down upon the dusty trail to Tubac as to almost immediately drive the thermometer to up over a hundred. Horses sweltered under a full pack. Canteens were only big enough to tantalize; and to many of us it seemed as tho we were journeying towards No-Man's land. At noon we reached a little oasis on the Santa Cruz River, where a cow had died in the early morning and was already ripe enough to attract scores of vultures who had preceded us to the spot. Long horned hungry looking steers eyed us curiously as we unsaddled for our noon day rest; munched two hardtack and a pickle so generously furnished us by Mess Serg. Cutler, and stripped to the skin in order to bathe in the waters of the Santa Cruz before the torrents of yesterday had passed once for all over its sandy bottom to the sea. Men like Marshall Holcombe, Phil Wainwright and Shrimp Hansel crawled about in that roaring, tepid, murky torrent for an hour, but, when they emerged on the terra firma, looked just as dirty and tired as they did before.

Our nooning over, we crawled up the trail seven or eight miles to a flat just north of Tubac which had been picked out by some military genius as a proper place to camp. It appeared to be an ideal spot. It was near water, it was nearer level than any barn floor in Granby, and there were no sticks or stones to disturb the sleeping soldier. So we put up our picket line, erected our dog tents, stowed away our equipment, put on our watering bridles and started to water our horses, all lightly clad and carrying web belts and revolvers. Well, it took us about an hour to water those horses. And while we were doing it, a great black cloud unceremoniously enveloped us, and without delay staged a veritable cloudburst for our particular benefit. We were wet to the skin and upon coming in sight of our camp were astonished to find we had set our tents in the middle of a broad inland sea at no spot over seven inches deep. As Lieut. Cheney tells it in one of his letters home, — after we had done a little irrigating, a warm wind blew up from the south and

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everybody passed a pleasant night on the yielding ground wrapped in wet clothes and wringing blankets. We arose again at 3:30 and were on our way with the rising sun. Under the lead of a guide procured by Cy Melvin — our Spanish scholar — we spent the day promiscuously walking, trotting and galloping through the mountain passes and plains a distance of say 26 parasangs until we came to Arivaca.

Two hours later Lieut. Cheney arrived with our wagons drawn by West Hartford mules which had to come the long way through Amada. The following morning about ten o'clock a great cloud of dust to the northward and purring of motors betokened the arrival of Lieut. Hughes with thirty-two loaded trucks and thirty rookies. Escorting Springfield Kelleys over paths called roads by courtesy, rivers without bridges, and along precipices which might cave in any minute, was a new experience, and I venture to say, will be no sooner forgotten than will the panorama westward towards Baboquivari be forgotten by those troopers who traveled by horse through the pass from Tubac.

We spent almost nine weeks at Arivaca encamped within the confines of a barbed wire enclosure, planked by adobe walled store — adobe church and adobe residences occupied by both men and chickens and cattle. We guarded the old smugglers' trail leading southward from Tucson, Arizona, to Saric, Sonora. We patrolled the mining and cattle country to the southward along the Border. Montana, California Gulch, the Stone House, La Osa, Tres Bellotes, Sasabi, Buenos Ayres, and Oro Blanca became familiar names and still recall familiar scenes.

It would take too long to tell every episode of interest which transpired during our tour of duty on the Border. But for the benefit of those of you who weren't there let me sketch for you a few of the incidents of our life at Arivaca together with now and then a portrait of some of the men who worked with us.

The bugles blown by Haynes and Taylor no sooner cut the chill morning air (as one finds it before sunrise) than can be heard the stentorian voice of Serg. Myers exclaiming, "What's the matter with you sergeants anyway. Dexter you're slipping all the time." A moment later Mother Dexter, as he is affectionately called by all those who have served under him, appears

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at the doorway of the 7th and 8th squads with the cheerful remark "everybody happy?" Walter Gard, whose muzzle Corporal Comey mislaid early in the campaign, lets out some remark about the misfortune of being commanded by men of inferior ability. Private McIntosh who has devoured no less than 20 ice cream cones on the day before, and the outside of whose stomach probably resembled an ice cream freezer on a July day is by this time sufficiently awake to remember that it is his turn for guard and he forthwith requests being confined to quarters for the day. Parmelee thereupon commences to complain because Supply Serg. Shearer can't get a pair of shoes big enough to fit him, and asserts that his working days are numbered unless he received another installment of shoe leather. Big Bill Savage of Yale football fame passing by after a tick of guard duty, expands that theme a little by saying, "I don't understand the system that man Shearer goes by. If you need a sight cover, drift slide or curb chain you can crawl through hell with a broken back before he will give you one but if you happen to get stocked up with eleven pair of drawers, he'll insist on giving you three or four pair to lay around in the dirt under your bunk. Who furnishes the rules for that guy to work under anyway?" By this time everybody except Deke Hastings is dressed and probably everybody has fallen into line in proper platoon formation, except Henry Brown and Paul Messinger, who it is safe to assume are elsewhere.

After reporting, everybody seeks the picket line with curry-comb and brush. At first the rookies find it hard to recognize their own horses after a night of transposition by the guard. "Have you groomed your own horse?" queried Serg. Hughes of Mackenzie one morning. "I think so, sir," said the canny Scotchman, "I've groomed three thoroughly and one partially. I tied him right in this neighborhood when we came last night."

Vividly do I recall certain other morning grooming scenes. For instance Duke Wilde at the far end of the picket line with curry-comb in one hand and a tent pin in the other making a laudable yet not effective effort to groom Parmelee's black Beelzebub; Bill Buck standing about opposite Mackenzie and with a curry-comb tickling Bess beneath the belly until her ears lay back and she lands with energy anything in sight; Bill Hamersley affectionately cooing with "Bullie Dear," and "Silvie and

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Cookie" grooming Cutler and Hansel, two of our best West Hartford mules.

After grooming and feeding we all wash up and go to breakfast. This function is presided over by that able sergeant popularly known as Raspberry Jam Cutler and Jess Harris assisted by such willing privates as Sid Rodda and Bernard Jackson. Passing down the line each man gets three pieces of sow belly, bread, or hardtack with raspberry jam, a cup of coffee and some oatmeal. While Hamersley and Bulkeley seize the occasion to simulate the European method of fighting with liquid fire, Bath House Charlie arrives a little late dressed in a gaudy bathing suit and is deemed improperly garbed to come to Serg. Cutler's royal table. Charlie's temper gets the best of him and he hurls a great tuber (which he has already received) into the oatmeal can and, like Achilles, retires to his tent, a picture of haughty disgust.

After breakfast watering is in order. Long ago blankets and saddles have been discarded for this operation, and in a jiffy the whole troop is mounted bareback in column of twos and on the way to Arivaca Crick, which with full stream flows past the town and within two miles thereafter runs dry. Woodmancy's mare unloads him into the middle of the creek. As he rises to a sitting posture he is roundly cussed by the sergeant in charge of ceremonies for riling the water so that the horses can't drink. This done, part of the troopers remain in camp to perform fatigue duties, while the remainder trot the horses up the road a mile to the meadow to graze. There is some delay in getting off because Bath House can't mount and Phil Roberts, laboring under the impression that Lady has swallowed her curb chain, excitedly requests Father Williams to lend a stomach grappling iron. At last they get off and those remaining in camp go at their especial duties.

Whitaker repairs leather; Father Williams doctors sick horses; Senator Reynolds and the old guard squad sweep the picket line so clean as to make it difficult for the many pigs and chickens belonging to the neighboring Mexicans to glean a living. Rough Allen, the hair cutter, really belongs to the fatigue squad but by telling Houghton Bulkeley how to do two men's work with the last available dung fork, and by making an occasional revolution around the hay stack at the Psychological moment, he

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passes the forenoon without completely exhausting himself. Corp. Arthur Allen, who has experienced some trouble from being short on his horse count is heard to explain to the relief "Now, fellows, we are responsible for 89 horses. If any officer should ask you how many horses we have on the line, make the count good. It's just as well to have one or two extra. Then you won't run behind. One of the sergeants made so much fuss over the loss of one horse that I nearly invited him out back of the cemetery to talk the matter over."

About 11:30 the morning labors are finished. Everybody tries to take it easy—or rather everybody assumes a sleeping posture and spends the hour of recreation beating off the flies that hover over the camp thicker than locusts in Egypt. We lunch on cold tea, spaghetti and blackberry jam, and after a suitable siesta, fatigue call sounds. The "Top" reels off a list of things to be done that must have taxed the ingenuity of someone higher up who does the thinking. Men of artistic temperament like Bassette, Marshall Holcombe, Fred Way and Jim Slimmon are turned loose on the whitewash brush with instructions to whiten and sterilize every fence post and adobe wall in sight, and, after that, to give up the brush to Baldwin and Bannister who will touch up certain rocks near the latrine designated for those decorative purposes by Lieut Hughes.

Serg. Dickenson is ordered to take his platoon and the mule team over in the lot and fetch stones enough to macadam the ancient cow yard where our wash room is located. Serg. Westbrook is ordered to take his platoon out and start a new latrine because the last one we dug, measuring three feet wide, sixteen feet long and twelve feet deep, is half full, and digging in Arivaca is no cinch. Hamersley seizes a shovel and descends into the hole, hoping this won't get as much out of him as the last latrine did, and crawls out exhausted ten minutes later pulling almost as much dirt into the hole as he threw out. Deke Hastings and Markham following turn with about the same result. Finally Sandy Cushman and John Sweeney do their tricks; time being about up a little measuring convinces Westie that as a result of the afternoon's labor he will be able to report a full three inches of solid progress.

Christensen at recall from fatigue returns to the abode of the Campfire Girls of America ruled over by that man, Corp.

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George W. Cheney, and explains to Little who is already polishing his gun for inspection at Guard Mount "Don't I get dirt tho; they put me on a detail to move the commissary department: Serg. Cutler, Bernard Jackson, Jimmie Greer, Pike and Barrows and Welles. Greer had a sore finger and couldn't lift, Barrows crabbed all the time, and Pike won't work much anyway and Jackson and I did all the work while Welles took pictures of a Mexican funeral."

Supper composed of beans, bread and blackberry jam is served at 5:30 and generally just as the sun has disappeared beyond the western mountain range clothing the majestic Baboquivari and, in fact, all of the surrounding country, in one of the richest sunsets you ever saw, the ceremony of guard mount takes place. Everyone except possibly Cy Melvin and Bill Savage are keen contestants for the honor of orderly. Allen Dexter, Gib Shepard, Dwight Pease, Stud Gray and Bath House Charlie are all there as tho fresh from a bandbox but Jimmie Bristol out points all competitors because he remembers the size of his hat and is loudly cheered by the Jaw Bone Squad, everyone of whom have been selected as orderly except the cook and corporal, both of whom are ineligible. This record was achieved by no other squad. And not even modesty can deter me from saying that at Arivaca under the leadership of General Comey it was one of the best fighting outfits in this spirited organization.

About the time the onlookers from the other squads have paid up their bets and the sun has all but disappeared a great cry arises — The Trucks, The Trucks: — Sure enough 25 of them loaded with alfalfa, oats, crude oil, whitewash and hardtack come roaring into the yard. "I'll bet you a dollar we stay here two months more," yells Goodrich Markham, as he looks regretfully at this new assortment of supplies. We all turn to with a will and after an hour of groaning and straining the hay mow is replenished, the oat bin refilled, and the commissary department well supplied with sow belly and blackberry jam. The unexpected arrival of the trucks, however, has only temporarily delayed the real business of the evening, over in the mess tent, where poker, the national game of chance, is recklessly yet skillfully played by some, where bridge or reading and writing are the pastimes of others. At ten o'clock every man, except the guard, even those who have avoided blackberry jam and beans

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by spending their day's pay at Carmelita's, has turned in for a night of rest, justly weary from either thirty miles of patrol duty, fatigue duty, guard duty or cook detail. Altho lights are out Bob Thomas is observed stealthily making a mysterious application of foot ease.

Hopes of complete rest, however, are in vain. About midnight that long headed commander of the camp — Capt. J. H. K. Davis — happened to be making an observation round to see if the camp was ship shape and, whether as Jimmie Taylor says he stepped on a horned toad or a cactus plant, we don't know, but we do know that in less time than it takes to tell it Heintze was calling us "to arms." Shall I say pandemonium reigned? If so, only for a minute. We were soon standing in platoon formation, clad in all kinds of costumes but with rifles, pistols and "bandellettes" nevertheless. Under Lieut. Bulkeley and Serg. Cheney the guard had already taken the danger post at Arivaca creek near the smugglers' trail that leads into Mexico. Serg. Myers with customary promptness and skill did his part by moving the 1st platoon to a ravine beyond the picket line as a protection for that flank. Other platoons moved to their designated spots. It all happened so quickly that my memory of that night call is a little hazy. I do, however, remember hearing Mother Dexter calling frantically "Where in hell is the rest of the 4th platoon?" Nobody knew. But when that night call was over and we had returned to our tents we found John Cook and Lawrence Hansel "froze to the hay" and sleeping as serenely as little children unmindful of and unhaunted by the fears of those of us who waking really believed for a moment that the Mexicans were upon us.

I haven't begun to recall to you the interesting incidents of our nine weeks' stay in this lonely hamlet in the open cattle country beneath the open sky, but my time is short and I must stop.

On Tuesday morning, October 10th, Lieut. Thompson with troopers from the 2nd Cavalry arrived at Arivaca and relieved us. Capt. Davis evacuated that still familiar looking camp ground immediately and at 1 P. M. that afternoon began the march by way of Montana Peak and Bear Valley back to Nogales. That moonlight ride over the mountains and through Bear Valley, still untouched by the hand of man, will not soon

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be forgotten by those who knew and loved that wilderness and grandeur.

On Friday, October 13th, after waiting two days on the old camp ground of the 1st Infantry, we entrained; and, at six o'clock, just as the shroud of darkness was about to fall, we began our long journey home.

There was a sadness akin to sorrow about the departure which we will not soon forget. One who had been with us all the long journey from Niantic to Nogales was not with us. We learned from Peterson that he was delirious and was to be operated upon at the main hospital at Nogales that day. When we reached Chicago on October 18th we learned that Nick Carter had passed away. With him died one of the most conscientious soldiers in this or any other troop. I knew him well and think that you will agree with me when I say he was "accomplished without ostentation, grave without austerity, gentle without weakness, cheerful without frivolity, conciliatory but unbending, rigid in performance, yet indulgent towards all faults but his own."

On October 21st, at about seven o'clock in the evening after a week of incessant travel, we reached our native city where we were not only greeted by wife and child and sweetheart but also by countless friends. As we marched up Main Street and out Farmington Avenue shivers of intense joy again traveled through our spinal cords. We were home again in the fairest city in this broad land. Our reception was wonderful. Even West Hartford received us to her arms and we were escorted from the station to our Armory accompanied by citizens, Foot Guard and Veterans of this troop, the latter of whom even helped us unsaddle and feed. Old Baldur altho four months in foreign parts, found his way from the water trough unaided to his accustomed stall in the Armory stable.

Likewise the members of this troop after going through the motions of an inspection of equipment, a parade past our Mayor and City Fathers, and of being mustered out of federal service, returned each without delay to his own niche in economic life of our nation.

In Potsdam, Germany it is said one sees an unusually large number of very tall men. These are the descendants of the women of the town and the tall guards of Frederick the Great,



Thomas W. Carter



M. G. Bulkeley Westbrook



C. D. Cheney

Hughes

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who were quartered for over fifty years in that city. At Arivaca, I am proud to say, the conduct of the troopers was above reproach, and if we believe the letters we have received since our return, we have left in Pima County, Arizona, a favorable impression which will not soon be forgotten.

Of the events that have transpired since our return from the Border let me speak briefly in order that they may be incorporated in the year's history.

During November, we lost both Captain Davis and Captain Cheney. These officers had long since done more than their share for the National Guard of this State. And even if business had not made such a course imperative their resignations on the ground of length of service alone, would have been justified. Neither of those able officers require any words of commendation to this troop from me. Their reasonable foresight and their prolonged and conscientious labors in behalf of the troop entitle them to stand side by side with that gifted pioneer Captain, James L. Howard, whose efforts and ability, have always been appreciated by the members of our organization.

The captains' shoes that they left empty have been well filled by Morgan Bulkeley, Jr., and the first and second lieutenancies in this command are now occupied respectively by Rawdon W. Myers and Stillman F. Westbrook, both men of experience who often have been tried and never found wanting. Under this new leadership, altho the old regime has passed away, we are trying to live up to the spirit of the New Federalized Militia law and to satisfy the Government's most exacting demands. At our inspection in January, 1917, Major Smedberg, acting for the Federal Government, gave us a rating of "very good" which I understand to be the best rating given by him to any national guard cavalry organized to date.

As has already been said, tonight is the sexennial since the formation of this troop. Tomorrow some of you who have been with it since the beginning will pass into the reserve. We congratulate you for having done your share towards making this organization what it is. We who remain behind will try to carry on in still fuller measure the work you have so well begun. What the near future has in store for us no man can tell. Our prophecies of yesterday have come true. We have seen duty

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on the Border and all but one have returned to tell the tale. But has our work there been finished? Some think not. Our up to date and patriotic Governor, Marcus H. Holcomb, is reported to have said that all Mexico wasn't worth a regiment of American boys. In addition to Bill Hamersley, Edgar Blake and Frank Lambert, I am certain that at least 200,000 mothers and as many men in the state of Connecticut would echo that sentiment.

But only a generation ago the German people, speaking through the mouth of the great Bismarck said that the Balkans weren't worth the life of a single Pomeranian Grenadier. For two years, however, thousands upon thousands of the sons of the Fatherland have spilled their blood to obtain supremacy in that very quarter of the globe. And now as the clouds of war bear down upon us if we can believe the latest reports relative to the machinations of a Machivellian German diplomacy, the stage is being set for a struggle which involves not alone Europe and the Balkans, but Mexico and our own land as well. Liberty, Democracy, freedom, safety on the high seas, and even the right of small neutral nations to exist are at stake. The opponent of these fundamental principles of Anglo-Saxonism is still strong and unconquered. She has refused our demands, flouted our wishes and evidence even now shows she is plotting our downfall. Before another troop year has rolled around there may be heavy work cut out for us to do. But in words of a certain poet, whether that work be of war or of peace,

“ Let us live for those who need us,
For those who know us true,
For the stars which shine above us
And wait our coming too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the weak who need assistance
For our future in the distance
And the good that we can do.”

Cy Seymour.



William J. Hamersley



Federal Inspection at Arivaca



University Club

				Carter L. Allen	Shepard	Reynolds			
	Hill	McKee		Hamersley			Mills	Welles	
	Whitney	Thomas	Baridon	Dean	A. W. Allen	Blake	Doran	D. A. Pease	Eaton
Holcombe			Roberts	Cushman		Harris	R. H. Phillips		Melvin
		Gard			Davis	M. G. Bulkeley			
	A. M. Dexter		G. W. Cheney				Hastings		
	Westbrook		Seymour	Cutler			Sweeney	Barber	

XIV

ARIZONA DAYS

Extracts from Diary of Private Sweeney

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1916.

Private Sweeney was appointed Troop Clerk, pro tem, and took up his residence with First Serg. Myers. Today was made a sort of day of rest after our strenuous hike of a day and a half. There was no riding and little work of any kind. Visitors were many throughout the day. A little work was done to our equipment, and later in the day Troop A blew in, and quite a few of the Infantry Companies. We groomed in the morning and helped arrange the store tent. We branded quite a few of the horses and took their descriptions. The boys all got a good rest today and a few went in swimming in the Inlet, salt water. New appointments were made, to wit: Lance Corp. Comey to be Corp.; Private Art. Allen to be Corp.; Private Eaton to be Lance Corp. The 7th and 8th squads were made.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25, 1916.

Sunday it rained, rained and rained. The troop went out for a practice ride in A. M. in the light misty rain. Private James Parsons was thrown while on the practice ride, but was not injured a bit. He seemed to have lost control of his horse and both he and horse went down. There were quite a few visitors in camp for a wet and rainy day, and a few of the tents entertained visitors at dinner in their tents. The camp all over was a veritable sea of mud. Everyone was disgusted with the day and retired early, little dreaming of what the morrow would bring forth. Several of the men had leave of absence for several hours, and Private Hamersley for a whole day. Sergt. Hughes returned today with Lieut. Cheney, from N. Y. C. where they were looking over horses.

MONDAY, JUNE 26, 1916.

About 12:00 midnight, Sunday, we received an order to pack up immediately for instant departure to the Border. The Troop was roused by squads and everyone went thru the physical exam. We lost 6 men on account of physical disabilities. We arose at 5:00 and started packing up. In the forenoon the horses were groomed, watered and fed about 9:00, and things were now going first rate for the packing of our equipments. We struck our pyramidal tents at 1:00, received a host of callers who heard the sudden news in Hartford and sped down to camp

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by train and auto. The rest of the horses were branded and identified and everyone waited for the order to go. At 7:00 we saddled and departed for the train; after a two hour wait for our train, disgusted we returned to camp, slept any old way, on the ground.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1916.

We arose at 4:00 and hiked it straightway for the train at Niantic after watering and feeding the horses at Camp. We left Niantic Station about 8:00 and went right thru to New Haven where a great crowd met us. Thence on to Danbury via the N. E. Division thru Derby. At Danbury the ovation was deafening indeed. Thence on to Poughkeepsie and over the bridge. At Campbell Hall we took a new route out thru Maybrook. Our horses were watered and fed on the train to-day. The reception up thru the state of N. Y. was wonderful. We passed Camp Whitman on the way, and it was a large camp of probably over 1,000 men. We got into Rochester at about 5:00, everybody in good shape. We passed and met with lots of Mass. Troops on the way. Early to bed.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1916.

We woke in Utica, N. Y., about 5:00 and watered and fed all the horses, and took some out on the passenger platform, those in the baggage cars only. We left Utica at 9:00 after our setting-up exercises. These were our first setting-up exercises which took place every day. Continuing, we passed thru Syracuse, the Salt City. At about 6:00 we made Buffalo, the Stock Yards. We took off all the horses and put them in the nearby pens. We groomed for half an hour, fed and watered. We lay there watering and feeding a good four hours. Cutler, Stewart, Westbrook and Lieut. Bulkeley went uptown and nailed some water, and made some purchases. We lay in Buffalo most of the night scouting around. We left about 11:30. The whole trip was in the car until our coaches were put on. We retired at 12:30.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1916.

In Cleveland next noon and went thru State of Ohio. We passed thru Erie, Pa., early in the A. M. and arrived in Cleveland about 11:00. Erwin Rankin met us here and was a welcome visitor. We stopped in Cleveland about one-half hour. At about three in the P. M. we stopped at Bellevue, Ohio, to water, feed and groom. This lasted about two hours and we started again at 5:00. At 9:00 that evening we stopped at Fort Wayne, Ind., and received a great reception, the whole town was out it seemed, and we serenaded them and they serenaded us. Shortly after leaving Fort Wayne we passed over the well-known and justly famous (in song) Wabash River. Cleveland impressed us as a very busy place. We got a view of the lake shortly after leaving Cleveland.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1916.

To-day was our busiest day yet while on the train. We arrived in Chicago at an early hour—6 A. M.—and took off the horses and placed them in some of the pens in the stockyard. A large number of the boys departed right away for the Chicago Athletic Club, and some to the University Club where a swim, bath, shave, haircut and a general clean-up was enjoyed by the Troopers. The Officers went to the Q. M. Dept. and got some needed supplies, etc., and later went over to Montgomery, Ward & Co. to buy a huge supply of materials for our canteen to be started. A whole lot of needed shopping was now done about town and at 3:00 we drew out. This was our loveliest day yet, as it was a great change to the monotony of train riding.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1916.

Arrived outside of Des Moines at about 8:30, but didn't pass thru main section of city. To-day was the hottest yet experienced, giving us a bit of a taste of what to expect in Nogales, Ariz. We hope to arrive there next Saturday or Sunday. At 11:00 or thereabouts a stop was made at Larimo, Iowa, and we took off our horses. The horses grazed in the nearby farmland and later were watered. The horses no doubt enjoyed this chance to stretch their legs, but for the Troopers it was hard and strenuous work, and made the sweat roll off in streams. A canteen was started to-day which will be continued during our stay at Nogales. Everyone is in good shape.

SUNDAY, JULY 2, 1916.

We passed thru Kansas City about 12:30 midnight, of Saturday, and had a break-down. We pulled out of Kansas City at 3:00 and woke up in Farleigh, Kansas, where we took off all the horses, watered and fed and groomed. We were off the train 4 hours, and left at 2:00. The boys earned a swim at this place; the water was pretty warm but had cold springs about 4 feet under the surface. We have had no horse troubles as yet. The horses were all in fine shape and looked good, also the mules. Resuming our journey we passed thru with stops at Afton, Tulsa, and the Oil City, and a few others. We stopped at the Oil City for one-half hour where a big crowd turned out to meet us. We passed thru the oil fields, lead mines and soft coal mines. Saw lots of Indians, Creches and Cherokees.

MONDAY, JULY 3, 1916.

We arose at 7:00 and got ready for our arrival at Fort Worth. All the men had lunches before leaving the train at Fort Worth. We arrived there at 11:00. The officers looked over and bought 16 horses. The horses were taken from the cars, watered, fed and groomed. We stayed here until 7:00 and

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about 5:30 the men were excused for a jaunt about town. Fort Worth impressed us as a mighty fine town. The Red Cross girls served us with a light lunch at 7:00. The men were watering, feeding and grooming from 1:30 to 5:30. Quite a few purchases of grub, etc., were made. A roster of our Troop was left with the Postmaster to forward to us any mail. The weather got warmer in Fort Worth, and we saw quite a few Mexicans (peons mostly). The day was pretty well taken up with Fort Worth, and we had a strenuous and interesting time of it. We changed here from the N. Y., N. H. & H. day coaches to tourist sleepers, and it was a very welcome change for the men.

TUESDAY, JULY 4, 1916.

July 4th, our Nation's birthday, we arrived in Big Springs, Texas, our first stop after leaving Fort Worth the night before. We arrived in Big Springs at about 11:00 and drew out about 3:30. We took off our horses and fed, watered and groomed from 12:00 to 2:30. Some of the men got a shower bath in the R. R. Y. M. C. A. It was pretty hot at Big Springs, but it was a dry heat. Our next stop will be El Paso, Texas. We laid in a big supply of ice and water as we are hitting the arid, alkali section of Texas. We are now traveling on the Texas Pacific and it's a single track R. R., but a smooth road bed. All our horses and mules are standing up well and the men are all in fine shape. We see plenty of Prairie Dogs, Jack Rabbits and Horned Toads. This is a big state and awful dry.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1916.

We arrived at El Paso at about 10:30, detrained our horses and mules for about 3 hours to feed, groom and water. The Troop got away at about 1:30. The officers just made the train, in fact they had to recall the train, or rather overtake the train with the aid of a switch yard train. The men stayed around the cars for the most part, altho some went up for a swim. Private Sweeney and Cushman went up town for some purchases for the Captain, and went up to Fort Bliss in a jitney for any straying mail, when they returned they had missed the train but caught up the next day with the Troop at Nogales, Ariz. To-day was a hot day and we all felt it. This town was right on the border, as the International Bridge to Juarez is here.

THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1916.

The first call was at 3:45 and breakfast soon followed. We arrived in Nogales at 6:45 after circling around Tucson, Ariz., about 66 miles from Nogales. We are now at our destination, and we started right in to unload. We found the day good and hot. The horses were watered, fed and groomed in the corrals early in the day, at 8:30. There seemed to be a congestion at

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the yards and depts. over arriving troop trains, but we finally de-trained and got on the way immediately for camp. Camp is about 2 miles from town. The men worked hard all day on setting up the tents, the picket line, etc. Our camp site was found to be ideal, on a high hill or plateau. We watered at about 6 for the first time in the camp's watering place. Everyone retired early.

FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1916.

Reveille at 5:25 and the day's work was on. The Captain said to-day would be a day of rest after our arduous tasks of the preceding day. All worked hard today fixing up the kitchen over which Sergt. Cutler presided as usual. We groomed, watered and fed. Mess at 6:00, stable grooming at 7:30, boots and saddles at 8:00, for watering. About noon our first storm loomed up, and it came down steadily for several hours. This, they say, is the rainy season, which we just struck in time. Corp. Allen's squad went on guard from 6 P. M. to 6 A. M. Saturday. We watered the horses at 6:00 or thereabouts. During the storm the men took an open air shower in the Company street. Camp really started on a regular basis today, and things started to hum. Signal Corps in street back of us, no one in front of us.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1916.

Reveille at 5:25 followed by setting-up exercises, leap frog exercises, feeding, then breakfast at 6:00 and stables at 7:30, and boots and saddles at 8:00. We rode to town, no trotting, just horse exercise. Returning to camp we started work on a latrine and finished it in the P. M. Work quit at 11 and was resumed at 4:00 per orders, due to the heated period. This order will stand during our stay in Nogales, as 10:00 to 4:00 is the hot period. We lost a valuable Fort Worth horse this P. M., due to peritonitis, bone trouble and complications. We burned the carcass in a nearby ravine about 6:00, used petrol and large timbers. The horse was opened by Dr. Hill, and the organs examined together with a lecture on horse diseases. Went in water at 6:00.

SUNDAY, JULY 9, 1916.

Today was a rather busy day all-round. The shower baths were completed and were used quite frequently by all. Four of the men, Sweeney, Doran, Sergt. Shearer and Walsh went to church in the village. Inspection of rifles and pistols took place at four in the P. M., and the men worked hard from dinner to four cleaning up rifles, sabres and pistols. After inspection the horses were led to water and later groomed. After dinner the Rev. Dr. Berg held a short service in one of the tents, which was enjoyed by all the men. It rained tonight and was quite cool, in fact we had been getting a rain storm regularly every

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day, as this is the rainy season. The men retired early as the week promised some hard work.

MONDAY, JULY 10, 1916.

Watering down town at watering troughs at 8:00 A. M. Went out then about 5 miles in 3 units. Heavy rain en route but it doesn't hurt us, but gives the camp a good drenching. It rained until 4 P. M. We had a fine meal tonight consisting of peas, potatoes, lamb, ice cream, hot tea. Rest in the P. M.

TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1916.

Reveille at 5:00, followed by leap frog exercise. Mess at 6:00 as usual. 7:30 stable call, boots and saddles. Whole Troop rides out about 3 miles and return. Private Dexter ill today. Signal Corps next door, careless on their food and canteen, and quite a few on sick list. A long siesta after lunch. At 3:30 we watered horses at troughs down town. Grooming and stables at 5:00 and a quiet evening.

THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1916.

Had a fine ride in the morning, way out into the highlands, north of Nogales; so far that we got a fine view of Nogales and surrounding country. We saw several carcasses of cattle along the route. Rained very hard all afternoon. Bill Hamersley announces his engagement this evening. General congratulations on all sides. Wonderful moonlight at night.

FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1916.

Didn't rain today, being the first all clear day we have had. Tents furled up on poles to air out. Short ride this A. M. after watering. We rode less than 2 miles. Grooming, watering and feeding at noon, and afternoon off till 4:30. Some of the boys went down town but had to be back by 3 P. M. The horses were watered at 4:30, mess at 6:00, and a quiet evening followed. A pretty clear day. Had an eclipse of the moon that evening.

TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1916.

About 50 vaccinated and 4 keeled over.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1916.

Started out for our A. M. horse exercise at 7:45, but found the watering troughs so crowded that we didn't get away from there till 9:20. Capt. took us for a ride up thru Conn. Regts. Camp, close to Border, and saw the Mexican and American sentries. Returned at 11:00, and groomed and fed. Heat today was terrific—114° in the tents. After mess we cleaned our leather in preparation for the Federal inspection on Saturday. Watering again at 4:00. Did a little policing on Troop Street, after noon grooming. A storm threatened, but it did not come



Drill



Horse Exercise



Federal Inspection, Nogales



The Old Trough, Nogales

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thru. Corp. Wainwright on guard. Nose bags at noon feeding were not filled and men had to fill them individually. Capt. Phil Cheney stayed at officers' tent Tuesday evening.

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1916.

At 7:00 we rode out past west road by Conn. Infantry Camp, coming back thru the town. Most of the Troop had never seen that part of Nogales before. We rode close to the new field hospital. Detail of men sent over to hospital to help dig trenches. 15 men under Corp. Allen returned at noon and had stables, rest until 5:00 and had stables again. Pretty warm day all round. This was our last day at the old watering troughs, and after our experiences of the last few days on the sharp rocks dumped in to fill in the mud holes, the new watering troughs will prove a great boon.

FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1916.

Reveille at 5:00. A new earlier rising call to facilitate the work of the day so we can finish the business of the day before noon. The Troop moved out at 7:00 for watering, and several of us, about 20, came back with led horses. The Troop took a short ride, mostly on the outskirts of the town. The Troop returned about 11:00. Next call was at 4:00 and we groomed, fed and watered—we watered at our new troughs—it was a long job as only two troughs were ready, and they were very slow in filling. At night we had some boxing and wrestling matches and tumbling stunts in our Troop street. Lambert, Moyer and Sweeney wrestled for the Troop. All retired about 9:00. Not a very strenuous day, although quite hot. Thunder and a little rain in the P. M.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1916.

At 7:00 we started to prepare for a Federal inspection of all our equipment, personnel and horse. The tents were rolled up and cots taken out and floors watered. Lieut. Hughes and a U. S. Officer looked over our equipment and commented on their appearance. Lieut. Hughes checked up the equipments. This took all the morning. Private Hill accidentally discharged his automatic Colt in the ground, no comment of moment made. Next call after mess was at 4:00 and comprised grooming, watering and feeding. No horse exercise today. Two squads buried the pipes carrying water to troughs on picket line. They were sunk about 6". Pretty strenuous day. 7th squad, Corp. Comey, went on guard at 7:00. Nothing out of the ordinary during the day.

SUNDAY, JULY 23, 1916.

The Troop departed for some horse exercise at 7:00, and returned about 10:30. Some of the men went to church down

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town. Nothing of great moment happened during the day except the usual heat. Corp. Allen went on guard at 7:00. Rev. Dr. Berg held brief services in the evening at 7:30. A rather quiet day all round as it was Sunday. Usual heat and thunder in P. M. with a few drops of water, but no heavy rain. We are getting troubled with the fleas now and they are as thick as sand in Mexico. Heavy mail from Hartford. Not much doing today on account of it being Sunday. I got Troop's orders at 11:00 and 4:00 from headquarters.

MONDAY, JULY 24, 1916.

The Troop departed at 7:00 to shoot on the Rifle Range, as the Troop will enjoy the Range Monday and Tuesday. All the new men and the non-coms. went along. Pretty warm on the Range and men returned at 1:15 pretty tired. Horses were tired too, and it was so hot that only a few of the horses were watered before lunch. A large supply of lumber arrived for our new mess hall and for the tent flooring. About 2:30 a heavy wind blew up and tossed things about generally, followed by a heavy rain lasting about an hour. Grooming, feeding and watering followed at 5:00 in our squad. Corp. Dean went on guard at 7:00. A very hot day and lots of rain in the P. M.

TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1916.

Left at 7:00 for rifle range for a half day on the range. All new men and those not having shot record course as yet shot. Left range at 11:30. Lunch at 1:00 and no work till 5:00, when watering, feeding and grooming. Pretty warm day. These two days have been our first two days on the range and we won't get another chance till next October. Rest from 1:30 to 4:00, when we had stables again. First session of Spanish class in village took place tonight, organized by John Doran. Miss O'Neil of Nogales, the instructor, and 18 in the class.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1916.

Federal inspection of horses which took all A. M. Troopers spent morning in camp cleaning horse and saddle equipments, also rifles and pistols. Fed and watered horses at noon. In P. M. at 4:30 three squads, 6, 7, 8, started work on new permanent latrine, worked in relays until 6:00. Just before supper a terrific heavy storm broke on us. It was very severe and the worst we have yet experienced. It blew over the frame work and partially finished roof of our new mess hall, and delayed mess nearly an hour. Damage all over the big camp. Wonderful lightning effects followed the storm. It cleared early.

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1916.

Inspection of tents and equipments, tents furled, cots taken out and all equipment laid out as for inspection, just as we

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used to do in the Armory. We are expecting a Federal inspector now, but he didn't arrive as yet. This lay-out took all morning. Kitchen detail of 3 men now a permanency. Ride under Lieut. Morgan Bulkeley on a stiff trot up Tucson Road. Bill Savage fell out on account of bad stomach. All right next day. No ride in P. M., just hang around and stables at 5:00, followed by mess, and a little singing in street at night. Work of rebuilding damaged mess house started and only one day's labor lost on entire job.

FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1916.

Reveille at 4:45, 15 minutes earlier. Stables. T. Stewart sick. Ride out beyond rifle range for our first drill and fighting on foot, under Capt. Davis. This was very interesting work and just what we needed and wanted. Afterwards we were paid off in gold. Our first pay since leaving Niantic, in fact, our first pay day since mobilization. This was altogether an enjoyable day, as we were all flush with money and in high spirits. Work of improving the camp goes on merrily. Picket line is much improved with stone backing and gradually being white-washed. Dean and Scoville and their gang keep up their fine work on the mess hall, and it is gradually rounding into shape, ought to be ready by Monday at least. Our Troop Street is now quite immaculate and clean.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1916.

Inspection of equipment all morning. Tents furled, cots taken out and all the morning given up to this. Feeding and watering at noon. Boots and saddles at 4:00, and went out for horse exercise under Captain Davis. Out past 1st and 2nd Regiments. Pike's led horse got away from him, also his own horse, but quickly recovered with no injuries. Returned at 5:30, and then stables. Being Saturday evening quite a few Troopers went over two streets to Col. Signal Corps street to see movies, and some to take part in their vaudeville. Gard, Walsh and a chorus (8) furnished the Troop's quota of fun. The whole show and S. F. Examiner movies were very satisfactory. Our singing was a double quartette.

SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1916.

Inspection of pistols and rifles at 8:00 by Captain Davis. Hamersley dropped his rifle and got a couple hours of fatigue. After inspection we had the day to ourselves until 5:00. Some went down town to church and ate dinner in Nogales, Royal Restaurant. Troop B played baseball at 1:30 vs. the Penn. Engineers and won 14 to 7. A good interesting game. Horses were watered and fed at noon by guard squad. At 5:00 we had stables and at 7:00 religious services were conducted by

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Rev. Mr. Berg. A very enjoyable and restful day. Corp. Comey's squad went on guard at 7:00. This was our first Sunday holiday and all but the guard squad enjoyed it. This will be a regular feature on each Sunday. Quite a few went out riding under a sergeant.

MONDAY, JULY 31, 1916.

Went out for a short ride in A. M., and had drill out past range under Lieut. Bulkeley. Fatigue started today to continue indefinitely from 2:00 to 4:30. Calls of the day have now been arranged so that everything slides along on a regular schedule. The mess house is in course of construction and almost completed. Built several stone walls of about 6" height round camp and laid out our title "Troop B. Conn." in whitewashed stones on grass plot in front of picket line. Recall sounded at 4:30, and stables at 5:00, mess at 6:00, and Corp. Allen's squad went on guard at 7:00. Tried to hold the trial tonight but the rain came up and prevented the same.

TUESDAY, AUG. 1, 1916.

Troop went out for a practice ride and drill at 7:00 under the Captain. They returned at about 11:00 and had grooming, watering and feeding. Fatigue at 2:00 until 4:30, followed at 5:00 by stables. Mess at 6:15 and practically all retired early. A few went down to Spanish class under Sergt. Dexter, but interest seems to be waning in the Spanish course. All seemed to retire early on account of utter fatigue. Corp. Cheney had his squad's tent fixed up in the new style with board floor and sides and top well raised up. The cost is about \$6.00 a man. School started today in P. M. for rifle instruction for non-com.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2, 1916.

Troop went out at 7:00 for drill, out past the firing range; a good drill under Lieut. Cheney. Returned at 11:00 and grooming, watering and feeding. Mess at 12:00 and fatigue at 2:00 until 3:30. Fatigue took the form of firing practice under the non-com. and dismounted drill with rifles. "Top" is having one of the new form tents made and had moved his and Cutler's tent over opposite the Troop line of tents, between Q. M. Sergt and Officers' tents. Stables at 4:30, an hour earlier, just for this week.

FRIDAY, AUG. 4, 1916.

Long hard ride in the A. M., over the hills and far away. We had some drill and saw two U. S. A mules. We chased one for quite a while and finally captured it. We took it back to camp with us. We got orders to move to Arivaca, P. O., a small town in Ariz. Mess on return and fatigue from 2:00 to 4:30, followed by grooming and usual stables. Nothing doing of great moment at night.



Skirmish Drills



Ruby Arizona



Hitting the Trail

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SATURDAY, AUG. 5, 1916.

No horse exercise today. Inspection of cots and personal equipment by the Sergeants. This consumed all the morning so that the day's work was practically finished at noon. Nothing doing in the P. M. as we knew we were going away from Nogales. Some of the men spent the P. M. cleaning up their equipment, etc. At night a few went down town for a good bye dinner at the Royal Restaurant.

SUNDAY, AUG. 6, 1916.

We awaited our orders to move today and they came at 4:00 P. M. Most of day spent taking it easy. Some of the men went out riding in charge of Corporals and Sergeants. A little packing was done, but when we got our order at 4:00 to move out next day at 7:00 there was some tall hustling. Some of the tents were taken down and the squads went into the mess hall to sleep. Rev. Berg held services in the evening. The incinerator got its final big clean-up today by Corp. Allen's squad. All the men were back in camp at 5:00 for stables, followed by grooming, watering and feeding. The men retired early to make an early start in the A. M. A fairly light day all round, waiting for what the morrow might bring forth.

MONDAY, AUG. 7, 1916.

Reveille at 4:45 in total dark, and Troop left camp at 7:00 sharp, leaving Lieut. Hughes in charge of Rookies to pack up the rest of the camp. Traveled over roads at a walk, now and then using the trot, full packed saddle and lunched at noon under some great spreading trees alongside the Santa Cruz River. Most of the men in for a hot chocolate bath. We will always remember that river and bath. Unsaddled our horses and started again at 2:00. Made camp a little below Tubac at 5:00; pitched shelter halves and went to water. Rain came down strong on our section, blew down our tents and raised hell in general. We then picked any dry spot for our tents and spent the night in the mud. This was an awful night. Comey's and Allen's squads went on guard. No grooming, just feeding and watering. A hell of a night. Trip to Spanish Mission.

TUESDAY, AUG. 8, 1916.

Reveille at 4:00 en route Nogales to Arivaca, Ariz. We left our "Pup" tent camp at 7:00 and with a guide hiked it up thru the mountains instead of by the road, as it was a short cut. We passed thru the most wonderful country, and saw the greatest scenery, mountains, valleys, etc., most of us ever set eyes on. We made a fair sized ranch at noon. We abandoned our two burros in the mountain defiles as they wouldn't lead, so the Captain said "To hell with 'em." We had a long dry

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journey, and ate very light at noon. At the ranch a ranger took us by a short cut to Arivaca, arriving there at 3:30. Several of us alternated on led horses. We pitched "pup" tents and cooked our own meals. We did no work on camp as our trucks did not get in. No grooming, just watering and feeding and temporary picket line.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 9, 1916.

Reveille at 6:00, followed by stables. We rolled our "pup" tents after breakfast and awaited the arrival of trucks. 30 trucks rolled in at 10:30 with rookies and guards. They had a day and a half journey over terrible roads. An awful busy day set in. We unloaded hay, straw and oats which we piled in huge piles and covered with paulins. Started work on a double picket line. Also dug a small ground latrine. Pyramidals were pitched in P. M. Trucks were unloaded by noon and all went back at 2:00 for Nogales. Sergt Mills left for Hartford, due to sickness in his family. Today's work was straightening and laying out the camp. Greer distributed the mail at night. Lieut. Hughes was in charge of auto convoy. This was as busy a day as our arrival in Nogales from Hartford. We worked from dawn till night, hard and fast, in terrible heat. Stables at 5:00.

THURSDAY, AUG. 10, 1916.

This was a "day of rest" as the Captain termed it. Work started on the latrine, we finally resorted to dynamite but did not finish the job. Two picket lines are now in operation. Cook and Jackson were under armed guard all day and night on account of insubordination and general laziness. Camp is well rounded into shape. Work started on kitchen tent, "Mac" McKenzie accidentally discharged his pistol just before going on guard, a little excitement. Heavy guard now on, going on in platoons. A shower and wash-stand erected behind adobe stable. We got a cow to milk today. Tents are all up and in fine shape. No one sick. Have a medical staff of 4 with us. Laundry started by a "Regular" medical man. Private Stewart and Tad Parsons went into Nogales by auto on business.

FRIDAY, AUG. 11, 1916.

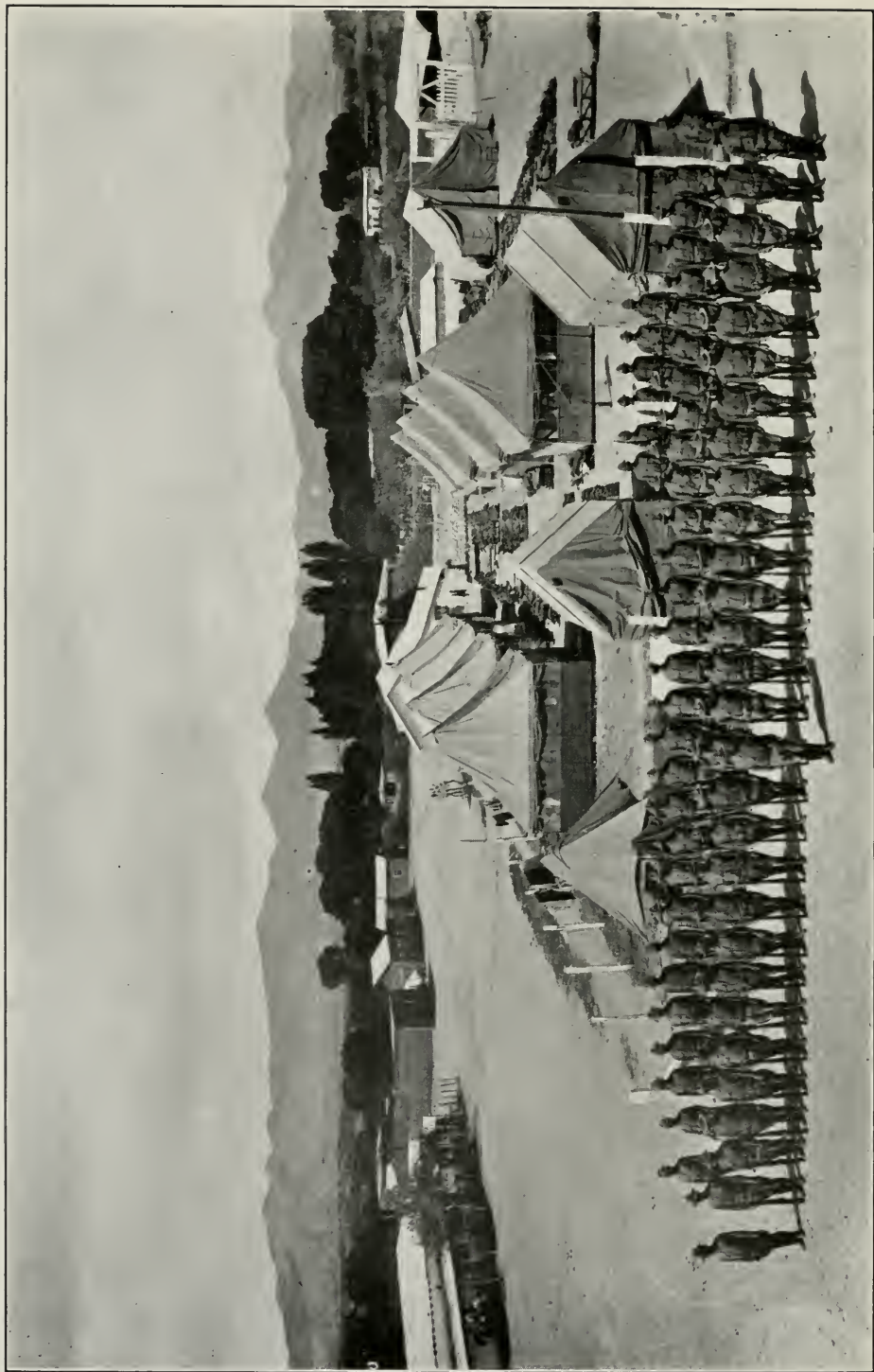
Troop went out for a couple of hours ride to a nearby ranch, where they watched the branding of the cattle. Troop got back at 11:30 and fed at noon. Pretty warm today, and after mess we had a respite until 3:00 when we had fatigue until 4:30, and stables at 5:00. Lot of work on latrine, wash-stands and shower, general policing, erection of rest of tents, whitewashing posts around corrals, and general camp work. Mess tables were erected and put in shape. Parmelee's horse was thrown by stable gang and shod. First time we had shod him as he proved so reluctant.



Arivaca



Camp at Arivaca



Saturday Inspection at Arivaca

ARIZONA DAYS

SATURDAY, AUG. 12, 1916.

Troop went out for a ride at 8:00 and returned at 12:00. The ride took them way into the cattle country, about 25 miles. and was much enjoyed by all. A storm came up at noon and delayed the feeding about an hour. This was our first storm since arriving at Arivaca. The P. M. was spent after 3:00 in fatigue work till 4:30, and stables and inspection of horses by Lieut. Cheney at 5:00. A little singing at night, and the morrow was declared a holiday. Work continued on latrine and kitchen, and some work started on the new mess hall. Quite a few people returning since we came in, and saw quite a few picturesque cowboys.

SUNDAY, AUG. 13, 1916.

Baseball game with some boys from a nearby mine. Troop B won 18 to 10. Feeding again at noon and after lunch nothing to do until 1:30 when we had fatigue. Work resumed on the latrine, but the rain stopped it. Some of the men went out for a ride in the surrounding country. All went armed however. Grooming at 4:30, followed by inspection of horses and watering, after watering came feeding. Rain most of the P. M., and the heat during the A. M. was tolerable.

MONDAY, AUG. 14, 1916.

We went out about 8 miles to Oro Blanco, a mining town of small size which we looked over carefully, and arrived back in camp at 11:30. We groomed and fed at noon. Mess at noon. The ride was very enjoyable and a good one. The terrain is far different and more picturesque than that at Nogales. At 2:00 we had fatigue. Work resumed on latrine which was completed. More whitewashing and laying of stone walks to wash-stands and shower. Mess hall almost finished today. A heavy storm came up at 5:00 which flooded the Q. M. tent. Quite a bit of trenching followed before mess. 7th squad had a dinner at Arivaca Hotel. Pretty damp evening. Captain Davis went away from camp.

TUESDAY, AUG. 15, 1916.

Our ride took us out in scout formation with front and rear guards to the column and flankers. We traveled cross-country and by the regular roads, down towards the big mountain peak, but didn't seem to get any nearer to it. We returned at 11:30 and had grooming and feeding. We watered on the road. Mess at noon and fatigue at 2:00. Mess hall almost completed now and latrine having a wooden top put to it. Whitewashing goes merrily on on the adobe wall. At 4:00 we had recall, followed by stables, and supper at 5:30. Rain fell after supper, only lightly though. 4th platoon went on guard and Private

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Jimmy Taylor was picked as orderly. A fairly warm day, but enjoyable and a lot of work done.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 16, 1916.

The Troop went out for a close order drill all morning about two miles from camp. First big close order drill in some time, thoroughly enjoyed by all the men. Recall at 11:30, followed by grooming and feeding. Mess and rest. Fatigue at 2:00. Stretching wire around corrals and finishing up latrine, and whitewashing walls around camp. Grooming and stables at 4:00, and mess at 5:30. In the evening an orchestra of three pieces, Mexican, entertained us for about an hour with songs and national airs. Pretty interesting day. Everyone in good shape.

THURSDAY, AUG. 17, 1916.

The Troop went out towards the Arivaca Land & Cattle Co. ranch and drilled quite close to it. Recall at 11:30, and nothing to do until 2:00 fatigue came along. Some got jobs and the rest went out for an afternoon drill. This is our first afternoon drill, making two drills in the same day. Came back at 4:00 and had stables. Mess at 5:30, and at 6:30 guard mount. Private Gray picked. Had an 8th squad dinner at Arivaca Hotel that evening, Lieut. Hughes guest of honor. Mexican orchestra came over and played and sang for us, three piece orchestra. Pretty fair day and fairly warm.

FRIDAY, AUG. 18, 1916.

Went out for another drill on same ground. Drill was very strenuous and lasted till 11:00. Recall at 11:30 and then mess at 12:00. Fatigue at 2:00. The P. M. was given up to cleaning leather equipment. Stables at 4:00, and mess at 5:30. Guard mount at 6:30. Private Johnson picked as orderly. Evening quiet. Had a few wrestling matches, but most of evening given over to letter writing and reading.

SATURDAY, AUG. 19, 1916.

Troop went out for mounted drill near the A. L. & C. Co. camp, and returned at 11:00. After mess we rested until 2.00 and had another drill under Lieut. Cheney for an hour or so. The next day guard squad dismissed early in order to get ready for drill. Stables and watering on return. Guard mount at 6:30, M. H. Parsons the orderly. The guard squad is now by roster and consists of twelve privates, a corporal and a sergeant. The guard squad now has a tent by themselves next to mess hall, and are an entirely different organization than heretofore. The rule is two hours on and four hours off. New latrine all complete, sheet iron roof and boards and wire netting around same with door.

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SUNDAY, AUG. 20, 1916.

A ball game in the A. M. between the first and second platoons. No regular duty during the day. Pretty warm day today. General Plummer's staff consisting of Major, captain and lieutenant from Nogales visited us in the P. M. About 20 troopers went out riding in the P. M. to Los Guijos, about 8 miles away and played ball against some miners. The Troop won 28 to 7. On return stables at 5:00 and guard mount a little later. Bassette chosen again for the second time. Myers, Moore, Hought Bulkeley and Lieut. Bulkeley and Lieut. Cheney brought back a Mexican rustler so called. They put him under guard. Lieut. Cheney thrown by Brownie and his back was slightly injured. The horse reared on him, and he is confined to his bed.

MONDAY, AUG. 21, 1916.

Troop went out for drill near Arivaca L. & C. Co. Recall at 11:00. Mess at noon as usual and fatigue at 2:00. P. M. spent in cleaning sabres with emery paper. Sabres are to be called in, all rejoiced at this news. Recall at 4:00 and stables. Fairly warm day. Silverman got his papers today to go home and will probably leave in a few days for home. Johnnie sick tonight a little with his stomach. Top Sergt. also sick and Westbrook took his place. Corporals and sergeants went out to nearby hills today for rifle and pistol shooting, and finding ranges. At guard mount Carter was picked for the second time. Discussion regarding college students returning to college started today. Nights are getting colder and blankets in greater demand.

TUESDAY, AUG. 22, 1916.

Went out for a practice hike and after a ride of about 8 miles we moved on Arivaca in pairs in a long extended skirmish line ending by coming down a steep hill over the greatest rocks and cliffs. Our trail ended in a ravine and river bed. Got back to camp about 11:30. Mess and in P. M. fatigue at 1:30. Lumber given out for floors and squads drew their issue. P. M. spent in laying the floors and made a great improvement in the tents. Stables at 4:30, and mess. At guard mount Johnson was picked for orderly. Everyone retired early on account of hike the next day. Fairly warm day, but lots accomplished. Lieut. Bulkeley had charge of the distribution of the lumber.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23, 1916.

Start made for two day hike. About 60 men went on the hike. Full saddle equipment, two wagons. The wagons went by a different route, about 15 miles over a very rough trail, and made the camp, a cattle ranch and corral. Troop came in about 4:30 and pup tents pitched. Individual meals were cooked and

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the men went on guard for an hour stretch apiece. Horses tied in the corral (kreel). The troop took a more round about way and traveled about 28 to 30 miles. The scenery was magnificent and thoroughly enjoyed. Our camp site was very close to the Border, but everything seemed quiet nevertheless. The camp site was fairly good. Horses were groomed, fed and watered. All went to bed early.

THURSDAY, AUG. 24, 1916.

Reveille at 5:15, and all cooked their own meals of bacon and potatoes. Camp broken immediately and start made by 7:00. The ride took us over toward the Border and we rode right file for practically all day. The scenery today was even greater than the day before, over the greatest of mountain trails. We passed by about 18 abandoned mines, the help having gone over to Mexico to fight when the trouble broke out. About 11:00 we came to a Mexican outpost and saw 6 or 8 good husky Mexs with arms and horses the other side of a wire fence, all standing near an adobe house. In P. M. we met an American mine, and saw some friends of ours—a fair looking operative mine. Mountain peak was in view most of the P. M. Came home thru Oro Blanco and home by 5:30. Groomed and rain come on. Shepard the orderly.

FRIDAY, AUG. 25, 1916.

About 30 troopers went out for an all day ride today. The ride was about 35 miles. The rest of the men stayed in camp, and in the P. M. were issued lumber to put on sides on their tents and the top piece. A little rain at night. Scoville, Moore, Bailey and Buck went in to Amada and brought back some mail in the Ford. Quite a few of the horses used up on the ride the day previous. Lieut. Cheney was walking about today with a crutch and a cane. Sergt. Dexter and Corp. Dean in charge of guard mount, and Bassette chosen for the third time. Post holes dug for a wire fence to entirely circle the picket line. Fairly easy day, work in the way of a rest for the Troopers who rode the day before.

SATURDAY, AUG. 26, 1916.

Inspection and rest of morning spent in putting up the new wooden sides and top. After noon mess we had several officers visit us, and at 1:00 we had an inspection of all Govt. property by our officers and the visiting officers. Following this we mounted, strip saddle and had a hasty drill in field nearby store. It was the worst drill we ever had. The commands we got were quite strange to us, such as "As Foragers guide right," etc., but the visiting officers said we passed it O. K. Johnnie went away to Nogales to have his appendix looked into, rest of day spent in talking about the rotten drill. At guard mount

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Eddie Fox got the orderly job. Pretty busy day Saturday and plans laid for following week.

SUNDAY, AUG. 27, 1916.

We were told that this day was to be a day of rest and we planned it accordingly. A few men went out to ride under Hughes, but they could go in pairs, there wasn't to be any shooting of rifles or pistols. Most of the men worked all the day on the new tent as it was quite a job getting it up and ship-shape. A few of the Troopers played ball in nearby lot. Those who had their tents already up pitched in and helped the others put up their tents. It was a pretty busy day of rest for most of the men. Watering the horses took place morning, noon and night, and we had grooming again at night. There was no service in the nearby church as that takes place only fortnightly. Little chosen orderly.

MONDAY, AUG. 28, 1916.

Three different commands went out for a hike, leaving only the guard and fatigue squad in camp. Lieut. Bulkeley and Hughes and Capt. Davis each had a command. They took along the two wagons. Lieut. Bulkeley and Hughes stayed out over night, but Capt. Davis returned in the evening. The objects of the ride were to patrol the surrounding countryside. Morgan's horse went bad on him and with Polly O'Connor he had to stay overnight at a nearby ranch. Sweeney and Silverman were pressed into service to act on the guard, and Myers was the officer of the day. Capt. Davis' command reported a fine ride. The men at camp took it easy, but did some work. Pease chosen orderly at guard mount this evening.

TUESDAY, AUG. 29, 1916.

The fatigue squad did a great job on the picket line today, sweeping it clean as a whistle. I was on guard all day. Quite a bit of heat. Lieut. Bulkeley and his men came in about 11:30, and groomed and got ready for mess in plenty time. After lunch they lined up against nearby adobe wall and extracted the one shell they each had in their rifles. Fairly quiet in camp all day. Hay ran short today, but more expected on the trucks on Wednesday. Capt. Davis, Pease, Taylor and Scoville went over to Amada by the Ford and got our pay in gold. They left at about 10:00 A. M. and were back in time for dinner. Lieut. Hughes got in about 5:30 after a great 2 days out. Morgan and Polly O'Connor blew in shortly before them with a cowboy and Morgan's lame horse. Woodmancy chosen orderly at guard mount.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 30, 1916.

The meals are getting much better and richer. After water we had our first good pay day, and all were to get their gold.

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Privates got \$20.50, and paid their bills at store right away. Muster roll, monthly, by the Captain at assembly. Laying out of the cots in the A. M. and left them out all the P. M. After dinner we looked around a bit and got ready for the hike. A big tent erected for the expected provender. 25 trucks arrived at 7:30, 24 with hay, grain, oats, etc., one with supplies for the trucks. We worked several hours unloading and made a great pile of hay and oats. Trucks stayed over night and pulled out early in the morning. Both picket lines thoroughly swept and cleaned up in A. M. Bassette the orderly.

THURSDAY, AUG. 31, 1916.

We went out for a two days' hike under Captain and Lieut. Bulkeley and Hughes. Captain only stayed out for the day, but Lieut. Hughes and Bulkeley stayed out over night. I went out to Buenos Aires with bunch under Lieut. Hughes. We made this ranch about 1:30 and unsaddled our horses in the corral of this ranch, a Mexican ranch and a pretty good one. Melvin's horse gave out and we left the horse at McVey's ranch, he is getting a little pony. 12 of us went out under Lieut. Hughes all armed, for a 15 mile ride to Los Pro on the Border. Returned with no untoward accidents, at 6:00 and prepared our supper and lay out under the stars with two guards posted for one and one-half hours each. No excitement during night, and no rain. Doran orderly.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 1, 1916.

Some of the boys went duck shooting, and we saddled up about 9:00. Lieut. got a telephone from Captain that the militia of Arizona, Texas and California had been ordered home for strike duty, on account of the big R. R. strike. Did not affect the Conn. troops. We took a different trail back to Arivaca, and had lunch in a corral about 6 miles from camp at 1:00. Made camp at 3:00, and groomed at 4:00. The bunch under Lieut. Bulkeley got in about the same time. They had a nice trip too, and went near the Border. Both contingents had a good party and enjoyed it all immensely. At guard mount Gray chosen orderly. No accident on trips and all returned in fine shape.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1916.

A very stiff inspection by the Captain, of everything. Particular attention given to bridles, saddles, mess kits and blankets. Took up most of the morning. Water at noon, and mess. Went out at 1:30 to graze horses about a mile away in a great field. Turned the horses loose and they had a great time. Rushed around pell mell, but we rounded them up after about an hour and a half of grazing. Returned at 4:00. Watered and groomed. Mail came in and we got the announcement that

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the college students were not going back on account of the order of War Dept. Great excitement all round. Dwight Pease chosen as orderly.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 3, 1916.

After breakfast we had a ball game with some of the nearby miners. We won by about 17 to 14. Water call at 12:00, followed by mess. After dinner at two we had the prolonged inspection of rifles, pistols, mess kits and bridles, and followed by a bodily inspection. Awful hot day. This took about two hours, and after that there came watering and grooming. In the evening there was a lot of singing in the mess hall by the Sunday evening choir bunch, and all retired early. At 11:30 there came a call to arms as a practice call, and all turned out in a hurry. This was our second call out, and was a huge success. At guard mount Bob Thomas got the orderly job. Pretty warm day all round.

MONDAY, SEPT. 4, 1916.

After breakfast, at 8:00 all went out for grazing and spent the A. M. in a fine pasture field about a mile from camp. Charles Hansel, "Babe" Hansel's father, is a visitor in camp and seems to be enjoying his stay. Troop returned about 12:00 and mess followed shortly after. This being Labor Day the P. M. was given over to a rest until water call at 4:00. Quite a few of the boys got up a scrub game nearby. A big sand-storm followed by a heavy rainstorm came on about 3:30 and it rained pitchforks for a while. Rain broke up grooming, but the horses went to water O. K. Wagons packed for the three day hike to follow Tuesday. At guard mount, Bassette was chosen orderly for the 5th consecutive time. All retired early. A party at hotel for Mr. Hansel.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 5, 1916.

After breakfast the two patrols saddled up and beat it. Captain Davis and Lieut. Hughes took one patrol to Buenos Aires, and Lieut. Bulkeley took the other patrol to Montana Camp. Both patrols stayed over night. The Buenos Aires patrol arrived about 1:00, ate lunch, and 12 men with officers departed again at 2:30 for patrol all P. M. to La Osa, San Fernando and Sasabi. All quiet and peaceful. At night guards placed for an hour and a half each. Horses picketed in corral (krall), and all went to bed. A rain storm came up about 3:00 A. M. and roused all. Trip was without any excitement, but pretty warm. Some duck shooting. At guard mount Jimmy Taylor was picked as orderly.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6, 1916.

Two patrols all O. K., but Captain Davis and Buenos Aires patrol decided to come back as Captain's horse was not in good

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shape. This patrol departed about 9:30 and returned to camp about 2:30, getting into a storm and having trouble fording one of the swollen fords. Other patrol under Lieut. Bulkeley returned in the middle of the P. M., after a most enjoyable and peaceful trip. The Buenos Aires patrol left Corp. Dean and Privates Sweeney, O'Connor, Scoville and Allen to camp over night for an extra day. The men in camp. The majority of the Troop did the usual routine work of camp, although a few men went to Tucson. Tom Stewart went home on a 15 days' furlough on Tuesday. Tom Brown and Dexter went to Tucson. Mr. Hansel went Tuesday. At guard mount Hansel picked as orderly.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 7, 1916.

In the P. M. the troopers who went to Montana Camp with Lieut. Bulkeley came in after a most enjoyable camp. Corp. Dean with Sweeney, O'Connor, Scoville, Allen and Clinton, came in from an extra day's camp at Buenos Aires. Not much doing in camp during the absence of the two details. At guard mount Dwight Pease was chosen orderly. Earle Rogers returned from his furlough home. Lieut. Cheney is O. K. now and can ride.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 8, 1916.

After breakfast the entire troop except the guard and details went off to a nearby pasture, about a mile, to graze. This lasted all morning and on returning we watered and groomed. Mess at 12:00, and fatigue at 2:00. We were ordered to clean all our leather, arms and equipment. The afternoon was spent on this work and it took up the entire P. M. Grooming and watering and feeding at 4:00, followed by mess. At guard mount "Polly" O'Connor was chosen the orderly. Sergt. Westbrook and Corp. Allen in charge of guard. At guard mount Corp. Allen discharged his pistol accidentally, an incident that created considerable amusement and excitement. I went on guard tonight. Troop paid off after breakfast, our third pay in the service.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1916.

Inspection of all equipment and washing of tent floors took up the entire morning. All the leather and arms were inspected by the four officers. Rain most of the day, and no grooming at all. Cutler tried to clean the guard tent of lice, but burned it quite badly from straw and crude oil. Afternoon off and a scrub ball game took place. Stables at 4:00, followed by watering and feeding. Fairly wet day. Myers, Dexter and Henry Brown returned from a four day trip to Tucson. At guard mount Bassette was again chosen orderly for the steenth time. Sergt. Dexter and Corp. Bailey on guard in charge. Corp. Bailey's first job.



Officers' Quarters



Officers' Quarters



The Grand Stand



Jess Harris

The Base-ball
Bleachers





Arivaca Chapel



Arivaca Adobe



Bronco Busting

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SUNDAY, SEPT. 10, 1916.

After mess Troop saddled up and went out to Barnard's Ranch to see an exhibition of broncho busting by experts. This ranch is about 3 miles distant. The broncho busting was very interesting and about a dozen horses were "broken." Troop returned to quarters at noon and laid down their saddles in back of picket lines, and had a light mess. Three Officers Inspectors rolled in and paid us a personal visit. At 2:00 those wishing to went back to Barnard's to see them rope and throw goats. This was even more interesting. Cash prizes were put up by the Troop. The Troop returned about 5:45 and groomed and fed. A fairly quiet Sunday and lots of time on our hands. Not much heat. Allan Dexter got orderly at guard mount, which was late.

MONDAY, SEPT. 11, 1916.

After noon-day mess at 2:00 we all went out mounted, up a nearby gully and had revolver practice at 15 yards on six targets. Some pretty good scores made, and at conclusion Lieut. Hughes with Moore and Tad Parsons rode by targets at trot and shot a single shot at each target. Pretty fair P. M., and took up the P. M. till 4:00 when we returned, watered and groomed and fed. This was our first Troop pistol shoot, and the Captain said we could have lots more, and we could get up team shoots. At guard mount Walter Gard got orderly job. This was a pretty good day and all retired early to get in trim for the three day hike starting on Tuesday.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 12, 1916.

The three patrols started out at 7:30 sharp. Lieut. Bulkeley and Cheney took out the patrol to Montana, Lieut. Hughes took the patrol to Buenos Aires, and Sergt. Westbrook took the one-day patrol to Tres Bellotes. In camp they went out for grazing in the usual place. As I was on the Montana hike we went out thru Oro Blanco, Warsaw, Austerlitz and past the Stone House, stopping for lunch at California Gulch, for one hour. We made Montana or Ruby at about 3:30 and pitched shelter halves and groomed. Lieut. Cheney joined us here with Morgan. Wilde and Rodda were cooks and did splendidly. One guard posted for 45 minute stretch. Nothing unusual except wonderful trip and scenery. All to bed early as we were tired. Jimmy Taylor the orderly for the second time.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13, 1916.

On the Montana patrol, arose at 6:00, groomed, fed horses and had an oatmeal breakfast by Rodda and Wilde, and departed for Bear Valley and that part of the country, Bartlett's and Arivaca Land Co's. round-up ranch. In camp nothing much doing in morning, made blue jean dummies in A. M., and went pistol

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practicing in P. M. up nearby arroya, very good practice at concealed dummies. The Montana patrol rode all day and had a one hour stretch for lunch, unsaddled and lunched. Lieut. Cheney and Bulkeley with us. Went over very steep and rugged trails and only met one white man all A. M., went close to Border and had a good day of it. Made camp at 3:15 and after grooming went in swimming. After supper two guards posted for an hour each. The mine is quite busy here now and worked all night long. Dwight Pease the orderly. Primaries held in Ruby. Republicans won 7 to 5.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, 1916.

On Montana patrol arose at 5:30, rolled shelter halves and put on wagon. Lieut. Cheney, Myers, Stephan, O'Connor, Silverman and Aninger went back to camp by short route with wagons and a small guard. In camp there was some pistol practice in the P. M. in the nearby arroya. The Montana patrol started homewards and went out to California Gulch, chatted a while with our white friends there, the miners, and went into the Stone House. Everything quiet there, only a Mex there cutting up beef. Went on thru Austerlitz, Warsaw and stopped an hour for lunch just outside Oro Blanco. Went thru O. B. at trot to impress natives (lots of them), and on to camp. Two Fords passed us on way in, one a new model, quite new to us. Made camp about 3:30 after watering at usual place. Groomed as usual 4:00, fed horses, and called it a very enjoyable patrol all round. Woodmancy the orderly.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 15, 1916.

After breakfast at eight the Troop went out to water, and drilled in a nearby field during the A. M. First time we have drilled without carrying the Bandolier, the guard has to have the Bandolier, though, handy for ready use. Troop returned at 11:30 and groomed again. After mess at 2:00 (fatigue call) a new and larger incinerator of adobe mud and stone was built in rear of kitchen and near the first incinerator. That was all the fatigue for the day. At guard mount "Polly" O'Connor was picked orderly, for the second time, and the second man and only one yet chosen for the 8th squad. A great poker game took place in the mess hall and the Top cleaned up about \$16.00. I was on guard under Sergt. Dexter and Corp. Pease. Not much going on, good weather, no rain. Sergt. Westbrook, Dean and Lieut. Bulkeley and about 6 men went out mapping to Bear Valley for 5 days.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1916.

After breakfast came the usual Saturday inspections, and cots and equipment were laid out and inspected by the officers at 10:30. This took up the A. M. Water call at 11:30, followed

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by mess, and we had the P. M. off. A ball game was gotten up and thoroughly enjoyed. Pretty warm day today. At 4:00 stable call and after grooming, Lieut. Cheney inspected the horses, to ascertain if the horses were fit for patrol work. A pretty easy day all round and quite popular. Wainwright, Parsons, Bassette and Dickenson returned from a trip to Los Angeles and San Diego. At guard mount Allan Dexter got orderly. The 7th squad is coming along strong on the orderly job as this makes their 7th or 8th. No more news yet of our return, but everybody happy. Much boning up on "General Orders" for guard. Slimmon, Shepard, Pease and Cushman went to Tucson for a few days.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 17, 1916.

Nothing to do in P. M. so we had a ball game between Can-Openers and Tin-Breeches — quite an exciting game — T. B. won by a close score. Nothing else doing except a rain storm came up and called the game off. The rain spoiled the grooming and we fed at 4:30. Pretty nice day, though, and at night we had some hymns, etc., and retired early. Tad Parsons got orderly at guard mount.

MONDAY, SEPT. 18, 1916.

After breakfast we had boots and saddles at 8:00 and went out to drill under "Top" Sergt. Pretty stiff drill, open formations and good work all round. Returned at 11:00, groomed, fed, watered and mess. At 2:00 we saddled up and went out for a shoot in nearby hills in rear of camp. This was rifle practice and it went fine, being thoroughly enjoyed by all. We shot at dummies and large targets. This continued till about 4:00, each man shooting about 50 rounds. Returned at 4:00, watered, groomed and fed. After supper at guard mount, Parmelee was chosen orderly. Pretty busy day all round with drill and shooting.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 19, 1916.

After breakfast we had boots and saddles at 8:00, and had a very excellent drill under Captain Davis, about a mile out. It was enjoyed by all; guide right, guide left, on center line of squads; troop right turn, left turn as skirmishers, etc., a great drill. Returned at 11:00 and groomed and watered. After mess at 2:00 we had the P. M. off till 4:00, when we had stables, etc. Pretty busy A. M., and quiet P. M. At guard mount Sweeney was chosen orderly by Lieut. Cheney. About 9:00 Major Howard, Major Waterman, Mr. Curtiss and party came in by auto, spent the night and returned in the A. M. Map makers under Sergt. Westbrook and Lieut. Bulkeley came back from 5 day hike.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20, 1916.

At 8:00 after breakfast the two patrols started out for Montana and Tres Bellotes. Montana patrol was for two days under Captain Davis and Lieut. Bulkeley. The Tres Bellotes patrol was under Sergt. Dexter for only one day. There wasn't much doing in camp, and a little baseball practice took place. Watering at 11:30 followed by mess at 2:00. At fatigue a bunch went out to put up a bunch of targets, over a dozen in back of camp. Another platoon started work on the new field oven of adobe, and another bunch went out for adobe mud and sand. Rather quiet day as far as drill and shooting were concerned. At guard mount Woodmancy was chosen orderly by Lieut. Hughes against Parsons, M. H., and Pease because he knew the Manual of Arms.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 21, 1916.

After breakfast we had boots and saddles at 8:00 and went out to shoot under "Top" Sergeant. We shot in a nearby ravine in back of camp at concealed targets, and had a great morning of it. There were three small platoons under Sergt. Dexter, Corp. Cheney and Sergt. Wainwright. Oven of adobe being built is back of kitchen. In the P. M. the Montana patrol returned O. K. The at-homers did fatigue building the new oven (field), and getting sand to cover the courtyard in the nearby barns. Fatigue kept us busy till 4:00 when we had stables and watering. At guard mount Pat Bristol was picked as orderly. Fairly warm day, 90° F. and very cool at evening.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 22, 1916.

Pretty easy day all round. At guard mount Gard of 7th squad came thru with flying colors and again the 7th squad got an orderly. This makes 12 out of 34 orderlies for this squad. Corp. Cheney made temporary Sergt. and moved to Sergeant's tent. Sergt. Dean moves to stables tents. Pretty easy day, warm but quite cool at night.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1916.

Captain Davis drilled the troops near the big store for about 20 minutes, and then inspected us and our tents. This took up the A. M., and we watered at 11:00 but did not groom. After mess we had the P. M. off till 4:00 when we had stables and watered. Mail came in quite heavy, and at guard mount Johnson was picked as orderly. Pretty busy day in the A. M., but easy in the P. M. Baseball a little in the P. M. Pretty warm day but cool at night. A few poker games are in vogue now and lots of talk about home going. Here's hoping it's soon.

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SUNDAY, SEPT 24, 1916.

In P. M. had afternoon off and had a scrub game. I played in Savage's team—tie 13 to 13. At guard mount Little got orderly. Not much stirring on Sunday, a little singing at night, but fairly quiet all day.

MONDAY, SEPT. 25, 1916.

Expected to lay out or rather check up by inspection entire equipment, but plans changed. Had about 2½ hours horse exercise in A. M. at 8:00 under Top and were instructed how to act when Governor and Cole came in. Had a short drill in preparation before coming in. Governor, Cole, Howard and Father Magnell came in at 12:00. Guard turned out. They had dinner in Top's tent. At 1:30 we got boots and saddles and turned out in simulated pack saddles to give a review. Brought both wagons with us, were reviewed and quite successful. The party (Governor, etc.) returned at 3:00. We had P. M. off (one hour) until 4:00 and had stables. At guard mount Pease was chosen orderly against Thomas. I was on guard tonight 11 to 1; and 5 to 7. Pretty warm day, no rain, cool at night.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 26, 1916.

Two patrols started out, Montana for two days under Lieut. Bulkeley, and Tres Bellotes patrol for one day under Serg. Dexter. Rest of the Troop went out for pistol practice in usual place, in rear of camp. Returned at 11:00 and watered, groomed and fed. After mess nothing doing till 4:00. Had a scrub ball game. Stables at 4:00 as usual. At guard mount Parsons, M. H. got orderly. Keen competition with Woodmancy. Pretty warm day, but cool at night. Tres Bellotes patrol came in at 4:00 after a good day. Nothing else of great moment took place.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 27, 1916.

Private Barnwell returned from a 15 day furlough, 2 days late. Pretty quiet day outside of drill in A. M. under "Top." Montana patrol under Lieut. Bulkeley returned from a two day patrol, had a fine time, etc. Pretty warm day but cool at night. At guard mount Nick Carter got orderly,—“again the 7th squad produced.” Stables at 4:00 followed by watering and feeding. Rumors of going home again to the front, but two trucks came in from Nogales with food for the Troop, and fatigue squad unloaded them.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 28, 1916.

Jimmy Taylor departed for Nogales to be absent 20 days, to study up for his exams for 2nd Lieut. The Troop went out for horse exercise and we had twos and fours in horse exercise, walk, trot, and gallop for about 30 minutes in a circle, pretty stiff

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

exercise. Then we went on our range and in two platoons we shot at silhouette targets. First platoon under Cutler scored 45 hits to 32 under Sergt. Wainwright. Pretty good sport, each man simulated real action and shot 20 rounds. Returned at 4:00 groomed, watered and fed, mess, and at 2:00 twenty-five trucks rolled in with 30 days' provisions, hay, grain, etc., for our monthly portion. Entire Troop unloaded and at 4:00 had stables, etc. At guard mount Allan Dexter got orderly. Pretty warm day but cool at night.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 29, 1916.

At 2:00 we had fatigue and spent 1½ hours cleaning up the ravine and manure lot in back of camp. Stables at 4:00, and usual feeding, etc. At guard mount Private Marshall Holcombe got orderly. Pretty muggy and rainy day and plenty of work. Sergt. Mills returned today from a 30 day furlough.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1916.

At guard mount Private Tom Morgan was chosen orderly. Pretty stiff inspection. Johnny Riddell put on a 24 hour confinement for a scrap with picket guard, Little.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1916.

Guard mount was put forward to 1:30 instead of 6:25, and Private Dwight Pease was chosen orderly. Wyck Mills, Sergt. of guard, and Corp. Eaton, corp. of guard, Lieut. Cheney and escort returned from several days trip to Amado-ville with two new wagons for the Troop. Private Hamersley went to Amado-ville to telephone to Hartford. Nothing much else of moment happened during the day. Fair and warm day. Lots of the troopers went out for a hike.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1916.

After mess the entire troop went out to Tres Bellotes for the day, with exception of guard and fatigue squads. Had a lot of branding and cutting horns off. A very interesting trip. Returned at 5:30, groomed and watered and fed. In camp at guard mount M. H. Parsons was picked for orderly. Not much doing in camp. Sergt. ——— came up from Nogales to show us how to operate the new oven which is now complete. A little cooking building erected near oven for the baking, etc. Pretty fair day, but lots of wind and dust. I went out shooting with Walt Gard and got 8 pigeons which we had for breakfast next day.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1916.

At guard mount, 1:30, Nick Carter was the new orderly. The entire troop except guard and fatigue squad saddled up, full pack saddle, with equipment "A." They fixed all things



Mother Dexter's Children

Dexter	Barrows	Doran	Bassette	Melvin	Clapp
	Bidwell	Seymour	Bailey	Buck	



Cutler

Myers

ARIZONA DAYS

up and were rigidly inspected until 3:45 when they went to water, and later groomed and fed. This was our first "A" equipment inspection. A Mexican worked on the kitchen oven which went bad and had to be made over. Pretty cool evening, but plenty of pep in camp. "Doc" Dean sent down a package of tobacco for the Troop. Fair day, cool evening. 1st Regiment ordered home.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1916.

The Montana patrol left at 9:30 under Lieut. Cheney for two days, and the Sasabi patrol under "Top" Myers and Sergt. Wainwright left for a two day trip to Sasabi. Nothing much doing in camp. At guard mount Babe Hansel was chosen orderly. Captain Davis in camp. "First class privates" list was published on bulletin board which created quite a bit of talk. Nothing doing in the drill line, etc. A burlesque list of second, third and "Dilge" privates was also put up anonymously. A group of mappers went out mapping to Montana.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1916.

Over half the Troop away on hike. 15 of the men took a trip or ride out to the round-up at McVey's. Three telegrams from Anson McCook, Mrs. Ralph Cutler and Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley came in congratulating us on our return. At guard mount Drummond Little was picked as orderly. The first intimation of our early return created all kinds of good cheer and everyone was very happy. Two patrols out to Montana and Sasabi. A group of mappers went out mapping from Austerlitz to Warsaw under Lieut. Bulkeley. Patrol from Montana came in about 3:30 by way of Barnard's ranch.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1916.

At guard mount under Lieut. Hughes, Pease and Thomas had to flip a coin for choice, Thomas won the toss and was the orderly. Tom Stewart blew in at 2:00 from Hartford, after a 30 day furlough. "Top" Myers blew in at 4:30 with the Sasabi bunch who had a great hike out there for three days. They brought back some duck. Lieut. Hughes returned from a one day trip (just Friday) to Tres Bellotes. Stables at 4:30, and more telegrams of a congratulatory nature from Hartford. General rejoicing on all hands.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1916.

At 1:30 at guard mount Woodmancy got orderly. Rain set in in the P. M. in intermittent showers. Some of the boys went out riding. Two rangers came in to visit us. All were waiting for the departure orders that didn't come today. L. A. Times did not include us in their A. P. dispatch, but the Fort

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

Worth Star Telegram did and there was more general rejoicing. Pretty quiet day and little doing. No grooming at night. Tom Stewart's extension of 30 days came thru too late for Tom's use.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1916.

At guard mount Harry Bristol got the orderly job. Nothing doing in the P. M. as it was Sunday. Orders patiently awaited during the day, but nothing forthcoming. Pretty easy day on all hands. I went out for a shoot with Walt Gard and we got eight ducks and a great blue heron. Fair weather and good spirits throughout camp.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1916.

We got our orders today to move on to Nogales on Tuesday, preparatory to entraining for home. Morning spent in taking up our personal effects, and cleaning out the tents. Pretty busy all A. M., water and feeding at 11:30. Two trucks came in from Nogales with supplies and goods of Troop F, 1st Cavalry. Thirty men or one platoon coming here Tuesday. At 1:30 fatigue call, and all turned to to unload the two trucks and load up with our supplies. We shipped off the two trucks at 4:00 for Nogales under guards. Carried off all the thrown off personal effects and rubbish on the rubbish heap, and altogether spent a pretty busy day. Walt Gard the orderly at guard mount. Fair weather and everyone very happy.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1916.

Reveille at 4:00, and after breakfast and grooming in the semi darkness we were on our way again to complete the trip. The 4th platoon took the led horses. We got our last glimpse of the wonderful Arizona scenery and made 16 miles, the last leg of our journey of 46 miles. We made the Nogales camp and the old 2nd Conn. Reg. camp at 10:30 and found the truck detail hard at it, putting up a picket line. Troop A was there ahead of us and camped near us. We bunched in three empty mess halls.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1916.

A squad of men braided horses' tails and sewed them up in gunny sacks, for horse car trip home. Mess at noon, and everybody working hard to get ready for our possible leave taking on the next day. At 2:00 we all dressed up, put on good clothes and went over to the Base Hospital for our physical exam, etc. We had our finger tips impression taken and examined for scars, etc. This took several hours and we had stables at 5:00. Everyone retired early.

ARIZONA DAYS

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1916.

This was not our unlucky day as we entrained. Reveille at 5:15. We fed the horses, had mess and fixed up our belongings for the impending trip. At 7:00 the trucks arrived and we loaded rapidly. An intermittent rain continued thru the day and made things very discouraging. We saddled up about 11:00 and started for the depot. We stayed in the corral about four hours before we started to load the horses. The "Top" got a bad kick from the Captain's horse, but we got a Doctor and fixed him up pretty well. The baggage was all loaded by a detail and at 5:30 we departed from the Mexican Border and Old Nogales. Eighty-seven horses and eight mules. We left Nick Carter in the base hospital pretty sick with boils and septic poisoning.

The final payroll of the Troop signed after return from the border contains the following personnel:

Captain John H. K. Davis	Buglers
1st Lt. Clifford D. Cheney	George F. Haynes
2d Lt. Morgan G. Bulkeley, Jr.	James Taylor
2d Lt. Richard J. Hughes	
	Cooks
1st Sergt. Rawdon W. Myers	Jess A. Harris
Supply Sergt. Francis J. Shearer	Edward S. Cushman
Mess Sergt. Ralph D. Cutler	
Stable Sergt. George W. Dean	Horseshoers
	Frank B. Aninger
Sergeants	George A. Williams
Edwin C. Dickenson	Saddler
Stillman F. Westbrook	George H. Whitaker, Jr.
Albert M. Dexter	
Hiram W. Mills	Privates 1st Class
Philip S. Wainwright	Frank J. Bailey
	Roy D. Bassette
Corporals	Allan L. Dexter
George W. Cheney	Andrew S. Gray
Harry W. Reynolds	Roderick O'Connor
Richard E. Moore	Marvel H. Parsons
Maurice H. Pease	Dwight A. Pease
Chester F. Comey	Sidney W. Rodda
Arthur W. Allen	Charles G. Shepard
William S. Eaton	Robert W. Thomas, Jr.

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

Privates

Clinton L. Allen	Frank Lambert
Lew Allen, Jr.	Drummond W. Little
Guy M. Baldwin	William B. McIntosh, Jr.
George E. Bannister	Oliver McKee, Jr.
William P. Barber, Jr.	Ian D. Mackenzie
Felix E. Baridon	Daniel G. Markham
William E. Barnett	Charles T. Melvin
John B. Barnwell	Paul Messinger
Raymond W. Barrows	Herman T. Morgan, Jr.
Charles E. Blake	Vine R. Parmelee
Harrison C. Bristoll	James A. Parsons
Henry A. Brown	Richard H. Phillips
Wm. W. Buck	Thomas M. Phillips
Houghton Bulkeley	Edward T. Pike
Francis A. Christensen	Dudley W. Redfield
Clarence B. Clapp	John B. Riddell
Dwight N. Clark	Philip Roberts
John C. Cook	Erle Rogers
Louis O. deRonge	William D. Savage
John F. Doran	Morton W. Scoville
Charles T. Evans, Jr.	Clarence W. Seymour
Edward G. B. Fox	Harry Silverman
Maurice L. Furnivall	James B. Slimmon
Walter E. Gard	Carl J. Stephan
James P. Greer	Thomas A. Stewart
William J. Hamersley	John M. Sweeney, Jr.
Lawrence H. Hansel	John T. Walsh
Richard C. Hastings	Frederic L. Way
Howard R. Hill	Ratcliffe C. Welles
John M. Holcombe, Jr.	Grenville D. Whitney
Charles O. S. Howard	Frazar B. Wilde
Bernard H. Jackson	Harold C. Woodmancy
Paul E. Johnson	

Private Thomas W. Carter died October 17, 1916, at the Base Hospital at Nogales, Arizona.

PORTIONS OF
PIMA AND SANTA CRUZ COUNTIES
ARIZONA
IN THE VICINITY OF ARIVACA

NOV. 21
TROOP B. 3RD CONN. CAV.
SEPT ~ OCT
~ 1916 ~

Scale 1/4" = 1 mi.

TUNACACORI MOUNTAINS

"BEAR VALLEY"

ALTAR VALLEY

CHAMPA MOUNTAIN

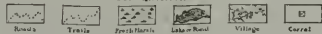
SAN LUIS MOUNTAINS

ARIZONA
MEXICO

UNITED STATES
MEXICO

GUADALUPE
LINE

CONVENTIONAL SIGNS



B3

XV

THE BORDER PATROL

While an outline has been given of the work of the Troop during the Mexican imbroglio its real activities in guarding a section of the border are best told by a series of letters and reports.

“Headquarters Nogales District

“Camp Stephen Little,

“*Memorandum:*

“Nogales, Arizona, August 3, 1916.

“1. At a recent inspection of camps of this District it was found—as at other camps—that the number of sick is invariably, as the sanitary conditions, especially as to flies.

“The best conditions were found in Troop B, 5th Connecticut Cavalry where sanitary conditions are excellent and no men sick. The next was in the Utah Cavalry where conditions are excellent and sick was in ratio of .018 per 1000.

“2. The attention of all members of the command is invited to these facts and to the importance of maintaining sanitary conditions for the protection of themselves and others.

“3. This memorandum will be read at least four times to all companies, troops, batteries and sanitary units. It will be posted on company bulletin boards with the Sanitary Order, Southern department.

“By command of Brigadier General Plummer:

“C. H. DAVIS,

“*Captain, 12th Infantry,*

“*Adjutant.*”

Headquarters Nogales District,

Camp Stephen Little,

Nogales, Arizona, Aug. 10, 1916.

From: The Commanding General.

To: The Commanding General, Southern Department.

Subject: Detail of troops to Arivaca.

1. I report that Troop B, 5th Connecticut Cavalry, Captain J. H. K. Davis Commanding, was selected for duty at Arivaca, Arizona, on account of the efficiency of the organization. It has no men on sick report, its camp was maintained in a thoroughly sanitary condition and it is efficient in the performance of all duties that have been given it.

E. H. PLUMMER,

Brigadier General, U. S. A.

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

Rec'd A. O. S. D., Aug. 13, 1916.

1st Ind.

Hq. Southern Dept. Fort Sam Houston, Texas, Aug. 15, 1916.
to C. O., Troop B, 5th Connecticut Cavalry, Arivaca, Arizona.

The Department Commander is gratified to note that this troop was selected because of its efficiency.

OMAR BUNDY,

*Colonel, Adjutant General,
Department Adjutant.*

Arivaca, Ariz., August 25th, 1916.

From: C. O. Troop B 5th Conn. Cav.

To: The Adjutant, Nogales District, Nogales, Ariz.

Subject: Report of Patrol.

I have to report that on Wednesday, the 23rd, I left here with 60 men and 2 wagons and marched to the McVeigh Ranch (6 miles) where I sent my wagons by road to Tres Bellotes and marched with 45 men by the Smugglers' Trail to Fresnal, or the distillery directly on the border, where there is a trail crossing from Mexico.

The country we traveled was extremely rough and just now there is water in it because of the rainy season, but in the dry season there is no water.

From Fresnal we marched along the border to Tres Bellotes, where we spent the night at a Mexican farm, where there is a fine well with water enough for several hundred head of stock. At Tres Bellotes there is another trail leading out of Mexico.

On Thursday, the 24th, we marched along the border through Warsaw to the Stone House, where we saw the first Mexican soldiers — about 12 in number — who occupied the house just across the line, not over 15 yards from the fence. These men were fully armed and well mounted, and as soon as the troop pulled out they mounted up and went back into Mexico at a rapid gait.

From the Stone House we went up through the California Valley to the Oro Blanco Mining properties, where we found a number of Americans, and from there to the Montana Mine.

We struck no water except that which was in the beds of the streams and was due to the rainy season. At the Montana there is a fine lake made by a dam, which is reported always has enough water in it for stock, and there is also a good well. This, to my mind, would be an ideal place for a troop of cavalry.

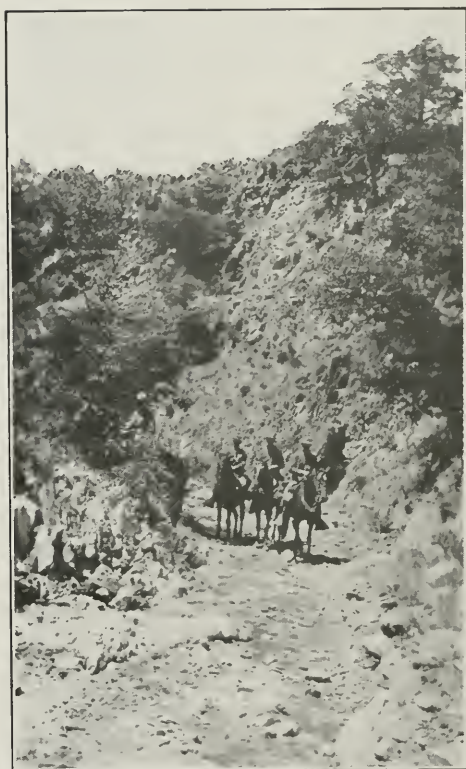
In all, we covered about 20 miles of border.



Bear Valley



The Stone House



Tres Bellotes Trail

THE BORDER PATROL

The main wagon road which leads out of Mexico runs through Sasabi Flats right up the Valley to Tucson. This Valley lies about 5 miles from our present camp and would be the natural road for any force to take should they march on Tucson, and our position here is the only one that allows of our watching this Valley.

Right at the line at Fresnal there are three stores run by refugee Mexicans, which need no protection in themselves, but they are the gateway out of the country, and when Capt. Sweeney of the 12th Infantry was stationed here he seized arms and ammunition at these stores, so they are evidently more for the Mexicans than for the people of this country.

I am now patrolling the valley which leads to Sasabi and am sending patrols twice a week through Montana to the Stone House and through Tres Bellotes to Fresnal.

The trails that we went over were impassable to anything but mounted troops and there was no water that could be depended on in the dry season, except at Tres Bellotes and the Montana. The country is so hilly that it would be almost impossible to properly protect a large force without a great number of cavalry.

J. H. K. DAVIS,

*Captain 5th Conn. Cav.
Com'dg. Troop B.*

Arivaca, Ariz., September 3, 1916.

From: C. O. Troop B 5th Conn. Cav.
To: District Adjutant, Nogales, Ariz.
Subject: Report of Patrols.

I submit herewith report of patrols sent during the week of August 28-September 2nd, with the information gathered:

1. Stone House Patrol — 2nd Lieut. M. G. Bulkeley, Jr.

Twice during the week Aug. 28-Sept. 2nd, this patrol covered the sector Arivaca-Oro Blanco-Austerlitz-Warsaw-Stone House-California Camp-Montana-Bartolo Ranch-Bernard Ranch-Arivaca; also other mining camps and ranches in the sector, covering a distance of 40 miles the first trip and 48 miles the second.

This country is mostly mining country, very rough and mountainous, except near the town of Arivaca, where there are some cattle ranches.

A wagon road, passable for automobile trucks, runs from Arivaca to Warsaw.

Water for all purposes is abundant at the various camps and ranches.

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

The American mining men in this section report conditions improved and are opening up the mines again since patrols have been covering this country; and they also report that many of the bad Mexican element are leaving.

At the Stone House there are from six to twelve armed Mexican soldiers.

The stores at Montana and Austerlitz are well stocked.

Grazing is good.

Map of this sector is being prepared.

2. Sasabi Patrol — 2nd Lieut. R. J. Hughes.

This patrol twice during the week Aug. 28th-Sept. 2nd, covered the sector of the Altar Valley, including the towns Fresnal, Sasabi, San Fernando, La Osa, Buena Vista and Aros.

Visited all ranches and camps in sector. Majority of ranches and stores in sector either owned or managed by Mexicans.

Conditions: Generally quiet and orderly.

Traffic across border considerable, but has decreased materially since visit of patrols.

Water for all purposes abundant.

Roads along border and north and south through valley are good; passable for autos and wagons.

Telephone lines: One line wire connects Amado with Valley.

Rivers: All fordable.

Stores: At La Osa and San Fernando heavily stocked; stock at Sasabi store still at Tucson.

Grazing good.

Map of entire sector in course of preparation.

J. H. K. DAVIS,

*Captain 5th Conn. Cav.
Com'dg. Troop B.*

Arivaca, Ariz., September 11th, 1916.

From: C. O. Troop B 5th Conn. Cav.

To: District Adjutant, Nogales, Ariz.

Subject: Report of Patrols.

I submit herewith report of patrols sent during the week Sept. 3 to 9th, with the information gathered:—

1. Stone House Patrol — 2nd Lieut. Morgan G. Bulkeley, Jr.

This patrol during the week Sept. 3-9 covered the sector Arivaca-Oro Blanco — Austerlitz — Stone House — Bear Valley — Arivaca, a distance of 68 miles. Camped two nights at Montana and visited all the mining camps and ranches in the sector.

Water: Abundant due to heavy rains.

Grazing: Excellent.

THE BORDER PATROL

Roads: Badly washed since last report and not practicable for trucks; escort wagons can be sent through with difficulty.

Conditions: Americans report constantly improving conditions, which they ascribe to the presence of troops, and several of the mines will be running within a short time, and are now shipping in equipment. It is reported that conditions in Sonora are very bad and that the natives are ready to revolt, due to lack of food and to the fact that the Carranza Government is forcing its money on them.

Troops: It is reported that sixty-five mounted Carranzistas passed Bear Valley just south of the border en route for Nogales from Hermosillo, their mission being to quiet the natives. A garrison of two hundred Carranzistas is reported at Sarice. Seven Carranzistas were at the Stone House on Wednesday, September 6th, 1916.

2. Sasabi Patrol — 2nd Lieut. R. J. Hughes.

On September 5th and 6th, patrol visited Buena Ayres, La Osa, San Fernando, Sasabi and all ranches and camps en route. Evidence of considerable traffic across border from U. S. side.

Grazing: Excellent.

Water: Abundant.

Roads: Good condition, suitable for trucks.

Inhabitants: Apparently contented and orderly, busy preparing for Fall round-up.

Map: Considerable progress made on map of sector.

Information: Mexicans reticent; known that Mexican soldiers cross at La Osa to trade at store. Mexicans coming out to trade say no goods or clothing on other side. I am convinced that the stores are conducted almost entirely for the Mexicans from across the border. Store keeper at Sasabi says that he is still afraid to restock his store at that place.

Tres Bellotes Patrol.

On September 6th a patrol of two non-commissioned officers and six enlisted men visited Tres Bellotes. Conditions were found to be unchanged since previous report. There is practically no passing through at this point.

J. H. K. DAVIS,

*Captain 5th Conn. Cav.
Com'dg. Troop B.*

Arivaca, Ariz., September 17, 1916.

From: C. O. Troop B 5th Conn Cav.

To: The Adjutant, Nogales District, Nogales, Ariz.

Subject: Report of Patrols.

I submit herewith report of patrols for the week Sept. 10th-16th, with the information gathered.

1. Stone House Patrol — 2nd Lieut. Morgan G. Bulkeley, Jr.

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

During the week Sept. 10-16 this patrol covered the Arivaca-Oro Blanco—Austerlitz—Stone House—Bear Valley—Arivaca sector, visiting all mining camps and ranches in the region. Made headquarters at Montana and varied the routes as much as possible from the trails formerly followed when visiting the different points mentioned.

Water: Abundant for all purposes.

Grazing: Excellent.

Roads: Good condition, passable for trucks. Detour between Arivaca and Montana account of washouts previously reported.

Conditions: The work of preparing mines for operation is progressing daily and general conditions are very good on the United States side. Conditions in Sonora are in no ways improved. Patrol visited the Stone House on September 12th and again on September 14th, but no soldiers were to be seen there at either time.

Maps: A patrol of six men under Lieut. Bulkeley are at present writing encamped in Bear Valley for the purpose of completing data required for maps.

2. Sasabi Patrol—2nd Lieut. R. J. Hughes.

On September 12th, 13th and 14th this patrol visited Buena Ayres, Ranstadt's Ranch, Harte's Ranch, Sturgis Ranch, Aros Ranch, Buena Vista, La Osa, San Fernando and Sasabi, as well as all other ranches and camps en route.

Traffic across border evidently increasing from U. S. side. Apparently nothing coming from the Mexican side.

Grazing: Excellent.

Water: Abundant.

Roads: Good condition, passable for trucks.

Inhabitants: Quiet and orderly, preparing for round-up which begins in this section September 15th.

Maps: Work on maps continued.

Information: Storekeepers at La Osa and San Fernando state six Caranzista soldiers on Mexican side evidently on customs duty. The stores at these two places are well stocked.

The storekeeper at Sasabi states four Caranzista soldiers stationed one mile South of Sasabi. Store at Sasabi still without stock.

Prescimido Pass between La Osa and San Miguel reported impassable for wagons on account of washouts; road undergoing repairs.

Tres Bellotes Patrol.

On September 12th two non-commissioned officers and seven privates visited Tres Bellotes. Conditions here are very quiet and no traffic is reported passing across the border.

J. H. K. DAVIS,

*Captain 5th Conn. Cav.
Com'dg. Troop B.*

THE BORDER PATROL

Arivaca, Ariz., September 25th, 1916.

From: C. O. Troop B 5th Conn. Cav.

To: The Adjutant, Nogales, Ariz.

Subject: Report of Patrols.

I submit herewith report of patrols for the week ending September 23, with the information gathered:

1. Stone House Patrol — 2nd Lieut. M. G. Bulkeley, Jr.

During the week September 16-23 this patrol covered the Arivaca — Oro Blanco — Austerlitz — Stone House — Montana — Arivaca sector, visiting all mining camps and ranches in the region. Made headquarters at Montana and traveled several new trails in visiting the different points mentioned.

Water: Abundant for all purposes.

Grazing: very good.

Roads: Good condition, passable for trucks.

Conditions: The work of preparing the mine at Montana for operation is going on steadily, and general conditions are very good on the U. S. side.

Conditions in Sonora are reported improved. Patrol visited the Stone House on September 21st and found two Mexican soldiers there, one of whom was stationed as a lookout on top of hill in rear of house; it is reported to me that this man is kept there constantly to prevent cattle and other supplies being taken out of Mexico.

Maps: Patrol of six men under my command spent five days during the past week and the previous week in gathering data for map of this section, also including Bear Valley. I wish to report progress on this map, but owing to the difficult character of the ground to be covered, it will be some time before the map is completed.

2. Sasabi Patrol — 2nd Lieut. R. J. Hughes.

On Friday, Sept. 22nd, this patrol visited Buena Ayres, La Osa, San Fernando, Sasabi and Garcia Ranch, 5 miles east of Sasabi on road to Fresnal.

Increasing traffic from U. S. side at La Osa, San Fernando and Sasabi.

Grazing: Excellent.

Water: Abundant for all purposes.

Roads: Good condition; passable for trucks except road from Sasabi to Garcia Ranch and north along east side of Sasabi Flats.

Map on work of this sector progressing rapidly.

Information: School at La Osa opens Monday, September 25th. Evidence of confidence in return of peaceful conditions in entire sector. Storekeepers state Mexicans are reported crossing the border to work on ranches and in flour mills. Storekeeper

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

at San Fernando states that he had on the morning of September 22nd returned from Altar Valley and that he saw five flour mills in operation on the Altar River.

Storekeeper at Sasabi intends to reopen store in two months. Round-up of cattle in this sector progressing quietly.

Tres Bellotes Patrol.

On September 20th, two non-commissioned officers and six privates visited Tres Bellotes. Conditions quiet; traffic across border practically nil.

J. H. K. DAVIS,

Captain 5th Conn. Cav.
Com'dg. Troop B

Arivaca, Ariz., October 1st, 1916.

From: C. O. Troop B 5th Conn. Cav.

To: The District Adjutant, Nogales, Ariz.

Subject: Report of Patrols.

I submit herewith report of patrols for the week ending September 30th, with the information gathered:

1. Stone House Patrol — 2nd Lieut. M. G. Bulkeley, Jr.

During the week of September 24th-30th this patrol covered the Arivaca — Montana — Stone House — Warsaw — Austerlitz — Oro Blanco — Arivaca sector, visiting all mining camps and ranches in the region. Made headquarters at Montana and traveled new trails as far as possible in visiting the different points.

Water abundant for all purposes.

Roads in good condition, passable for trucks.

Grazing very good.

Conditions: The work of preparing mine at Montana is going on steadily but slowly. General conditions on the U. S. side are very good. The annual Fall round-up is now going on.

Patrol visited the Stone House on September 26th and found five Mexican soldiers there. The lookout previously reported is still maintained on the hill in the rear of the Stone House.

Maps: Data for map of this section is still being gathered. and during the coming two weeks a portion of this patrol will give their time exclusively to mapping.

2. Sasabi Patrol — 2nd Lieut. R. J. Hughes.

During the week ending September 30th this patrol visited Ranstadt's Ranch, Buena Ayres, La Osa, San Fernando and Sasabi, taking in all ranches en route.

Saw number of wagons hauling supplies, mostly clothing, shoes and provisions from Tucson across the line via San Fernando, LaOsa and Sasabi.

Water in entire valley at ranches only — creeks dry.



C. O. S. Howard

Wilde

C. D. Cheney

U. S. Customs Officer Bailey

Watching the Round up



Montana Camp



Watering at Arivaca Creek

THE BORDER PATROL

Roads in good condition, all passable for trucks.

Work on map continued.

Information: School at La Osa opened on Monday, September 25th, with 25 pupils. School master is an American, Mr. Lynch, former student at Virginia Military Institute, in this section for his health. It appeared he might be a reliable source of information at this point — near border.

Storekeeper at San Fernando requests permission to sell ammunition to the natives, which he says is for the purpose of hunting deer, the season opening in this section October 1st. He was informed it was unlikely permission would be granted.

At Sasabi, the dipping station for cattle coming into the United States, where in former years a large number of cattle were brought through, no cattle have been sent through.

Tres Bellotes Patrol.

On September 26th, two non-commissioned officers and 9 privates visited Tres Bellotes. Report absolutely no traffic in either direction between McVey's Ranch and Tres Bellotes.

J. H. K. DAVIS,

Captain 5th Conn. Cav.

Com'dg. Troop B

WAR DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON,

October 6, 1916.

2470704.

The Commanding Officer,

Troop B, Cavalry,

Connecticut National Guard.

Sir:

I wish to thank you and the officers and men of your organization, on behalf of the Government, for the valuable service just rendered to the country by its presence on the border. When the National Guard was called into the service of the Federal Government, the lives of men, women and children along the southern frontier were in grave danger owing to formidable bandit raids from the Mexican side of the boundary. It is not too much to say that had these raids continued there was danger of international war. From the time of the arrival of the units of the National Guard on the border the raids ceased and the tension between the two countries began to relax. It is the hope and belief of the Government that the presence of the units of the National Guard, together with units of the Regular Army, on the border and in Mexico, has made possible a peaceful solution of a difficult and threatening problem.

Very respectfully,

NEWTON T. BAKER,

Secretary of War.

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

330.13 Militia

1st Ind.

HQ. EASTERN DEPT., October 14, 1916 — To Comdg. Officer, Troop B, Cavalry, National Guard of Connecticut, Hartford, Conn., who will publish this letter to his organization just prior to its muster out of the Federal service. By comd. of Maj. Gen. Wood:

A. G. JENKINS,
*Adjutant General,
Adjutant.*

Mailed P. M. Oct. 16, 1916.

OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN

TROOP "B" 5TH CONN. CAV.

PATROLS

Allen, Arthur W., 2b-3a-4c-5b-7b	Dickenson, Edwin C., Sgt., 3a-4a-6b
Allen, Clinton L., 1-2b-4c-8c	Doran, John F., 2c-3a-B.V.
Allen, Lew, Jr., 1-2c-5c-7b	Eaton, Wm. S., 1-2c-3b-4c-5b-8b
Aninger, Frank B., 1-2b-	Evans, C. Thomas, Jr., 2c-3a-6b-7a
Bailey, Frank J., 2b-4c-5b-8c	Fox, Edward G. B., 2c-3a-6b
Baldwin, Guy M., 1-2c-5b-8c	Furnivall, Maurice L., 2c-3a-B.V.
Bannister, George E., 2c-6b-7c-8c	Gard, Walter E., 1-3b-6a-7b
Barber, William P., Jr., 1-2c-5b-8c	Gray, A. Stewart, 3c-6b
Baridon, Felix E., 1-2c-5b-8c	Greer, James P.
Barnett, William E., 1-2c-5b-7a-8c	Hammersley, Wm. J., 1-3a-6b-7b
Barnwell, John B., 1-2c-3b	Hansel, Lawrence H., 1-2c-3a-7b
Barrows, Raymond W., 1-5c-6b-7a	Hastings, Richard C., 3c-4a-6b-7a
Bassette, Roy D., 1-4c-6b	Hill, Howard R., 3b-4a-6b
Blake, Charles E., 1-2c-5b	Holcombe, John M., Jr., 3c-4a-6b-7b
Bristoll, Harrison C., 1-2b-5a	Howard, Charles O. S., 1-2b-3c-4a-B.V.-8b
Brown, Henry A., 1-8b	Hughes, Richard J., Lieut.
Buck, William W., 2b-3a-5c-7a	Harris, Jesse A., 1
Bulkeley, Morgan G., Jr., Lieut.	Haynes, George F., 1
Bulkeley, Houghton, 1-2b-5c-7a	Jackson, Bernard H.
Carter, Thos. W., 5c Mont. on W., 6a-7a-8c	Johnson, Paul E., 3c-6b
Cheney, Clifford D., Lieut.	Lambert, Frank, 3b-5c-6a
Cheney, George W., 1-2b-3c-4b-7b	Little, Drummond W., 3c-6b-7a
Christensen, Francis A., 2b-3a-6b-7c	McIntosh, Wm. B., Jr., 1-2c-3a-7b
Clapp, Clarence B., 1-2c-5b	McKee, Oliver, Jr., 2a-3b-6a
Clark, Dwight N., 2c-3a-5a-7b	Mackenzie, Ian D., 2d-3c-6b
Comey, Chester F., 2b-4b-5c	Markham, D. Goodrich, 2d-3c-4a
Cook, John C., 1-2b-4b	Melvin, Chas. T., 2a-3c-5a-B.V.-8b
Cushman, Edward S., 2b-4b-6a-8c	Messinger, Paul, 2a-8c
Cutler, Ralph D., Sgt. 1-2c	Mills, H. Wyckoff, Sgt., 8b
Davis, J. H. Kelso, Capt.	Moore, Richard E., 3b-6a-7b-8c
Dean, George W., 1-2c-3b-4c	Morgan, H. Thomas, Jr., 2a-4b-6b
deRonge, Louis O., 2b-5a-6a	Myers, Rawdon W., Sgt.
Dexter, Allan L., 1-3b-5a	O'Connor, Roderick, 2a-3c-4c-5b-8c
Dexter, A. Morton, Sgt., 1-2b-3c-5c-7a	Parmelee, Vine R., 2a-3b-4b

THE BORDER PATROL

Parsons, James A., 2a-3c-4c-6b	Stephan, Carl J., 1-3b
Parsons, Marvel H., 2a-7a-8c	Stewart, Thomas A., 1-2b-3c-4c
Pease, Dwight A., 2a-3b-4b-8b	Sweeney, John M., Jr., 1-3c-4c-5b-8b
Pease, Maurice H., 1-2c-3c-4a-5c-6c-7c	Taylor, James, 1-3b-4a-6c
Phillips, Richard H., 1-2a-3c-4c	Thomas, Robert W., Jr., 1-2b-3b-4b-5a-8b
Phillips, Thomas M., 1-2a-3b-4b-7b	Wainwright, Philip S., 1-3b-6a-8c
Pike, Edward T., 1-2c-3b-4c	Walsh, John J., 2c-4b
Redfield, Dudley W., 1-2a-3b-4b-8b	Way, Frederic L., 1-2b-3c-4b-5c-8b
Reynolds, Harry W., 1-2a-3c-5a-7a	Welles, Ratcliffe C., 1-2c-3c-4c-5b-8b
Riddell, John B.	Westbrook, Stillman F., 2a-3b-4b-5a-B.V.
Roberts, Philip, 1-2b-3c-4b	Whitaker, George H., Jr., 1-2c-4c
Rodda, Sidney W., 2c-4c-5b-8b	Williams, George A., 1
Rogers, Erle	Whitney, Grenville D., 1-2b-5c-8c
Savage, Wm. D., 1-2b-3b-5c-6c-8b	Wilde, Frazar B., 1-2b-3c-5b-8b
Scoville, Morton W., 1-4c-5b-6c	Woodmancy, Harold C., 1-2b-3b-4b-5c-8b
Seymour, Clarence W., 1-3a-5c-7b	
Shearer, Francis J., Sgt., 1-3a	
Shepard, C. Gilbert, 1-2b-3b-4b-5a	
Silverman, Harry, 4c	
Slimmon, James B., 1-4b-7a-8b	

KEY.

1 — Capt. Davis to Montana-Tres Bellotes -Stone House Aug. 23-24.	5a — Sgt. Westbrook to Tres Bellotes Sept. 12.
2a — Capt. Davis to Tres Bellotes Aug. 28.	5b — Lt. Bulkeley to Montana Sept. 12-13-14.
2b — Lt. Bulkeley to Montana Aug. 28-29.	5c — Lt. Hughes to Sasabi Sept. 12-13-14.
2c — Lt. Hughes to Sasabi Aug. 28-29.	6a — Sgt. Wainwright to Tres Bellotes Sept. 20.
3a — Sgt. Myers to Tres Bellotes Aug. 31.	6b — Lt. Bulkeley to Montana Sept. 20-21.
3b — Lt. Bulkeley to Montana Aug 31-Sept. 1.	6c — Lt. Hughes Auto to Sasabi Sept. 22.
3c — Lt. Hughes to Sasabi Aug. 31-Sept 1	7a — Sgt. Dexter to Tres Bellotes Sept. 26
4a — Sgt. Dickenson to Tres Bellotes Sept. 6.	7b — Lt. Bulkeley to Montana Sept. 26-27.
4b — Lt. Bulkeley to Montana Sept 5-6-7.	7c — Lt. Hughes Auto to Sasabi Sept. 26.
4c — Lt. Hughes to Sasabi Sept 5-6-7.	8b — Lt. Cheney to Montana Oct. 4-5.
	8c — Sgt. Myers to Sasabi Oct. 5-6-7.

“WE HAVE KEPT THE FAITH”

“Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim to all whom it may concern that a state of war exists between the United States and the imperial German government; and I do specially direct all officers, civil or military, of the United States that they exercise vigilance and zeal in the discharge of the duties incident to such a state of war; and I do, moreover, earnestly appeal to all American citizens that they, in loyal devotion to their country—dedicated from its foundation to the principles of liberty and justice—uphold the laws of the land and give undivided and willing support to those measures which may be adopted by the constitutional authorities in prosecuting the war to a successful issue and in obtaining a secure and just peace;”

The proclamation of the President, published April 6, 1917, immediately stimulated military activity throughout the country.

Under the direction of Adjutant General Cole steps were taken to consummate the plan for a complete squadron of cavalry in Connecticut. Troop A of New Haven and Troop B of Hartford were each instructed to expand into two troops and to recruit to war strength. There offered themselves at Troop B Armory many candidates from whom the recruits were carefully selected. The result is indicated by the following order:

“STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

“General Orders, }	“ADJUTANT GENERAL’S OFFICE,
No. 23.	Hartford, May 14, 1917.

“1. This office is informed that the Secretary of War has extended Federal recognition to the following organizations:

CAVALRY.

Troop C, Hartford May 2, 1917

Troop D, New Haven May 3, 1917

Headquarters, 1st Separate Squadron....May 3, 1917

“2. The officers are recognized subject to examination.

“3. The detachments authorized for a separate squadron will be organized.

“4. Major *James L. Howard*, National Guard Reserve, (cavalry) is assigned to active duty, and in command of the 1st Separate Squadron.

“5. Private *Hiram W. Mills*, Troop B, Conn. Cavalry, N. G., is appointed 1st lieutenant, cavalry, subject to examination, and he will report to Major *Howard* for duty as Squadron Adjutant.

“By order of the Governor,

“GEORGE M. COLE,
“Adjutant General.”



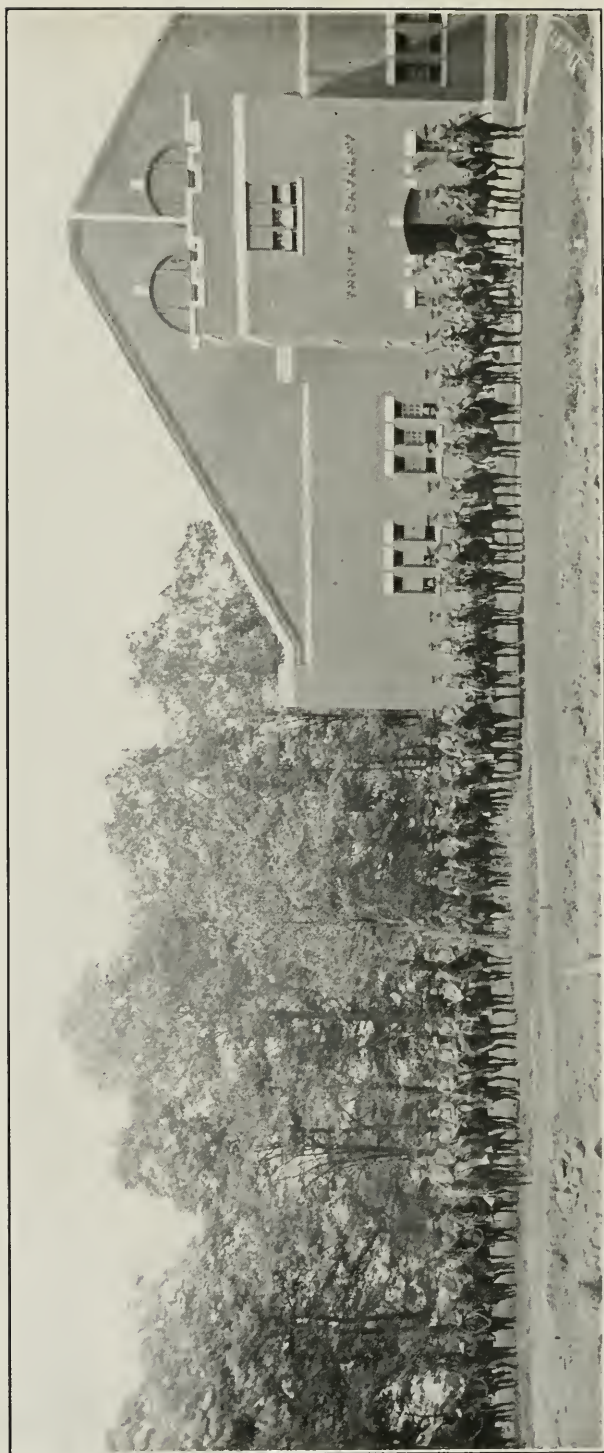
Trinity in Troop B

Buck	Barnwell	Lambert	Hamersley	Baridon	Thomas	Morgan	de Ronge
Furnivall	Hill	Phillips	Barnett	Baldwin	Barber	Eaton	Little
			Davis				



Yale in Troop B

Barrows	McKee	Carter	Savage
Fox	Wainwright	Dickenson	Allen
Holcombe	Roberts	Cushman	Shepard
		C. D. Cheney	M. G. Bulkeley
Gard			
D. A. Pease	Seymour	Cutler	Johnson
H. Bulkeley	G. W. Cheney		Hansel
			Hastings
			Reynolds
			Sweeney
			Blake
			Melvin
			Scoville
			Welles
			Slimmon
			M. H. Pease
			Way



The Troop and its Armory

WE HAVE KEPT THE FAITH

On May 19, by direction of the Secretary of War, the designation of the squadron was changed to the 3rd Separate Squadron, Troop C being relettered Troop L and Troop D, Troop M. This was done with the intention of preparing the squadron for its place in the regiment to be formed of the cavalry of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. But this consolidation was never effected. Infantry Divisions were being created to meet the conditions of warfare developed in France. In these divisions cavalry had no place. Machine guns, on the other hand, were an indispensable factor; and the machine gun development in the United States had not kept pace with the war. The cavalry squadrons of New England were therefore transformed into machine gun battalions as units of the Twenty-sixth Division.

The personnel of Troop B had changed considerably since the tentative expansion appointments of 1914. Many of the men who enlisted in March and April, 1911, had completed two enlistments by the corresponding months of 1917, and had then severed their active connection with the Troop.

New men sprang into prominence — men who had stood the severe test of the Mexican border experience. The esprit de corps was never higher. Every man was qualified for promotion, and selection could be made only by the most critical process of elimination. The appointments to the two troops at the time of the formation of the squadron were as follows:

	TROOP B	TROOP L
Captain	Morgan G. Bulkeley, Jr.	Rawdon W. Myers
1st Lieut.	Stillman F. Westbrook	George W. Cheney
2d Lieut.	Chester F. Comey	William S. Eaton
1st Sergt.	Philip S. Wainwright	Richard E. Moore
Sergeant	Clarence W. Seymour	Frank J. Bailey
	Dudley W. Redfield	Clarence B. Clapp
	Drummond W. Little	Edward S. Cushman
	Maurice H. Pease	Ian D. Mackenzie
	C. Gilbert Shepard	Charles T. Melvin
	Vine H. Parmelee	Dwight A. Pease
	Robert W. Thomas, Jr.	Morton W. Scoville
	Edward G. B. Fox	Frazar B. Wilde
Corporal	Clinton L. Allen	Guy M. Baldwin
	George E. Bannister	William W. Buck
	John B. Barnwell	Francis A. Christensen
	John F. Doran	Allan L. Dexter
	Charles T. Evans, Jr.	Maurice L. Furnivall
	John M. Holcombe, Jr.	Paul E. Johnson
	A. Stewart Gray	Richard H. Phillips
	Erle Rogers	Sidney W. Rodda

Dwight A. Pease was appointed Squadron Sergeant-Major.

THE ORIGIN AND FORTUNES OF TROOP B

Each night the armory was the scene of feverish activity. Officers of the Medical Corps were busy with the examination of candidates; troop commanders were administering the oath to those morally and physically fit for acceptance; new non-commissioned officers were exercising squads of recruits in the rudiments of military drill and discipline.

The president, with unusual foresight, had given advance notice of the dates when the various National Guard units would be called into Federal service, thereby permitting a rational adjustment of individual business affairs. The transfer from civil to military life on July 25th was accomplished with orderly precision. The troops were mustered at their home stations and the squadron was assembled on the state reservation at Niantic, Connecticut.

On August 5, 1917, all National Guard units were drafted, automatically terminating all National Guard enlistments.

With this date, therefore, terminates the history of Troop B Cavalry, Connecticut National Guard. The war experiences of its successor form another story—the story of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion. Suffice it to say that of the two hundred and ninety-four men who passed through its ranks in the six years of its National Guard existence, two hundred and twelve served in the Army or Navy of the United States during the World War, one hundred and five being commissioned officers. In addition, fifteen found fields of usefulness in the auxiliary services such as the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and the State Guard. A brief record of these individual activities has been entered in an appendix to this volume—complete as far as persistent inquiries have been able to elicit the desired information.

The members of Troop B have ever been eager and earnest in their efforts to acquire a working knowledge of the military profession, against the day when their country should have need of their services to assist in upholding its principles of justice and liberty. That day found them with patriotic pride in their readiness to respond—in their preparedness to meet whatever fortune might befall.

And so can it be said to those Revolutionary forbears who achieved American independence, "We have kept the faith."

WE HAVE KEPT THE FAITH

The surrender of Burgoyne brought France to an alliance with the United States and assured the success of the Revolution. One hundred and forty years later the name of France may well be included in Burgoyne's toast: "America and Great Britain against the world!"

FINIS

APPENDIX A

OFFICERS COMMISSIONED UNDER THE CHARTER

APPENDIX B

TROOP B REGISTER, 1911-1919

APPENDIX C

BIBLIOGRAPHY

INDEX

APPENDIX A

OFFICERS COMMISSIONED UNDER THE CHARTER

The month is given wherever the actual date has been verified from the original records
An asterisk * denotes commission antedated to the year preceding action thereon.

Those reaching grade of Commanding Officer are given in CAPITALS.

	Quartermaster From To	Cornet From To	2nd Lieut. From To	1st Lieut. From To	Captain From To	Remarks
JOHN CALDWELL						
THOMAS Y. SEYMOUR						
Charles Phelps			May 1788Mar 1791	May 1788	May 1788	1791 See Chap. III.
Timothy Burr		May 1788	May*1791	1791	May 1791	1794 See Chap. I & III.
JOSEPH HART		May 1791	1791	May 1791	May 1794	See Chap. III.
Ezekiel Williams, Jr.		May 1791	1793	May 1791	May 1794	See Chap. III.
Ashbel Wells, Jr.	1792	May 1793	Oct 1792	1795		See Chap. III.
Theodore Dwight		May 1793	1795			
Asa Hopkins	1794	1795	Oct 1795	1798		See Chap. III.
DANIEL JONES						
John A. Lathrop		Oct 1795	1797	May 1794	May 1798	1801 See Chap. IV.
William Knox		May 1797	1798	May 1798	1800	See Chap. III.
HENRY SEYMOUR		1798	May 1798	May 1800	Oct 1801	b. 1764; d. 1846. broker, brother of T. Y. S.
John McNeight		May 1798	1800			

Thomas Sanford, Jr.				May 1800	1801 Oct	1801	1806		
David Greenleaf		Oct 1800	1801	Oct 1801	1806 Mar	1806	1806		
SAMUEL LEDLIE		Oct 1801	1806 Mar	1806			Sep 1806	1808	1808 Broker, died 1842.
MICHAEL OLCOTT	1805	1806 Mar	1806		Oct 1806		1808 Sep	1808	1810 Merchant, later Qm. Gen. half bro. J. Caldwell.
JOSHUA P. BURNHAM				Sep 1806	1808 Sep	1808	1810 May	1810	1814 Grocer and cashier U. S. Bank.
James Fortune		Sep 1806	1808 Sep	1810 May	1810				
Normand Smith		Sep 1808	1811						
John Barnard, Jr.				May 1810	1811				
HENRY KEYES				Oct* 1811	1814		May 1814	1814	1814 Farmer, died Nov 18, 1814.
DANIEL BUCK		Oct* 1811	1814		May 1814	1815 Jan	1815	1815	1819 Merchant. See Chap. V.
BARZILLAI D. BUCK		May 1814	1815 Jan	1815	1819		May 1819	1819	1822 Farmer.
Robert W. Ramsdell									
Luther Peck		Jan 1815	1815						
Charles Greenleaf		Apr 1815	1819						
JOHN E. HART							May 1819	1822 May*1822	1826 Financier, died 1830.
Jonathan Ramsay				May 1819	1821				
Moses Cook				May 1821	1822				
John Thomas		May 1821	1822						
Benjamin J. Boardman	1822	1823			Jan 1823	1825			Two sons and 1 grandson commanded H. G.

	Quartermaster		Cornet		2nd Lieut.		1st Lieut.		Captain		Remarks
	From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To	
Stephen P. Keyes					May*1822	1825	May 1825	1827			
George Church			May*1822	1825	May 1825	1827					
Roderick Colton	1823	1825	May 1825	1826							
James Bennett	1826-18281830-1831										
JAMES T. PRATT			Apr* 1826	1826					Jun* 1826	1828	1828 b. 1802, d. 1887. merchant, later Maj. Gen. & Adj. Gen.
JAMES GOODWIN, JR.			Jun* 1826	1827			May 1827	1828	Feb 1828	1831	b. 1803, d. 1878, financier, pres. Conn. Mutual.
Benjamin H. Norton					May 1827	1828	Feb 1828	1828			
Elisha Latimer			1827	1828	Feb 1828	1828	Aug* 1828	1830			
THOMASH. MARSHALL	1828	1828	Feb 1828	1828	Aug* 1828	1830	Apr 1830	1831	May 1831	1832	Stage proprietor.
Charles Bliss	1828	1828	Aug* 1828	1830	Apr 1830	1831					
Horace Sexton	1828	1830									
SAMUEL WILLIAMS									Dec* 1832	1833	
WILLIAM J. DENSLOW			Apr 1830	1831			May 1831	1833	May 1833	1835	b. 1806, d. 1864, manufacturer.
George Seymour	1831	1831			May 1831	1833	May 1833	1835			
George Newberry			May 1831	1834							
Sylvester G. Langdon					Dec* 1832	1833					
LESTER SEXTON	Dec* 1832	1833			May 1833	1835			Jan* 1835	1837	Merchant.

Bonney	1833	1835							
LEVI T. SKINNER						Jan * 1835	1837 Apr	1837	1838 b. 1797, d. 1869, inn-keeper.
Elisha Dodd, Jr.						Jan * 1835	1837 Apr	1840	
Samuel B. Denslow			Jan * 1835	1838		Apr 1837			
George L. Shepard	1835	1837				Apr 1837			Perhaps these two are the same man.
Charles Shepard									
Selden House	1837	1838	Apr 1838	1840	May 1840	1843		1842	
ALLEN C. BOARDMAN									
Charles T. Webster			May 1840	1843					
STEPHEN H. MARCY	1840	1842				Apr 1842	Apr 1842	1844	1842 b. 1806, d. 1850, farmer.
Jason J. Graham									
Lewis B. Page					1843	1843			
D'ORTIGUE RAPHAEL			1843	1843	Apr 1843	1844		1844	1845 b. 1813, d. 1857, livery.
William E. Gates	1842	1845							
HENRY BOARDMAN			Apr 1843	1844		1844	1845 Apr	1845	1862 b. 1816, d. 1877, grocer. See Chap. VI.
Sylvester Lyman						1844			Sylvester mour(?).
William Gillett			1844	1845		Apr 1845		1855	
Hiram Shepard			Apr 1845	1854					
George D. Gates	1845	1854							
SAMUEL COLT							Sep 1853 Aug	1854	b. 1814, d. 1862. See Chap. VI.

	Quartermaster From To	Cornet From To	2nd Lieut. From To	1st Lieut. From To	Captain From To	Remarks
Henry B. Beach			Sep 1853Aug 1854	Sep 1853Aug 1854		See Chap. VI.
Horace Ensworth		Sep 1853Aug 1854				See Chap. VI.
Joseph Pratt		May 1854 1855		Apr 1855 1857		See Chap. VI.
Colwell Patterson			Apr 1855 1857	Feb 1857 1862		
Horace W. Stetson						
William Wadsworth		Apr 1855 1857	Feb 1857 1862			
David H. Raymond	May 1854 1856					
Levi Churchill	Aug 1856 1857	Feb 1857 1862		May 1862 1862		
JAMES WATERS	Feb 1857 1862				May 1862 1870	b. 1823, d. 1887, carman.
Freeman Seymour			1862 1862	1862 1864		
John N. Standish	May 1862 1862		1862 1864	1864Jan 1867		
Charles H. Boardman		May 1862Jan 1867				
Stephen B. Churchill	1862 1864		1864 1867			
CHAUNCEY B. BOARDMAN	1864			1867Jan 1867	1870 1886	b. 1839, d. 1905, livery. See Chap. VII.
William T. Platt			Jan 1867 1870	1870 1877		
Hezekiah Butler		Jan 1867 1868				
Francis A. White	Jan 1867 1868	1868 1870	1870 1877	1877 1879		
John W. Shew	1868 1870	1870 1871				
Thomas E. Moore	1870 1871	1871 1877				

	Quartermaster From To	Cornet From To	2nd Lieut. From To	1st Lieut. From To	Captain From To	Remarks
Joseph A. Prisk	Oct 1897Jan 1899					
Lewis A. Storrs	Jan 1899Jan 1901					
Harry A. Treadwell	Jan 1901Jan 1902					
Charles C. Hutchings	Jan 1902May 1902		May 1902Mar 1906			
MATTHEW H. BARTON				Feb 1906 1908	May 1908Jan 1911	
William A. Hinds	Apr 1902May 1905		Mar 1906 1908	May 1908Dec 1909		
Frank L. Purinton		Dec 1904 1908	May 1908 1909	Dec 1909 1911		
James O. Little	1905 1906					
Louis J. Sylvester	Feb 1906Jan 1910					
George H. Wells		May 1908 1909	Dec 1909 1911			
Harold M. Horton		Dec 1909Feb 1911				
Arthur E. Austin	Jan 1910Mar 1911					
JAMES L. HOWARD					Apr 1911Nov 1915	Major Comdg 3rd Sep. Squad'n in 1917.
J. H. KELSO DAVIS				Apr 1911	Nov 1915Nov 1916	
CLIFFORD D. CHENEY			Apr 1912 1915	Nov 1915 1916	Nov 1916Nov 1916	
MORGAN G. BULKELEY, JR.			Jan 1916 1916	Nov 1916 1916	Nov 1916Aug 1917	
Rawdon W. Myers			Nov 1916 1916	Nov 1916 1916	May 1917Aug 1917	Capt. Troop L.
Stillman F. Westbrook			Nov 1916 1917	May 1917Aug 1917		

George W. Cheney				May 1917Aug 1917	1st Lt. Troop L.
H. Wyckoff Mills				May 1917Aug 1917	Adjutant, 3rd Sep Squad'n.
Chester F. Comey			May 1917Aug 1917		
William S. Eaton			May 1917Aug 1917		2nd Lt. Troop L.

Commencing in 1895 and continuing until 1911 there was added to the staff of the Commandant a list of Captains and Lieutenants too numerous to be comprehended within the scope of this table. Chief among them during various year were Dr. Joseph E. Root, Dr. Dominick DeBonis, Dr. John B. Waters, Dr. Gideon Segur, and Dr. Thomas H. McClintock, Surgeons; Rev. George R. Warner, Rev. Henry M. Thompson and Rev. Harry A. Peabody, Chaplains; John B. Clapp, George E. Smart, Wesley Grover, Wm. H. Gardner and Samuel G. Huntington, Adjutants.

Early in 1917 Troop B was expanded into Troops B and L. Troop A (formerly Second Company, Governor's Horse Guard, New Haven) was expanded into Troops A and M. The four troops formed the 3rd Separate Squadron, Connecticut Cavalry, and as such were ordered into Federal service July 25, 1917, and drafted August 5, 1917. On August 22, 1917, the Squadron became the 101st Machine Gun Battalion (Troop A became Co. A, Troop B became Co. B, Troop L became Co. C, Troop M became Co. D) a unit of the 26th (Yankee) Division, American Expeditionary Forces. After arrival in France Co. A was transferred to the 102d Machine Gun Battalion as Co. D, and Co. D to the 103d Machine Gun Battalion retaining the same alphabetical designation. The remaining companies, B and C, were motorized and constituted the divisional battalion.

APPENDIX B

TROOP B REGISTER, 1911-1919

Record of those who served with Troop B prior to August 5, 1917

		Service in Troop B			Military Record in World War			
Name	Born in	National Guard	Mexican Border	Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	Remarks
Abbe, Whittlesey E.	Conn. 29Mar 98	25Apr 17		25Jul 17		9Oct 17	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 26 Oct. 18 Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
		5Aug 17		31Jan 19		25Dec 18		
Allen, Arthur W.	N. Y. 10Nov 81	8Mar 11 6Mar 17 Corporal	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17 13Feb 19	R. O. T. C. 2d Lt. A. S.	1Aug 18 30Jan 19		Ground Aviation service in U. S., France and Italy.
Allen, Benjamin G.	Scotland 76	22Jun 11 31Jan 12 Cook						
Allen, Clinton L.	N. Y. 30Oct 93	15Feb 15 5Aug 17 Sergeant	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Sergeant 2d Lt.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector.	Served with 101 M. G. B. and at Infantry Candidate School, La Valbonne, France.
Allen, Edward N.	Conn. 18Apr 91	29Jun 15 18Feb 16	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	12May 18 12Dec 18	R. O. T. C. 2d Lt. Art.			Served on Mexican Border 1916 as 1st Lt. Conn. Sig. Troops.
Allen, Lew	Conn. 16May 86	15Feb 15 5Aug 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17 22Dec 18	R. O. T. C. 2d Lt., Cav. 1st Lt.	Oct 17 May 18	14 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames.	Served with 104th Inf.
Allen, William A.	Conn. 29Jun 90	19Jun 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 19Apr 19	Bn. Sgt. Major	9Oct 17 4Apr 18	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. and Hq. 26th Div.

Alling, Paul H.	Conn. 25Apr 17 16Jul 96	5Aug 17	17R.O.T.C. 2d Lt 1st Lt.	9Oct 17 23Jun 19	12 Sep. 18, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. 102d M. G. B., 3d Cav., G. H. Q., A. E. F.
Alton, C. de Lancy, Jr.	Conn. 17May 12 26Feb 81	16May 15 Corporal				
Anderson, Adolph	Conn. 6Apr 11 8614Jun 13	11 Bugler				
Aninger, Francis T.	Conn. 18Apr 17 31Dec 98	5Aug 17	Bugler	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Aninger, Frank B.	Germany 6Apr 11 775Apr 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 16 Horse-shir				
Arnold, Winslow H.	Conn. 25Apr 17 3Nov 98	5Aug 17	Wagoner	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Austin, Harry	Conn. 20Mar 11 9325Sep 11					Discharged to enlist in U. S. Navy.
Austin, Robert E.	Conn. May 17 7Apr 97	5Aug 17	Bugler	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Bailey, Frank J.	Conn. 12Dec 11 1Oct 79	20Jun 16 Apr 17 28Oct 16	171st Lt., Capt., Dental Corps	24Jul 17 21Jul 18	18 Aug. 17, Arras, Cambrai, Somme defensive.	Gassed 23 Mar. 18, Po- siers-Somme.
Baker, George B. A. (Former member of Horse Guard)	Conn. 8Mar 11 14Mar 83	15Nov 12				
Baldwin, Guy M.	Pa. 30Mar 15 26Sep 94	20Jun 16 13May 17 28Oct 16	R. O. T. C. 1st Lt. A. S.	16Sep 17 6Jun 19	19 Jul 18, Ypres Sector.	U. S. Aviation Service in France.

Service in Troop B			Military Record in World War					
Name	Born in	National Guard	Mexican Border	Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	Remarks
Bannister, George E.	Conn. 26Jun 90	16Feb 16 5Aug 17 Sergeant	1620Jun 16 1728Oct 16	1625Jul 17 1Aug 19	Sergeant	9Oct 17 19Jul 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. Later, student at King's College, Univ. of London.
Barber, William P. Jr.	Conn. 19Dec 92	16Feb 16 5Aug 17 Corporal	1620Jun 16 1728Oct 16	1625Jul 17 9Jan 19 2d Lt. Ord.	R. O. T. C.			
Barbour, Lucius B. (Descendant of Member Lt. Timothy Burr)	Conn. 1Feb 78	24Apr 11 7Jul 13		6Nov 17 11Feb 19	Captain Inf.			On duty in Provost Marshal General's office.
Baridon, Felix E.	Mass. 4Feb 91	16Feb 16 5Aug 17	1620Jun 16 1728Oct 16	1625Jul 17 4May 19 2d Lt., A.G.D.		9Oct 17 1May 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Somme, Army of Occupation.	Served with 101 M. G. B. G. H. Q. A. E. F., 30th Div., 3rd Div., 28th Div.
Barnett, William E.	Conn. 8Oct 93	21Jun 16 12May 17	21Jun 16 172-Oct 16	1614May 17 21May 19 2d Lt., 1st Lt., Captain	R. O. T. C.	28Sep 17 1Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Croix de Guerre 26 Apr 18, (32 French Army Corps) Citations 10 Apr. 12 Sep 18.
Barnwell, John B.	Ala. 15Mar 95	30Mar 15 13May 17	20Jun 16 1728Oct 16	1614May 17	R. O. T. C.			Commissioned in Arty. Information incomplete.
Barrows, Raymond W.	Conn. 14Aug 82	13Jan 14 12Jan 17	20Jun 16 1728Oct 16					
Bassette, Roy D.	Conn. 10Jan 83	14Jan 14 12Jan 17 Corporal	20Jun 16 1728Oct 16					
Bates, George T., Jr.	Mass. 4May 90	16Feb 16 6Jul 16	20Jun 16 6Jul 16					
Beach, Charles B.	Conn. 1Nov 94	Nov 16 Apr 17		Apr 18 14Jan 19	Gunner's Mate U. S. N. R. F.			On board U. S. S. Alcade Jun 18 to Jan 19.

Beers, Donald	Conn. 19Jan 89	30Mar 15 15Oct 15	8May 17 8May 19	R. O. T. C. 2d Lt.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Bell, Cleon A.	N. Y. 28Jan 90	29May 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29Apr 19				
Bidwell, Earle S.	Conn. 24Jun 91	13Jan 14 15May 16	14May 17 11Jul 19	R. O. T. C. 2d Lt.	28Jul 18 20Jun 19	21 Sep 18 Luneville Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 306 M. P. and 324th Inf., 81st Div.
Blake, Charles E.	Pa. 1Apr 88	8Dec 14 5Aug 17 28Oct 16	1625Jul 17 1616Jul 19	R. O. T. C. 2d Lt., F. Art.	15Jul 18 13Jul 19	1 Nov. 18, Meuse-Argonne.	
Bleecker, William H., Jr.	N. Y. 4Jan 92	7Apr 14 30Jun 15	30Oct 17 15Apr 19	2d Lt., 1st Lt., A. S., Capt., O. R. C.	4Dec 17 11Feb 19		Citation 5 Nov. 18 Air Service Comd'r 1st Army. Citation 19 Apr. 19 C in C A. E. F.
Bourn, Benjamin A.	Conn. 28Sep 94	11Apr 17 5Aug 17 Corporal	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corporal Sergeant	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Bracken, Harrison C.	Conn. 20Jun 93	4Apr 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corporal Sergeant	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Brickley, Harold J.	Conn. 8Oct 96	1May 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corporal	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Bridgman, Robert L., Jr.	Mass. 27Apr 90	12Mar 12 11Mar 15					
Bristol, Harrison C.	Conn. 31Dec 94	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	9Jan 18 3May 19	Pvt. 1 cl. A. S.			Served with Ambulance Corps, S. S. U. 12. Later Cadet Aviator.
Brown, Brainerd W.	Conn. 9Jul 94	22May 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29Apr 19		9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. and Hq. Troop, 26th Div.

Name	Service in Troop B			Military Record in World War				
	Born in	National Guard	Mexican Border	Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	Remarks
Brown, Henry A.	Conn. 18Feb 93	16Feb 16 5Aug 17 Corporal	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Sergeant 2d Lt.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector.	Served with 101 M. G. B. and at Infantry Candidate School, La Valbonne, France.
Bruemmer, Howard J.	Conn. 24Jan 94	11Apr 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 30Apr 19	Sergeant	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Wounded 20 Oct. 18, Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Buck, William W.	Wash. 5Jun 90	30Mar 15 5Aug 17 Corporal	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17 26Mar 19	Corporal Sergeant	9Oct 17 21Dec 18	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne.	Wounded 26 Jul 18, Aisne-Marne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Buckman, Adrian S.	N. J. 13Nov 92	15May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Wagoner	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Bulkeley, Houghton	Conn. 9Aug 96	20Jun 16 5Aug 17 Corporal	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17 30Apr 19	Corporal 2d Lt.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. Army Candidates School, and instructor at M. G. and 2d Corps Schools.
Bulkeley, Morgan G., Jr.	Conn. 25Dec 85	9Mar 11 5Aug 17 Captain	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17 9Jan 19	Captain Cav., Major Inf.	9Oct 17 30Dec 18	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Citation 27 Oct. 18, 26th Div. Gassed 27 Oct. 18, Meuse-Argonne. Capt. Co. B. and C. O. 101 M. G. B.
Bulkeley, Richard B.	Conn. 11Aug 85	8Mar 11 7Mar 14		29Oct 18 5Dec 18				Machine Gun Off. Training School, Georgia.
Butler, Paul W.	Ohio 6May 98	4Apr 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 25Jul 18	Pvt. 1 cl.	9Oct 17 25Jul 18	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne.	Killed in action by shell, 25 Jul. 18, Aisne-Marne.

Butler, Ralph S.	Conn. 10Apr 94	29May 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 30Jan 19	Corporal 2d Lt.			Served with 101 M. G. B. in U. S., M. G. Off. Training School, Georgia, 33d M. G. B. 11th Div.
Butler, William N.	Pa. 78	1Nov 11 31Aug 12					
Canzanella, Louis	Italy 2Jul 94	27Jul 17 5Aug 17	27Jul 17 24Apr 19	Horseshoer		9Oct 17 8Apr 19	Served with 101 M. G. B. and M. G. Co. 104th Inf.
Carter, Thomas W.	Vt. 20Jul 89	8Dec 14 20Jun 16 17Oct 16					Died at U. S. Hospital, Nogales, Ariz., 17 Oct. 16.
Champion, Edgar W.	Conn. 30Jul 94	4Apr 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Wagoner		9Oct 17 8Apr 19	Shell-shocked, 22 Jul. 18, Aisne-Marne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Chandler, Harold N.	N. H. 17Aug 87	23Apr 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corporal Sergeant		9Oct 17 8Apr 19	Gassed 27 Oct. 18, Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Cheney, Austin	Conn. 13Dec 76	27Jul 11 26Jul 14 Corporal	4Nov 18 24Nov 18				Officers Training School Fort Monroe.
Cheney, Clifford D.	Conn. 3Jan 77	21Jun 11 Nov 16 28Oct 16 Captain	16Jan 18 4Mar 19 Lt. Col. Ord.	Maj. Ord. Lt. Col. Ord.		15Jul 18 20Feb 19	Officer of Military Order of the Black Star, French Republic.
Cheney, Frank D.	Conn. 16Oct 78	10Jul 11 9Jul 14 Sergeant					
Cheney, George W.	Conn. 9Aug 88	9Mar 11 5Aug 17 28Oct 16 1st Lieut.	1625Jul 17 28Dec 18	1st Lt. Cav. Captain, Inf.		9Oct 17 27Jul 18	Served with 101 M. G. B. Returned to U. S. as instructor, Jul. 1918, with 39th M. G. B., 13th Div.

		Military Record in World War						
Name	Born in	Service in Troop B			Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	Remarks
		National Guard	Mexican Border	Federal Service				
Christensen, Francis A.	Conn. 13Jul 94	30Mar 15 5Aug 17 Sergeant	1620Jun 16 28Oct 16	1725Jul 19 2Jun 19	17Sergt., 1st Sergt. 2d Lt.	9Oct 17 26May 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, Troyon Sector, Grand Montagne Sector, Meuse-Argonne. Army of Occupation.	Served with 101 M. G. B. Army Candidates School, 314th Inf. 79th Div.
	Conn. 29Dec 90	30Mar 15 28Apr 17 Sergeant	1620Jun 16 28Oct 16	1812Aug 18 9Dec 18	Sergeant, Q. M. Corps			
Clark, Dwight N.	Conn. 4Jun 92	20Jun 16 14Jun 17 Sergeant	1620Jun 16 28Oct 16	1712May 17 17Dec 18	17R.O.T.C. 2d Lt 1st Lt., Capt. Q. M. Corps			
Coholan, William T.	Conn. 29Sep 85	9Mar 11 15Nov 11 Corporal						
Cole, George E.	Conn. 19Aug 85	30Mar 11 25Sep 13 1st Sergt.	1620Jun 16 28Oct 16	1711Jul 19 1Jul 19	Major, Q. M.	9Oct 17 29Jun 19		Served on Mex. Border 1916 as Capt. Conn. Sig. Troops.
Comerford, Joseph F.	Conn. 24Sep 94	28Mar 17 5Aug 17 Corporal		1725Jul 19 29Apr 19	Corporal Sergeant	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 28 Oct. 18, Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Comey, Chester F.	Mass. 21Aug 88	5May 14 5Apr 17 Sergeant	1620Jun 16 28Oct 16	1725Jul 19 29Apr 19	2d Lt. Cav., 1st Lt. Inf.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Cook, John C.	Conn. 6Aug 93	6Jun 16 20Dec 16	1620Jun 16 28Oct 16					Served with 77th Div. Information incomplete.
Costello, John J.	Conn. 12Oct 98	6Mar 17 5Aug 17 Horse-shoer		1725Jul 19 29Apr 19	Wagoner Cook	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.

		Served in Troop B			Military Record in World War				
Name	Born in	National Guard	Mexican Border	Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	Remarks	
Deming, Richard H.	Conn. 20Jul 85	6Apr 11 5Apr 14							
Dennis, Rodney	N. Y. 15Sep 96	12Jun 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corp., Sergt., Bn. Sgt. Maj.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.	
Deppen, Richard L.	Pa. 8Jul 90	7Apr 14 6Jul 16	20Jun 16 6Jul 16						
de Ronge, Louis O.	N. J. 23Oct 92	16Feb 16 12Jun 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	May 17 12Jun 19	R. O. T. C. 2d Lt., Cav., A. D. C.	Jul 18 May 19	Aug 18, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne.		
Dexheimer, Martin R.	N. Y. 18Aug 95	29May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19		9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Cassed 23 Oct. 18 Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B.	
Dexter, Albert Morton	Mass. 24Mar 79	6Apr 11 5Mar 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17 9 May 19	1st Lt., Capt., Sig. Corps.	25Aug 18 25Apr 19	Army of Occupation in Germany.	Served with 326th Field Signal Battalion.	
Dexter, Allan L.	Conn. 23Aug 92	15Feb 15 May 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	May 17 Jul 19	R. O. T. C., 2d Lt. Cav., 1st. Lt. Inf.	Nov 17 Jul 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne.	Distinguished Service Cross and Croix de Geurre 13 Apr. 18. Wounded 13 Apr. 18, Toul Sector. Served with 104 Inf.	
Dickenson, Edwin C.	Conn. 11Mar 80	6Apr 11 5Apr 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 16						
Doran, John F.	Pa. 22Jun 82	8Dec 14 3Jun 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	Jun 17 Dec 18	R. O. T. C., Capt. Eng.			Resigned Capt. Commission Jan. 18 and attended Arty. Off. Training Camp.	

Dunn, Raymond J.	Conn. 11Mar 95	22May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 7Aug 17				
Eaton, William S.	N. H. 14Nov 88	12Mar 12 Feb 17 Corporal	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	1625Jul 17 6Dec 18	Lt. Cav., 1st Lt. Inf. Capt. Inf.	9Oct 17 Aug 18	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. Returned to U. S. as instructor Aug. 1918, 36th M. G. B., 12th Div.
Eddy, E. Welles	Conn. 22Nov 87	9Mar 11 15Sep 14		20May 18 Apr 19	Corporal	Jul 18 Apr 19		Arty. Off. Training School at Saumur, France, Oct. 18-Jan. 19.
Ellis, A. Raymond	Conn. 4Jun 82	24Apr 11 23Apr 14						Red Cross Service over- seas.
English, Robert B.	Conn. 27Jul 84	5Nov 11 30May 14						
Evans, Charles T., Jr.	Pa. 18Jun 94	16Feb 16 19May 17 Corporal	20Jun 16 28Oct 16		R. O. T. C. 1st Lt. A. S.			Aviation Service in Eng- land and France. Killed 1918. Information incom- plete.
Fenn, Francis T.	Conn. 13Jul 87	6Apr 11 5Apr 14						
Fenn, Hart C.	Conn. 1Apr 86	6Apr 11 5Apr 14						Died 15 Oct. 18.
Foley, John J.	Conn. 29Mar 97	5Jun 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19		9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 23 Oct. 18, Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Fox, Edward G. B.	D. C. 23May 85	19Feb 16 11Jun 17 Sergeant	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	1620Jul 17 27May 19	R. O. T. C. 1st Lt., Capt., Sig. Corps.	11Jul 17 27May 19	25 Sept. 18, Marbach Sector.	Served with 76th Div. and 6th Army Corps.
Fox, Rudolph H.	Conn. 20Oct 90	8Dec 14 20Jun 16		26Aug 17 28Feb 19	1st Lt. Ord.			
Frye, Percy W.	England 14Nov 86	17Dec 12 15Apr 14		18Jun 14 May 19	Pvt. Arty., Corp., Sergt., Q. M. Corps	Dec 17 May 19		

Name		Service in Troop B			Military Record in World War			
		Born in	National Guard	Mexican Border	Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements
Furnivall, Maurice L.	Mass. 28Jan 94	16Feb 16 5Aug 17 Sergeant	20Jun 16 28Oct 16 Sergeant	1625Jul 17 29May 19	Sergt., 2d Lt., 1st Lt. Ord.	9Oct 17 22May 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, A i s n e - M a r n e , St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. and with Chief of Ord. G. H. Q., A. E. F.
	Md. 21Dec 71	23Jan 12 8Oct 15 Sergeant						Served in Connecticut State Guard during war.
	Conn. 17Sep 83	13Mar 11 2Dec 16	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	1615Aug 17 3Sep 19	R. O. T. C. Capt. Arty.	25May 18 17Aug 19	26 Sep. 18, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 313 F. A. and Hq. 80th Div.
Gard, Walter E.	Conn. 1Apr 93	8May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19		9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, A i s n e - M a r n e , St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
	Conn. 2Nov 94	23Apr 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Wagoner	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, A i s n e - M a r n e , St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Grades, Dudley C.	Vt. 26Sep 75	8Mar 11 30Nov 12						
Gray, Andrew S.	Conn. 7Jul 95	15Jun 15 5Aug 17 Sergeant	20Jun 16 28Oct 16 Sergeant	1625Jul 17 30Apr 19	Sergt., Sergt.- Maj., 2d Lt., Inf.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames.	Served with 101 M. G. B. and at Army Candidates School, Student and In- structor.
Green, Chandler T.	Conn. 17Nov 94	6Mar 17 5Aug 17 Corporal		25Jul 17 18Jul 19	Corporal Sergeant	9Oct 17 14Jul 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, A i s n e - M a r n e , St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. Later, student at Rennes University.
Greer, James P.	Pa. 19Mar 88	2Feb 16 19Dec 16	20Jun 16 28Oct 16					

Griffith, John E., Jr.	Conn. 25Apr 17 28Jul 92	25Jul 17 8Nov 17	R. O. T. C.				Served as Ensign U. S. Navy. Information incomplete.
Grinnell, Albert R.	86 9Mar 11 30Jun 13		Ensign				
Griswold, Arthur H.	Pa. 13Mar 11 14Dec 79						
Grossklaus, Fred J. (Name legally changed to Gross.)	N. Y. 4May 17 9Apr 94	25Jul 17 29Apr 19				9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.
Gunning, John S.	Conn. 15May 17 31Aug 95	25Jul 17 15Jan 19				9Oct 17 18Dec 18	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne.
Gusky, John	Russia 24Jul 13 18Aug 78	20Jun 16 15May 17 1Aug 16 Cook					
Hall, Gardiner H.	Conn. 29May 17 9Apr 99	25Jul 17 29Apr 19				9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.
Hall, Walter R.	Conn. 24Apr 17 30Aug 93	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corporal			9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.
Hammersley, William J.	Conn. 16Feb 16 25Aug 87	20Jun 16 3Feb 17 28Oct 16					Maj. and Judge Advocate C. N. G. 3 Feb. 17. Died 12 Oct. 18, in Red Cross Service at Devens, Mass.
Hammersbough, Philip H.	No. 29May 17 20Jan 94	25Jul 17 29Apr 19				9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.

		Service in Troop B		Military Record in World War				
Name	Born in	National Guard	Mexican Border	Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	Remarks
Hampson, Edmund R.	Conn. 26Jul 94	6Mar 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 12Feb 19	Wagoner	9Oct 17 3Jan 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne.	Distinguished Service Cross 22 Jul. 18. Wounded 22 Jul 18. Aisne-Marne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Hansel, Lawrence H.	Conn. 30Jan 98	21Jun 16 5Aug 17	21Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corp., Sgt., 2d Lt.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. and Infantry School, La Valbonne, France.
Harrington, Edward V.	Conn. 26Oct 92	1May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Sergeant	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Harris, Jess A.	N. C. 29Feb 79	21Jun 16 17Jul 17	21Jun 16 28Oct 16					
Hart, Everett H.	Conn. 10Jul 94	8May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corporal Sergeant	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Hart, Harold G.	Conn. 4Nov 81	8Mar 11 6Jul 11						Red Cross Service overseas.
Hart, William H., Jr.	Ill. 26Feb 95	8May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corporal	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 23 Oct. 18. Served with 101 M. G. B. Meuse-Argonne.
Haskins, Clifford R.	Conn. 17May 93	24Apr 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 24Mar 19	Wagoner	9Oct 17 9Jan 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne.	Distinguished Service Cross 22 Jul. 18. Wounded 22 Jul. 18, Aisne-Marne. Served with 101 M. G. B.

Hastings, Richard C.	Conn. 23Jan 93	8Dec 14 5Aug 17 20Jun 16 25Jul 17 Sergeant	90Oct 17 5Aug 18	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. Returned to U. S. as instructor 10th Div.
Haviland, Winthrop A.	N. Y. 28Jul 86	9Mar 11 15Nov 15			
Hawkes, Ellsworth A.	Mass. 30Jan 96	4May 17 5Aug 17	90Oct 17 18Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Hawkins, Ira A. Jr.	N. Y. 30Dec 94	6Mar 17 14May 17	14May 17	R. O. T. C.	Information incomplete.
Haynes, George F. (Former member of Horse Guard)	Conn. 24Jan 86	8Mar 11 1May 17 20Jun 16 28Oct 16 Bugler			
Hewes, J. Ellicott	Ky. 14Sep 84	9Mar 11 8Mar 14			
Hill, Clark B.	N. Y. 3Mar 92	6Mar 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	90Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.
Hill, Howard R.	N. J. 14Apr 91	6Jun 16 2Dec 16 21Jun 16 28Oct 16	15May 17 23May 19	25May 18 28Apr 19	24 Sep. 18, Piave River, Italy, Vittorio-Veneto Campaign, Army of Occupation, Fiume.
Hodder, Clifford E.	England 9Feb 97	1May 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 15Jul 19	70Oct 17 7Jul 19	Served with 101 M. G. B. Special Training Bn., Depot Div., 1st Corps Army Can- didates School.
Hoge, Thomas C.	N. Y. 84	24Apr 11 31May 13			
Holcombe, Harold G.	Conn. 23Nov 73	8Mar 11 30Mar 12			

			Military Record in World War					
Name	Born in	Service in Troop B		Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	Remarks
		National Guard	Mexican Border					
Holcombe, John M., Jr.	Conn. 4May 89	16Feb 16 9May 17 28Oct 16 Corporal	1620Jun 16 1728Oct 16 Lt., Capt., A.S.	1710May 17 1812Feb 18 Lt., Capt., A.S.	R. O. T. C., 2d Lt., Capt., A.S.			Army Education Corps in France 1918. American Relief Administration in Vienna, Austria 1918.
Howard, Charles O. S.	Va. 9Jul 84	30Mar 15 29Dec 16 28Oct 16	1620Jun 16 1628Oct 16	5Nov 17 5Nov 19	1st Lt., Q. M.	4Dec 17 28Oct 19		Transportation Service at St. Nazaire, France.
Howard, James L.	Conn. 21Mar 78	7Apr 11 2Nov 15 11Nov 16 Major	4Sep 16 25Nov 16 11Nov 16	1725Jul 19 4Jan 19	17Maj. Cav., Lt. Col. Inf., Lt. Col. G. S.	9Oct 17 23Dec 18	28 Jan. 18, Vimy Ridge, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Distinguished Service Cross, Croix de Guerre with Palm, 26 Sep. 18, Meuse-Argonne. Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur. Wounded 13 Jul. 18 near Chateau Thierry. C. O. 101 M. G. B., Mach. Gun. Off. and Asst. C. of S. G. 3, 26th Div.
Howell, Alfred	Pa. 89	3Dec 12 10Nov 13						
Howell, Charles H.	Pa. 25Feb 91	28Apr 11 15Oct 12		Sep 15 Nov 18	Capt. Royal Air Service		Jul. 16, Somme and with British until Armistice.	Cited for bravery and efficient service. Information incomplete.
Hughes, Richard J.	Mass. 19Dec 74	20Jun 12 27Jun 17 28Oct 16 30Sep 20	1630Jun 16 30Oct 16 30Sep 20	172d Lt., Capt., Cav., Major, F. A.				Sergt. Instructor U. S. A. with Troop B. 2d Lt. during Mexican Border Service.
Humphrey, George H.	Conn. 21Dec 87	1Jan 14 20Jul 16 6Jul 16	1620Jun 16 6Jul 16					
Humphrey, James H.	Conn. 17Feb 89	30Mar 15 16		9Sep 18 16Dec 18				

Jackson, Bernard H.	Conn. 7Feb 95	20Jun 16 21Jun 16 7Jul 17 28Oct 16 Cook	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	9Oct 17 5Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. and Hq. Troop, 26th Div.
Jackson, John H.	Conn. 19Apr 94	10Jun 17 5Aug 17				
Jackson, Winthrop A.	Conn. 10Mar 89	2Feb 16 31May 16				Served in Conn. State Guard during war.
Janet, Andre S.	La. 5Sep 91	8May 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed, shell shocked 27 Oct. 18, Meuse-Argonne Served with 101 M. G. B.
Jarvis, Samuel G.	N. H. 6Jan 96	23Apr 17 16May 17		R. O. T. C. 1st Lt. A. S.		Information incomplete.
Jaynes, Charles W.	Mass. 24Dec 79	6Apr 11 5Apr 14				Served in Conn. State Guard during war.
Johnson, Arthur	Conn. 18Apr 91	15May 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Johnson, Harold T.	Conn. 23Feb 90	15Dec 14 29May 15	Aug 17 Nov 18	R. O. T. C. 2d Lt.		
Johnson, Herbert	Conn. 29Jan 95	15May 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Johnson, Paul E.	Conn. 12Jul 91	16Feb 16 20Jun 16 19Jul 17 28Oct 16 Corporal	1619Jul 17 3Jan 19 2d Lt. A. S.	13Oct 17 15Dec 18		Aviation service in Italy and France.
Jones, Allen N.	Ind. 27Feb 96	24Apr 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 18Jul 19	9Oct 17 14Jul 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 23 Oct. 18 Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B. Student a Univ. of Rennes.

Name	Service in Troop B			Military Record in World War				Remarks
	Born in	National Guard	Mexican Border	Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	
Joy, John W.	Conn. 3Feb 79	24Apr 11 28Feb 13		25Jul 17 29Apr 19		9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 23 Oct. 18 Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Kjelleren, Carl A.	Conn. 22Aug 97	25Apr 17 5Aug 17						
Kunz, Joseph A.	Conn. 1Jul 90	3Mar 11 29Jun 12						Served in Conn. State Guard during war.
Lamb, Vincent de P.	Conn. 17Oct 96	1May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Wagoner	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Lambert, Frank	Md. 29Jan 92	16Feb 16 6Jun 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 19	16Jun 17 13Feb 19	Pvt. A. S. 1st Lt. A. S.	11Aug 17 11Jan 19	Aug. 18, Italian front.	Aviation service in Italy.
Leeke, Stanley H.	Conn. 25May 97	1May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 22Jul 19	Corporal	9Oct 17 Dec 18	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 27 Oct. 18 Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Lewis, Edison	N. Y. 2Jan 80	8Mar 11 30Dec 11						Served in Conn. State Guard during war.
Little, Drummond W.	Pa. 20Jan 95	Jun 15 5Aug 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 19	1625Jul 17 28Apr 19	Sergeant	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames.	Served with 101 M. G. B. Machine Gun instructor Bordeaux and Artillery Candidates School.
Litvinas, Joseph	Russia 14Jan 88	29Dec 16 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 24Sep 17	Saddler			Served with 101 M. G. B. Information incomplete.
Lockwood, Alan E.	Conn. 24Jun 90	8Dec 14						

Loveland, Arthur L.	Conn. 5Mar 70	25Jul 17 5Aug 17 Cook	25Jul 17 25Sep 17			Served with 101 M. G. B.
Luscomb, Charles E.	Conn. 22Apr 96	16Feb 16 6Jul 16	1625Jun 17 1612Apr 19	Sergt. 1 cl., Q. M. Corps 2d Lt., Q. M.	16Sep 18 28Mar 19	Q. M. Service in England and France.
McCook, Anson T.	Conn. 30Mar 81	8Mar 11 7Mar 14 Corporal	14May 17 19Aug 19	R. O. T. C. Capt. Inf.	8Jul 18 25Jul 19	Served with 304th Inf. and 320th Inf. Liaison duty with Belgians.
McElroy, Wallace J.	Conn. 8May 94	2Feb 16 24Jun 16	25Jul 17 19Jul 19	Sergt. 1 cl., Q. M. Corps, 2d Lt., Q. M.		
McIntosh, William B.	Conn. 7Sep 94	21Jun 16 5Aug 17	1625Jun 17 1629Apr 19	Corporal	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	Served with 101 M. G. B.
McKee, Oliver Jr.	N. J. 2Dec 93	20Jun 16 24Jan 17	1620Jun 16 1628Oct 16	R.O.T.C. 2d Lt 1st Lt. F. A.	Jul 18 15Jul 19	Served with 310th F. A. 79th Div.
Mackenzie, Ian D.	Scotland 17Nov 90	16Feb 16 5Aug 17	1620Jun 16 1628Oct 16	Sergeant, 2d Lt.	9Oct 17 May 19	Gassed 4 Oct. 18, St. Mihiel. Served with 101 M. G. B. Army Candidates School, Instructor Army M. G. School, and 89th Div.
McLaughlin, Harry A.	N. Y. 90	4Aug 14 15Apr 15				Officer Air Service A. E. F. Killed in airplane accident 20 Sep. 20. Information incomplete.
McVeigh, Patrick F.	Conn. 13Dec 80	17Jul 17 5Aug 17 Cook	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Cook	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Macrum, William W.	Pa. 10Feb 94	25Apr 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 Dec 18	R. O. T. C., 1st Lt., Capt. Inf.	Jan 18 Sep 18	Croix de Guerre, 18 Jul. 18. Served with 2d Div. until Sep. 18. Returned to U. S. as Instructor.

Name		Service in Troop B			Military Record in World War			
	Born in	National Guard	Mexican Border	Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	Remarks
Mahl, Howard P.	Conn. 15Jul 89	4Aug 14 20Jun 16						Served with 101 M. G. B.
Malone, Harold J.	Conn. 1Jul 97	24Apr 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 18Mar 19		9Oct 17 Feb 19	Apr. 18, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel.	
Manning, Howard R.	N. Y. 16Mar 95	15May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 12Feb 19	Corporal Sergeant	9Oct 17 31Jan 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames.	Wounded and shell shocked 21 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames. Served with 101 M. G. B. and 164th Inf.
Markham, D. Goodrich	Conn. 12Dec 90	8Mar 11 30Mar 17	22Jun 16 28Oct 16					
Mathews, Edgar B.	N. J. 8Mar 97	28Mar 17 16May 17		16May 17	R. O. T. C.			Information incomplete.
Matthews, Chester O.	Mass. 8Jun 96	29May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Wagoner	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. *
Melvin, Charles T.	Conn. 8Mar 93	8Dec 14 5Aug 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17 1Feb 19	Sergeant 2d Lt. F. A.			Served with 101 M. G. B.
Merrow, Oliver W.	Conn. 27Sep 94	6Mar 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19		9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Merrow, Paul G.	Conn. 30Dec 84	3Dec 12 2Dec 15		Oct 18 9Dec 18	R. O. T. C. Arty.			
Messinger, Paul W.	Conn. 4Apr 91	14Jan 14 3May 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 16					
Miel, Charles J.	Conn. 29Mar 98	1May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corporal	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.

Mills, Hiram Wyckoff	Conn. 29Sep 83	8Mar 11 26Dec 16 1st Sergeant	1120Jun 16 20Jun 16 28Oct 16	1625Jul 17 29Apr 19	171st Lt. Cav. Capt.	90Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. as Adj't., later C. O. Co. B.
Moore, Richard E.	Conn. 4Jul 88	12Mar 12 5Aug 17 Sergeant	20Jun 16 20Jun 16 28Oct 16	1625Jul 17	171st Serg't., Ord Serg't., 2d Lt., 1st Lt. Inf.	90Oct 17 19Aug 19	14 Jul. 18, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, Army of Occu- pation.	Served with 101 M. G. B. Army Candidates School, Automatic Weapon School, 9th M. G. B., 3d Div. Cited (3d Div.) 15 Jul. 18.
Morgan, H. Thomas, Jr.	Conn. 23Dec 86	20Jun 16 24Jan 17 28Oct 16	1620Jun 16 1728Oct 16		R. O. T. C. Capt. Inf.			Served with M. G. Bn. 76th Div. Information incomplete.
Morgan, Owen	Texas 14Jan 83	8Mar 11 31Dec 12						
Morrell, Norman L.	Conn. 23Mar 96	12Jun 17 5Aug 17	1725Jul 17 29Apr 19	1725Jul 17 29Apr 19		90Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Myers, Rawdon W.	Minn. 11Jun 84	25Apr 11 26Apr 17 1st Lt.	1120Jun 16 20Jun 16 28Oct 16	1625Jul 17 29Apr 19	Capt. Cav.	90Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Commissioned Capt. Cav. Comdg. Troop C, 26 Apr. 17. Gassed 28 Oct. 18, Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B. as C. O. Co. C.
Nelson, Russell N.	N. Y. 16Feb 93	4May 17 5Aug 17	1725Jul 17 29Apr 19	1725Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corporal Sergeant	90Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Nolan, John J.	Conn. 14Feb 95	29May 17 5Aug 17	1725Jul 17 12Feb 19	1725Jul 17 12Feb 19	Corporal Sergeant	90Oct 17 8Jan 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne.	Gassed 25 Jul. 18, Aisne- Marne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Norris, Ernest E.	Vt. 4Jun 97	8May 17 5Aug 17	1725Jul 17 18Jul 19	1725Jul 17 18Jul 19	Wagoner	90Oct 17 14Jul 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.

Service in Troop B			Military Record in World War					
Name	Born in	National Guard	Mexican Border	Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	Remarks
Oakes, J. Albert (Former member of Horse Guard)	Conn. 87	Mar 11 27Apr 11						
O'Connor, Roderick	Ind. 14Apr 88	12Dec 11 2Dec 16	21Jun 16 28Oct 16					
Olschefske, David W. (Name legally changed to David O. Wise)	Conn. 11May 95	29May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 28Jan 19	Wagoner	9Oct 17 3Jan 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne.	Wounded, 22 Jul. 18, Aisne-Marne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Ortigies, John A.	N. Y. 20Jul 98	25Apr 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19		9Oct 17 8 Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Page, Charles W. Jr.	Mass. 27Jan 90	Jun 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 10May 19	R. O. T. C. 1st Lt. F. A.	24Apr 18 29Apr 19	12 Aug. 18, Baccarat Sector.	
Parker, Luther J.	Conn. 18Jun 91	15May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corp., Sgt., 1st Sgt., 2d Lt.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector.	Served with 101 M. G. B. and at Infantry Candidates School, La Valbonne, France.
Parmelee, Vine R.	Conn. 2Aug 94	9Dec 14 5Aug 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17 22Aug 19	Sergt., 1st Sergt., 2d Lt.	9Oct 17 3Aug 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 19 Oct. 18 Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B., Army. Candid. School, 309 M. G. B., 78th Div. and A. E. F. Univ. Beaume, France.
Parsons, Arthur E.	Conn. 23Mar 84	6Apr 11 15Jan 16						Served in Conn. State Guard during war.
Parsons, Earle H.		8Mar 11 9215Nov 11						Died at Painesville, Ohio, Dec. 19, 1913.

Parsons, Francis (Stop-great-grandson of Charter member, Major John Caldwell)	Conn. 13Jan 71	8Mar 11 7Mar 14 Sergeant						Served in Conn. State Guard. Later director Home Service Bureau American Red Cross, in Great Britain, 14 Jul. 18 to 14 Jan. 19.
Parsons, James A.	Conn. 16Nov 91	20Jun 16 5Aug 17 Sergeant	1620Jun 16 25Oct 16 29Apr 19	1717 1719	Corporal	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 28 Oct. 18 Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Parsons, Marvel H.	Mass. 23Aug 89	20Oct 13 2Dec 16 Sergeant	1621Jun 16 28Oct 16 4Mar 19	1717 1719	R. O. T. C. 1st Lt., Capt. Maj.	4Oct 18 4Feb 19	"	
Pease, Dwight A.	Conn. 26Oct 92	8Dec 14 5Aug 17 Sergeant-Major	1620Jun 16 25Oct 16 14Jun 19	1717 1719	Sergeant. Major, 1st Lt., Capt.	9Oct 17 23May 19	Apr. 18, Baccarat Sector, Amiens-Albert Sector, Meuse- Argonne.	Wounded 23 Oct. 18, Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B. Army Cand. School, 35th Div., 33d Div. and 110 M. G. B., 29th Div.
Pease, Maurice H.	Conn. 10Sep 83	3Dec 12 5May 17 Sergeant	1620Jun 16 25Oct 16 23Apr 19	1717 1719	R. O. T. C., Capt. Eng., Major Eng.	28Jun 18 21Apr 19	10 Oct. 18, St. Mihiel, Army of Occupation.	Served with 301st Eng. and with Chief Engineer, 3d Army.
Penfield, Earle A.	Conn. 1Sep 94	25Apr 17 5Aug 17 Sergeant	1717 25Jul 17 29Apr 19	1719	Wagoner	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed Oct 18, Meuse- Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Perkins, Henry A.	Conn. 14Nov 73	8Mar 11 7Mar 14 Sergeant						
Phillips, Richard H.	Conn. 9Mar 90	16Feb 16 May 17 Sergeant	1620Jun 16 25Oct 16 16Feb 19	1719	R. O. T. C., 1st Lt., Arty.	Jul 18 Jan 19		
Phillips, Thomas M.	England 9Jan 88	28Jul 14 1Mar 17 Sergeant	1420Jun 16 25Oct 16 12Feb 19	1719	Sergeant. Marine Corps			
Pike, Edward T.	N. Y. 3Jul 91	16Feb 16 5Aug 17 Sergeant	1620Jun 16 25Oct 16 12Apr 19	1719	R. O. T. C., 1st Lt., F. A.	Oct 18 Apr 19		

Service in Troop B		Military Record in World War						
Name	Born in	National Guard	Mexican Border	Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	Remarks
Pinney, Sidney D.	Conn. 18Mar 97	23Apr 17 5Aug 17 Sergeant		25Jul 17 1Aug 19	Corporal Sergeant	9Oct 17 17Jul 19	5 Feb. 18, Chcmin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, A i s n e - M a r n e, St. Mihiel Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 29 Oct. 18 Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B. Later School Detach. England.
Pitt, Charles A.	Conn. 88	27Jul 12 9Aug 12 Cook						
Pollock, Woolsey McA.	Mass. 8Jan 96	25Apr 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 28May 19	2d Lt.	9Oct 17 22May 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, St. Mihiel, Meuse- Argonne. Army of Occupation.	Served with 101 M. G. B. Army Candidates School, M. G. Co. 355th Inf., 80th Div.
Pope, Harold L.	Mass. 5Nov 79	24Apr 11 31Oct 14 Sergeant						In England and France during war, installing air- plane engines.
Poto, Anthony L.	Mass. 14Oct 96	25Apr 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Wagoner Sergeant	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, A i s n e - M a r n e, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. and Hq. 26th Div.
Powell, John J. (Former member of Horse Guard)	Vt. 87	8Mar 11 8Jul 11						Information incomplete.
Pratt, George H.	Mass. 18Sep 93	4Apr 17 27Jun 17			R. O. T. C.			
Pratt, John H. Jr.	N. Y. 22Aug 94	1May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 28May 19	R. O. T. C., 2d Lt. 1st Lt. Inf.	May 18 May 19	7 Aug. 18, Vesle Offensive, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne.	Distinguished Service Cross, 9 Aug. 18, Vesle Offensive. Served with 47th U. S. Inf.
Pulford, Alfred E.	Wash. 20Mar 90	28Mar 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 25Aug 17				

Rankin, Alfred E.	Conn. 30Jul 90	12Mar 12 11Mar 15						Served at G. H. Q., A. E. F.
Redfield, Dudley W.	Conn. 25Mar 89	30Mar 15 12May 17 28Oct 16 Sergeant	1612May 17 1629Aug 19 2d Lt. Cav.	R. O. T. C.	9Sep 17 12Aug 19			
Reynolds, Harry W.	Conn. 15Jul 81	12Mar 12 20Jun 16 28Oct 16 Corporal						
Rice, Henry I. B.	Va. 2Sep 81	9Mar 11 30Sep 12						Served in Conn. State Guard, later with Red Cross in France and Great Britain.
Rice, Welles K.	D. C. 1Jan 87	7Apr 14 30Jan 15						
Riddell, John B.	Conn. 11Jun 95	20Jun 16 20Jun 16 28Oct 16 5Aug 17 Wagoner	1625Jul 17 1629Apr 19	Bugler	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 22 Jul. 18, Aisne- Marne. Served with 101 M. G. B.	
Robens, Lee C.	Ohio 7Jan 69	13Mar 11 12Mar 14						
Roberts, Philip	Conn. 8Dec 87	20Jun 16 20Jun 16 1728Oct 16 14Aug 19 Lt. Inf.	1614May 17 1614Aug 19 2d Lt. Inf.	R. O. T. C.	20Jul 18 15Jul 19	12 Sep. 18, St. Mihiel, Meuse- Argonne, Army of Occupation.		
Robinson, Gordon M.	Neb. 22Jun 93	4May 17 5Aug 17 Corporal	25Jul 17 21Jan 19	Corporal	9Oct 17 10Jan 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne. St. Mihiel.	Shell-shocked, 22 Jul. 18, Aisne-Marne. Served with 101 M. G. B., Cent. Records Off., and Hq. 86th Div.	
Rodda, Sidney W.	Pa. 6May 91	16Feb 16 20Jun 16 28Oct 16 2Jun 19 Corporal	1625Jul 17 1926Jun 19 2d Serg. Lt. Inf.	Sergt., Major,	9Oct 17 26May 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne, Army of Occu- pation.	Served with 101 M. G. B. Army Candidates School and 314th Inf.	
Rogers, Elford P.	Conn. 17Mar 96	25Apr 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 Jan 19	Corporal	9Oct 17 7Jan 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne.	Wounded 22 Jul. 18, Aisne-Marne. Served with 101 M. G. B.	

Military Record in World War								
Name	Service in Troop B			Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	Remarks
	Born in	National Guard	Mexican Border					
Rogers, Erle	Conn. 19Mar 81	29Apr 13 5Aug 17 Sergeant	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Sergeant	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel.	Served with 101 M. G. B. and at Army Candidates School, Langres.
Rogers, James P.	Conn. 26Apr 93	6Mar 17 14Jun 17		14May 17 2May 19	R. O. T. C. 2d Lt.	16Jul 18 14Apr 19	4 Nov. 18, Meuse-Argonne.	
Rucker, Richmond	N. C. 10May 96	23Apr 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19		9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Russell, Thomas W.	Conn. 1Sep 80	30Mar 11 29Mar 14						During war served as State Fuel Administrator and in Conn. State Guard.
Ryan, Joseph A.	Conn. 3Sep 96	1May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 11Apr 19	Wagoner Sergeant	9Oct 17 17Mar 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 4 Oct. 18, Meuse-Argonne. Cited for gallantry 4 Oct. 18, served with 101 M. G. B., and 344th Bn., Tank Corps.
Sather, Einer	Conn. 25Sep 91	5Jun 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19		9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Savage, William D.	N. H. 21Sep 93	21Jun 16 2Dec 16	21Jun 16 28Oct 16	9Aug 17 5Mar 19	2d Lt., 1st Lt., Capt. Cav.			Served in 5th U. S. Cav.
Schade, Alfred T.	Conn. 24Nov 93	15May 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Wagoner	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Scoville, Morton W.	Conn. 22May 91	15Dec 14 5Aug 17 Sergeant	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Sergeant 2d Lt. Inf.	9Oct 17 7Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames,	Served with 101 M. G. B. Army Cand. School, Instructor M. G. School, Vieux-Moulins, France.

Seymour, Clarence W.	Conn. 14Mar 85	14Jan 5Aug 17 Sergeant	1420Jun 1614Jan 1628Oct	1625Jul 1618Jan 1619Oct	1719Lt., Capt. F. A	1730Oct 18 3Dec 18	
Shaw, Trevor S.	Canada 10Mar 90	8Dec 14 20Jun 16					
Shearer, Francis J. (Former member of Horse Guard)	Conn. 5Jan 86	8Mar 11 5Mar 17 Sergeant	20Jun 28Oct	1625Jul 1618Jul 19	171st Lt. Sig. Corps	14Aug 18 27Jun 19	Army of Occupation in Ger- many.
Sheldon, Curtis L.	Conn. 17Nov 85	25Apr 11 4Jan 16 Sergeant	20Jun 28Oct	1625Jul 1618Jul 19	17Capt. Sig. Corps	14Aug 18 27Jun 19	Army of Occupation in Ger- many.
Shepard, C. Gilbert	Conn. 5Apr 92	22Dec 14 5Aug 17 Sergeant	20Jun 28Oct	1625Jul 1619Apr 19	17Sergeant 2d Lt.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	Army of Occupation in Ger- many.
Silverman, Harry	Russia 25Jan 78	8Mar 11 17Oct 16	20Jun 17Oct	1616			Served with 101 M. G. B. Army Cand. and M. G. Schools, instructor M. G. School, 6th Marines.
Skinner, Roberts K.	Conn. 10Oct 86	4Apr 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 29Apr 19	17Sergeant 2d Lt.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	Served with 101 M. G. B. and at Motor Transport Corps School, Decize, France.
Slimmon, James B.	N. J. 18Jul 93	16Feb 16 10May 17	20Jun 28Oct	1614May 1610Jan 19	17R. O. T. C., 2d Lt. Cav., Capt A. S.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.
Snell, Walter W.	Conn. 30Apr 93	8Dec 14 31Dec 15					
Spencer, George S.	Conn. 84	6Apr 11 30Dec 11					
Stephan, Carl J.	Conn. 25Sep 91	20Jun 16 1May 17	20Jun 28Oct	165Aug 18 1626Nov 18	Pvt. Arty.		At F. A. Off. Training School, 7 Sep. 18-26 Nov. 18.
Sternberg, Carl A.	Conn. 1Dec 96	6Mar 17 5Aug 17		5Aug 17 7Aug 17			

Service in Troop B			Military Record in World War					
Name	Born in	National Guard	Mexican Border	Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	Remarks
Stewart, Thomas A.	Mass. 22Jul 76	13Jan 14	20Jun 16 12Jan 17 28Oct 16					
Storrs, Lewis A. (Former member of Horse Guard)	Conn. 67Jul 11	9Mar 11 67Jul 11						
Stratton, Reuel C.	Conn. 28Aug 93	12Jun 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corporal	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chenin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 23 Oct. 18 Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Strong, David K.	Conn. 92	20Mar 11						Served in Supply Co. 102 Inf. Information in- complete.
Sweeney, John M. Jr.	Conn. 14Oct 87	May 14 May 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	14May 17 1May 19	R. O. T. C., 2d Lt., 1st Lt. Cav			Served with 7th U. S. Cav.
Swift, James G.	Conn. 25Mar 95	29May 14 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19		9Oct 17 8Apr 19	15 Jul. 18, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, Troyon Sector.	Served with 101 M. G. B. and Special Training Bat- talion.
Taylor, James	N. J. 6Oct 94	8Dec 14 2Dec 16	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	15Aug 17	2d Lt., 1st Lt. F. A., Capt. (Tank Inf., Corps)	12Dec 17 21Dec 19	29 Aug. 18, Somme offensive.	Wounded 23 Oct. 18, Somme offensive. Served with 6th F. A. and 301st Tank Bn.
Thomas, Robert W., Jr.	Md. 3Jul 88	16Feb 16 5Aug 17	20Jun 16 28Oct 16	25Jul 17	Sergeant, 2d Lt.	9Oct 17 20Jun 19	20 Jun. 18, Anould Sector, Baccarat Sector, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne.	Cited (5th Div.) 5 Nov. 18, Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B., Army Cand. and M. G. Schools, and 14 M. G. B., 5th Div.
Tilton, Arthur V. R.	N. Y. 27Apr 97	25Apr 17 5Aug 17		25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corporal	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chenin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.

Tracy, Leslie A.	Conn. 11Feb 96	8May 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29May 19	Corp., 1st Sergt., 2d Lt. F. A.	9Oct 17 15May 19	Army of Occupation.	Served with 101 M. G. B. Special Training Bn., Sau- mur Arty. School, 123rd F. A.
Tracy, Louis S.	Conn. 25May 97	5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corporal Sergeant	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 29 Oct. 18 Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Trumbull, Horace N.	Conn. 23Jan 90	21Mar 17 21Apr 17	30Oct 18 27Nov 18				Student at Engineer Offi- cers' Training Camp.
Wadlund, Arthur P. R.	N. Y. 21Nov 95	1May 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 12Feb 19	Corporal	9Oct 17 8Feb 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 23 Oct. 18 Meuse-Argonne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Wainwright, Philip S.	Conn. 12May 85	25Jan 12 5Aug 17 1st Sergt.	1625Jun 16 25Oct 16	1st Sergt., 2d Lt., 1st Lt.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Walsh, John T.	Conn. 19Jun 90	Aug 11 1Feb 17	23Jun 16 28Oct 16				
Ward, George B.	79	13Mar 13 12Mar 16					
Waterman, Edgar F.	N. Y. 16Dec 75	8Mar 11 7Mar 14 Sergeant					
Waterman, Francis E.	N. Y. 79	8Mar 11 7Mar 14					
Waterman, Paul	Mass. 17Dec 77	8Mar 11 1Apr 11	26Mar 17 26Aug 19	Major, Lt. Col Col. Med. Corps	9Oct 17 1Aug 19	10 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne, Army of Occupation.	Asst. Surg., 101 F. Ad Director of Amb. Co's. an., Asst. Div. Surg. 26th Div., C. O. 101 San. Train, Div. Surg. 4th Div.

Name	Born in	Service in Troop B			Military Record in World War			
		National Guard	Mexican Border	Federal Service	Rank	Foreign Service	First Date in Action and Engagements	Remarks
Watson, Charles W.	Conn. 80	13Jul 11 31Jan 12 Cook						
Way, Frederic L.	Mo. 24Oct 96	21Jun 16 5Aug 17 28Oct 16 29Apr 19 Corporal	1625Jul 17	17	Corp., Sergt., 2d Lt.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames,	Served with 101 M. G. B. Army Cand. School, instructor M. G. School.
Welcher, Lester G.	N. Y. 1Jul 85	8Mar 11 15Dec 13						
Weld, Gardner C.	Conn. 9Dec 91	5May 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 4Apr 19	17	Corporal	9Oct 17 24Mar 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne.	Wounded, 22 Jul. 18, Aisne-Marne. Served with 101 M. G. B.
Welles, Ratcliffe C.	Conn. 12Oct 90	30Mar 15 5May 17 20Jun 16 28Oct 16	1629May 17	17	Seaman, Ensign, Lt. J. G.			Submarine Patrol off U. S. Coast.
Westbrook, Stillman F.	N. Y. 15May 88	23Apr 11 5Aug 17 28Oct 16 1st Lieut.	1625Jul 17	17	1st Lt., Capt., Major, Inf.	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	28 Jan. 18, Vimy Ridge, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	With 101 M. G. B. until Mar. 18, then C. O. M. G. Co., 104 Inf. until 22 Feb. 19, then C. O., 101 M. G. B.
Whitaker, George H., Jr.	Conn. 16Mar 93	8Mar 11 7Mar 17 20Jun 16 28Oct 16 Saddler	16					
Whitmore, Harold B.	Conn. 8May 77	8Mar 11 6Jul 16 20Jun 16 6Jul 16 Corporal	16					
Whitney, Grenville D.	Conn. 16Jul 93	16Feb 16 5Aug 17 20Jun 16 28Oct 16 28Jul 19 Corporal	1625Jul 17	17	Corporal Sergeant	9Oct 17 18Jul 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B. Student at University of Portiers, Feb. 19 to Jul. 19.

Wilde, Frazer B.	Mass. 26Jan 95	Mar 15 Jul 17 20Jun 16 28Oct 16 Sergeant	Aug 17 22Jan 19 1st Lt. F. A.	R. O. T. C.	Jul 18 Jan 19		
Williams, George A. (Former member of Horse Guard)	N. H. 5Nov 80	8Mar 11 5Aug 17 20Jun 16 28Oct 16 Sergeant	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Sergeant	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 25 Oct. 18 Meuse-Argonne. with 101 M. G. B.
Williams, Percy H.	Conn. 9Jul 94	26Mar 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Corporal Sergeant	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Gassed 27 Oct. 18 Meuse-Argonne. with 101 M. G. B.
Willson, Leland M.	Conn. 12Dec 91	30Mar 15 31Jan 16					
Wolfe, Ralph Reed	Pa. 8Sep 83	12Mar 12 11Mar 15	Sep 18	R. O. T. C.			
Woodmaney, Harold C.	Conn. 15Aug 91	Mar 14 Mar 17 20Jun 16 28Oct 16	15Mar 17 1Aug 19	R. O. T. C. 2d Lt.	7Jul 18 7Jul 19		Served with 302 M. G. B.
Woodmaney, Leon A.	Conn. 8Sep 97	4Apr 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 29Apr 19	Wagoner	9Oct 17 8Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Served with 101 M. G. B.
Woolley, Fred F.	Conn. 24Sep 83	8Mar 11 7Mar 14					
Woolley, Frederick P., Jr.	Conn. 25Jan 94	22May 17 5Aug 17	25Jul 17 7Dec 18	R. O. T. C. 1st Lt.			
Worth, Joseph C., Jr.	Conn. 2Jul 92	30Sep 12 15Nov 13	May 17 Apr 19 2d Lt., 1st Lt., Capt.		Sep 17 Apr 19	5 Feb. 18, Chemin des Dames, Toul Sector, Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Troyon Sector, Meuse-Argonne.	Member War Trade Board. Served with 104th Inf.
Yates, Blinn F.	Pa. 91	30Sep 12 15Nov 13					

APPENDIX C

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